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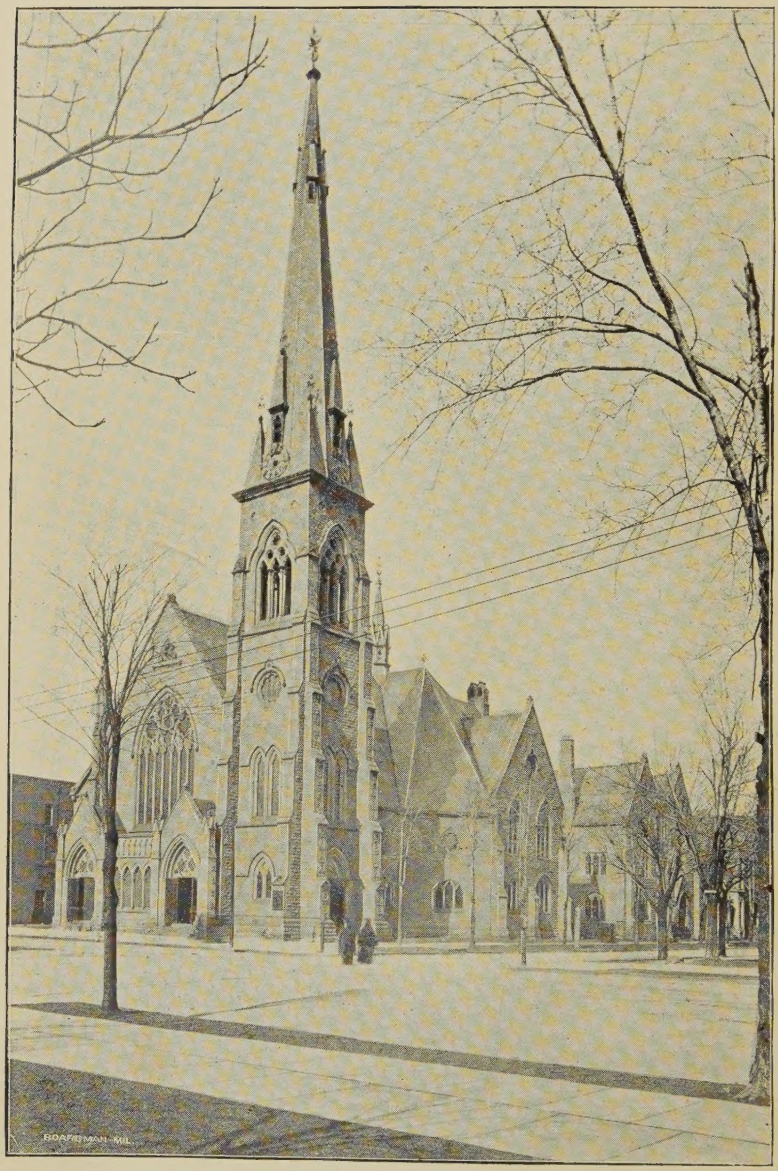

CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH, DETROIT.

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THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH PULPIT.

A VOLUME OF SERMONS

BY MINISTERS OF THE

DETROIT CONFERENCE

OF THE

M. E. CHURCH IN MICHIGAN,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. JAMES H. POTTS, D. D.

C. S. EASTMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

MONROE:
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE.
1897.

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C. S. EASTMAN.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The publication of this volume of sermons by ministers of the Detroit conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, is justified by three considerations: The first is their intrinsic value. They are the careful products of thoughtful and cultured minds accustomed to the preparation and delivery of the great messages of the Gospel. The themes are great and vital, and the treatment, in every case, strong and effective. In their present form they constitute a small but worthy contribution to the native literature of Michigan Methodism. They are, in themselves, abundantly worthy the attentive study of all grades of culture and character. The second fact is, that it is believed our people will cordially welcome a collection of sermons by ministers of their own church, who have impressed themselves upon the Christian life of their conference and state, and, as some of these have done, upon their denomination and country. To many, to whom their ministry and personal character have been made a blessing, this volume will be a cherished memento, and from its pages its authors will continue to speak to attentive hearts long after their voices are silent in death. Our people will surely be most glad to have some of the strong and faithful words of pastors beloved enshrined in this permanent form. The third fact is, that the planting of

two thousand copies of such gospel seed in as many of the homes of our people must result in much blessing in ministering Christian consolation, strengthening Christian faith, inspiring Christian activity, and persuading to Christian decision. The ministry itself will also, doubtless, be quickened and instructed, and a higher standard of pulpit efficiency promoted. The spiritual harvest from this planting must be precious. It is also proper to say that if the undertaking receives the encouragement that is hoped, important financial benefit will, directly and incidentally, accrue to at least two of our well known distressed churches.

It is believed that the value of this volume will be greatly enhanced to the majority of its readers by the appearance of the half-tone portrait of its author before each sermon. It is entirely certain that the consent of the authors to so appear has, in no case, been prompted by personal vanity, but by a kindly disposition to satisfy the wish, which is so generally felt, to look upon the face of one who has greatly interested and profited us.

These sermons are all contributed by request, by busy men, and, for the most part, made ready for the press amid the urgency of official duties, and often at very considerable inconvenience and sacrifice. The editor, for himself and many grateful readers, wishes to express to each author most sincere thanks for his valuable and valued contribution. Thanks are also gladly presented to Dr. Potts for his pungent and incisive Introduction. There is but one fact to mar the otherwise perfect satisfaction of presenting this volume to its readers. For stress of space, and the sheer necessity of selection, many honored names of our Conference whose productions would be most worthy a place in such company could not appear.

The editor presents his regrets, and hopes the impossibilities of the case will be his sufficient vindication for otherwise unpardonable omissions.

It would, no doubt, have been a pleasure to all if the sermon of Bishop Ninde could have appeared in its appropriate place at the front of the volume, but his incessant engagements during the past summer brought his manuscript to hand too late for earlier insertion than the very last. It will be observed in respect to all others that no rule of precedence has been observed. The little volume, with its great messages of truth and love, is now sent upon its mission with the prayer and hope that it may be a guide and support to many hearts in finding and pursuing the way that leads to happiness and Heaven.

C. S. EASTMAN.

INTRODUCTION.

Sermons are gospel bullets. A volume of sermons is an arsenal. The preacher is the marksman. The delivery of a sermon is the discharge of the gun. The effect shows whether the aim has been unerring.

In battle many bullets are wasted in air. Every soldier killed represents his own weight in wasted metal. The issue is always decided by a comparatively few well-directed shots. Were every soldier a sharp-shooter, cool and collected, battles would be more quickly decided, or else would prove far more bloody and terrible.

In God's holy war, the preacher is to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. The weapons of his warfare are not carnal. But he is to be alert, keen, loyal, sincere, resolute and determined. In a moral sense he is to "shoot to kill." Heaven's great battle depends upon his courage, skill and valor. He is to show by his life as well as by his words that he means to press the battle to decision and victory. He must illustrate his own message by a faultless example, else the bulk of his preaching will be utter waste.

> "He who the sword of heaven will bear
> Should be as holy as severe;
> Pattern in himself, to know,
> Grace to stand, and virtue go."

Pulpit severity should be tempered by personal kindness and love. The message should leap hot from

a heart aflame with holy tenderness and pentecostal fire. Such sermons bring down thousands. They did it immediately after Pentecost, and they have done it in our day. The great evangelist is the man whose very soul is surcharged with divine force, a sort of walking magazine connected by the wire of faith with heaven's battery and ready to explode with tremendous effect on the touch of the divine finger. There are such, and they count their converts by hundreds and thousands. They are true to God and faithful with their fellow men. They tell the truth with energy and follow it up with baptized sincerity. They are not of the class "who never mention hell to ears polite," or apologize for it if they do. They are stalwarts, white with earnestness, sober with conviction, impelled by God's mandates, resistless, unyielding and unresting. They are ever pressing the battle to the enemies' gates and insisting on unconditional surrender. They compel respect for duty, salvation, and immortality. They are giants, fighting for the kingdom, and can never once be classed with the "little, round, fat, oily men of God,"

> "Who make all doctrines plain and clear,
> On just two hundred pounds a year."

O, for more of these stalwarts! Men who sleep "an iron sleep," and wake with battle raging. How we love them while they live and lament them when they die. Die, did I say? They never die. Their breath goes out, their bodies fall, they disappear from mortal view, but their works follow them. Their influence lives.

> "For though the warrior's sun has set,
> Its light shall linger round us yet,—
> Bright, radiant, blest."

In Methodism the pulpit has become the throne of power. Once the pastoral service was considered co-ordinate with it, but now the public message is the strong point, the ground of reliance. Our system has made it so. In a settled pastorate the social forces are made conspicuous, but in the itinerant ministry, as with a moving army, dependence is placed upon the public struggle and the servant of God is expected

> "To preach as never sure to preach again,
> And as a dying man to dying men."

It is our belief that there are no better preachers than the Methodists, and no better Methodist preachers than those of our own State of Michigan. We are shut in as it were among ourselves. We live in a peninsula. Our environments isolate us somewhat from the great army of itinerants. But we notice that when a Michigan preacher does get outside he generally makes his mark, while others who come in to take his place find it necessary to toil hard to hold their rank. We have not lowered the pulpit standard by reason of the necessity God has laid upon us to edify our own flocks.

Modern sermons differ from those of old time. They are briefer, more pointed and practical, and contain more thoughts. If any one doubts, let him pick up the bulky volumes, containing the sermons of Ralph Erskine, Henry Melvill, or even Bishop Horne. These old masters evidently did not frown upon the idea that they were to be heard for their "much speaking."

In the following pages good examples will be found of the best preaching talent in Michigan. The editor of this volume is himself one of our finest sermonizers. He may be said to have the homiletic instinct. His sermons are finished specimens of pulpit science.

Now, the man who can write an excellent sermon evidently knows a good one when he finds it. His judgment of excellence is the excellence of judgment. I am glad he has singled out a few " bright particular stars " of Detroit Conference and gives them this good opportunity to shine in their high calling. May God bless their messages to the instruction and comfort of thousands of readers.

Detroit, Mich. JAMES H. POTTS.

CHRIST IN EVERYDAY AFFAIRS THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. LEWIS R. FISK, D. D.,

President of Albion College.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John 12 : 32.

There is but one theme in the Bible ; that theme is Christ. He who attempts to read any part of this word without conceiving its relations to the man of Galilee is wholly without a compass to guide him in his search for truth. From the very beginning of the record of human history in Genesis to the last chapter of Revelations our vision is turned toward him whose name is above every name, and who in all things, it is declared, should have the pre-eminence. As soon as Satan accomplished his terrible purpose of bringing death into the world God announced that the seed of the woman—Christ incarnate—should bruise the serpent's head. God in Christ will finally triumph over the machinations of the Evil One.

To say that the Scriptures grow out of, and have their purpose and end in Christ's being and mission, is to give utterance to a truth of the most profound significance ; but no less wonderful are the modes of his representation. He is a king, but it is declared that "he is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He is a priest, yet a slain lamb. He is lifted up to die on the cross with male-

LEWIS R. FISK.

factors, but from his lips had fallen the astonishing words, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." He has human friendships and bodily and mental needs, yet he is the "Wonderful, the Councellor, the Mighty God." He tells us he came to bring a sword, but he is the Prince of Peace. He is the root of David, yet the offspring of David. Though born in a manger, the son of Mary and dying in early manhood, we are told "He is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

An affirmative answer to the question, "Can this world be reformed and saved?" we trust we are authorized to give. The other question, "*How* can this world be reformed?" we venture to say cannot be answered with this Bible closed and clasped. A further statement is here in place that the hope of the race depends upon, *wholly* depends upon, the being, the office and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Looking upon that which is purely human as appearing in the ambitions and deeds of men, as brought to our attention in the sciences of to-day, or the philosophies of the profoundest thinkers of all the ages, I should despair of a future free from great national and social wrongs. If the rolling away of the stone from the door of the sepulcher did not bring in the dawn of the day of salvation this world is doomed to perpetual night.

The establishing of human society, that is the creating of individual human beings who while they were to live individual lives, employ personal energies for personal ends, endowed with individual wills for individual choice and effort, were yet to be dependent one upon the other, and move forward harmoniously under social relations as communities and states, as great social units, was an undertaking requiring infinite wisdom. And as we consider the problem in its practi-

cal workings up to the present time the outcome does not seem to have been wholly successful. The race is a family, at least it is a social mass which ought to be a family. We cannot live apart; there are social needs and bonds which hold us together. But while this is true there are almost universal selfish impulses and purposes which lead to the violation of rights growing out of social relations. The forces of attraction and repulsion are in a state of incessant war. The divine law, "love thy neighbor as thyself," is realized in the spirit and life of but few human beings. Left to ourselves, solely to the promptings of our hearts, the world is sure to be full of bickerings and frauds, the trampling on the rights of our fellow men.

I need not hesitate to say that if the teachings of the gospel were imbedded in our lives so as completely to dominate all other forces this would be a perfect world. The purpose of Christianity is to develop an ideal state by creating social righteousness, national uprightness, race integrity, a universal coalescence of spirit, truth and right everywhere triumphant. Whether this will ever be reached I need not now stop to consider. It is sufficient for me to assert just here that there is no hope of a glorious race future unless secured through the ennobling and transforming work of the gospel of Christ.

And at this point of the discussion I raise the question for a moment's consideration whether if it be the tendency of Christianity to remove disorder and control the ambitions of men it may not lessen the vigor of our mental being, making the race less grand in its intellectual achievements? Will not suppression result in weakness? Death conquers ambitions and triumphs over all conflicts, but it kills while it cures. Man should be not only holy but great while he is holy, and

greater because he is holy. Can this be rationally looked for under such teachings as we have in the sermon on the Mount? "Blessed are the meek;" "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake;" "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile go with him twain;" "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth;" Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on." Can a great strong life be wrought out under the leadership of one who when assailed says to his defender, "Put up thy sword," and who allows himself without resistance to be put to death?

But appealing to history, what are the facts as to the bearing of the gospel of Christ on the intellectual life of the race? Christianity is inspiring and leading forward the civilization of the world. There are no colleges, universities, or systems of education worthy the name which do not have their origin in the spirit which the Bible has awakened. It is the Christian lands which are the lands of railroads, of steam power, of telegraphs and telephones, of electric motors, the lands producing the great thinkers, where statesmanship becomes rational and humane, where governments are built on imperishable foundations. International law is the product alone of Christian thought. The brain power of the world is Christian brain power in every sphere of activity, in letters, in poetry, in science, in inventions, in philosophy, in governments, in the arts, in the industries of the race, in the movements of nations and the achievements of individual men, in peace and in war. The question is never raised whether the Christian Powers can triumph over pagan lands, but only which Christian nations shall be in control. Heathen countries are never consulted as to the progressive

movements of the world, they are not factors in the agencies which are to sweep over these continents to revolutionize history and make a mighty future. Obstructive they are, this is true, but yet overridden and, in the end, trampled out of existence, so that it is only a question of time when Christian civilization shall sway its scepter over both these continents and all the islands of the sea. To quote the words of Mr. Gladstone, "Force secular or physical, is accumulated in the hands of Christians in a proportion absolutely overwhelming; and the accumulation of influence is not less remarkable than that of force. This is not surprising, for all the elements of influence have their home within the Christian precinct. The art, the literature. the systemized industry, invention, and commerce—in one word, the power of the world, are almost wholly Christian. The nations of Christendom are everywhere arbiters of the fate of non-Christian nations." And we add, the cross of Calvary on which expired the Son of Man, from whose lips had fallen that strange Sermon on the Mount, which taught self abnegation, the surrender of personal ambitions, has awakened the mental energies of the race, and is fast making this a world of scholars to be ultimately a world of intellectual giants. The West shall conquer the East, conquering it not to destroy, but to lift it up and make it mighty. Jean Paul Richter, speaking of Jesus of Nazareth, says, "The holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with his pierced hands empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages." They that become servants of Christ *shall* be kings and priests in a dispensation of life and of power.

Turning our gaze toward that which is social and organic in the world's being let me say that it seems to

me God must have a purpose somehow, not only to make the moral life of the individual perfect, which may be regarded as the immediate and direct aim of the gospel, but also to make national life perfect, to cover this earth with great, strong nationalities, mighty statehood, built upon imperishable foundations.

The masterful war spirit which breathed through the organic life of Rome, and which was largely her organic life, made her the dominant power of the world for a thousand years. In military statehood she has never had a peer. Why did Rome at last fall? Not because a mightier civilization broke over her defences, but because internal strength gave way to weakness; like the great oak which for hundreds of years had defied the raging tempests which had beat upon her, finally rotting at the very core of her life. Thus it was that the waning of her strength was the fading of her glory, and she went down because she was too feeble to stand. Internal social corruption, disregard of human rights, the gnawing of vice, the warrings of unholy ambitions, moral death paralyzing the arm of the state, and the sad doom of the Roman Empire became history.

China boasts of her antiquity. More than forty centuries ago her people took root in that eastern land, and yet it is true the celestial empire stands as an immovable historic Colossus in a world where many civilizations have passed away, and empires one after another have been obliterated from the earth. Why does she not totter and fall? She would did she move. With face turned backward she is stationary while the world marches on. Asleep she does not hear the sound of the wheels of progress, but when she awakes revolutions will tear her into fragments. She utterly fails to fulfil a rational destiny. Petrefaction is no better than putrefaction, and in her case it is both. She will go to

pieces when enclosing civilizations dig out from underneath her the dead foundations on which she rests.

Judaism was strong in its seclusion, but being only the scaffolding of the temple of divine truth, it was necessary for it to give way when in the coming of Christ this temple should be finished to the capstone.

Thus everything which in the past has dominated thought and wielded a scepter of power has gone down beneath the advancing tread of the ages, or has come to the period of its fall. But is there no political salvation? Must national life be putrescent? Is there no other way than to build statehood out of perishable timber?

The angel quoting from Isaiah says unto Mary the Mother of Jesus, "Of his kingdom there shall be no end." Will the nations in their national life feel, as a mighty energy, the gospel of Christ? Will the gospel as a constructive and saving power find its way into courts, into legislative halls, into political conventions, into the marts of trade, into all the domains of public and private life? Will this gospel permeate the state, work its way in among the social forces of the race, and if so, will it be an energy of power for the uplifting of the world?

I recall to your thought the spirit of the gospel. Says the Savior, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart." Peter says to us that our great Leader left us an example that we should follow his footsteps, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

What is the ideal you form of a Christian nation? What do you understand God wants his people to be? As to personal interests to lie down and permit wicked men ruthlessly to trample on them? And never to defend public and national rights with force? Never ag-

gressive, always non-aggressive? The inspired writers tell us that "the righteous are as bold as a lion."

I need only to state the principle,—it surely needs no proof—that there can be no grand national life without courageous citizenship. A nation must maintain its integrity and authority even by a resort to arms if no other means are effective. Marco Bozzaris, "the Epaminondas of Modern Greece, as he fell in battle at the site of ancient Platea, exclaimed, "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain." Fitz Green Halleck represents Bozzaris in the eventful battle against the Turks cheering his troops with the words:

> "Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
> Strike— for your altars and your fires,
> Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
> God, and your native land."

Is it unchristian to fight for liberty; is it unchristian to draw the sword for national rights and independence? Let the tongue be palsied that would charge the gospel with making men craven-hearted. To cherish the thought that Christianity would weaken the defenses of government is a crime in the sight of him who made us in his image. I have no right to surrender my freedom unless I am overpowered. God calls on me in my self-asserting personality to employ all my energies in the best way in the interest of truth and right, which I cannot do in servitude. Mightiest of all is the nation within the breast of whose citizens is the conviction permeating the whole life that God demands the energies of the entire being for his service. I am false to my trust if I do not choose to die striking off the shackles rather than to live and wear them. Christianity comes to make men brave, to make nations mighty. It is a gospel of courage and fortitude, even to

the last point of endurance. On one side or the other war generally is justifiable. When our forefathers appealed to the God of battles as they threw themselves squarely against the oppressions of the mother country it was not a vain cry to the Lord of Hosts, it was not an insult to the Divine Majesty. Lincoln's call for men when the American flag had been shot from the parapets of Fort Sumpter was not antagonistic to the spirit and purposes of the gospel. Had the governments of the Old World at any time during the last two years by shot and shell wiped Turkey from the face of Europe humanity would have rejoiced and God approved. It might not be politic for the United States to join our forces with those of the Cuban insurgents to break the cruel bands of Spanish tyranny in that suffering island, but out from the struggle would come the enjoyment of human rights which Christianity aims to secure.

But one of the specific purposes of the Christian religion is to bring war to an end. We pray for the time when nations shall listen to reason, when other means than human slaughter will be sufficiently potent to guard the rights of universal brotherhood, when patriotism need not put on defensive armor, but out of a full heart shall add to the sum of national comfort and blessing. God intends that for a righteous purpose Christian nations shall be mightiest of all the nations of the earth, and that the spirit of the gospel shall ultimately be so fully incarnated in the lives of men and nations that the last sound of war shall die from human ears.

It is evident as we look out on the world that the millennium has not yet come. Some of the gravest public problems have not yet been solved, and dangers of the most alarming character still lurk all along the pathway we are treading. Can the evils which rankle in the heart of society be expelled? Can right be made

triumphant so that labor and capital shall join hands, so that greed shall lose her fangs and cease tearing the innocent in pieces; so that men will no longer lay plans to allure the unwary to ruin that they may grasp ill-gotten gains, "that there shall be no monopolies to fatten on the destruction of competing interests?" Is the time coming when man will love his neighbor as himself?

Unless some mighty power can be injected into business more potent than the temptations of ill-gotten gains I know not how the labor problem, among others, is to receive a practical solution. It goes down to profounder depths than congress or legislatures can fathom. It does and will elude legal enactments and decisions of courts of justice. It is unquestionably true that if capitalists and laborers were both honest the two classes would be better off. The former would make more money and the latter would get a better support. The best conditions for business are found in the midst of universal integrity. Business would be safer, risks less, failures more infrequent, the cost of protecting property would be saved, expenditures for the punishment of evil doers would be avoided, in a word, ideal conditions would prevail for the carrying forward of all our industries.

But there are men, and the class is not a small one, who have but one aim in life, with which moral integrity is not allowed to interfere, and that aim is to get the best of every bargain, to grasp all they can lay their hands upon. They are not content with a legitimate share of profits in any industry, but they reach out for the last dollar. I know not how law can be a perfect safeguard against this. No political party can apply a perfect corrective even if it should seek to do so. And then who is ready to quote political or civic integrity at par? He who is looking for the industrial millennium

to come through any political party is much too charitable.

Indeed I should hesitate to turn this subject over even to the church as constituted to-day, for determination. If all its members were in the highest degree intelligent and wholly unselfish it might grapple the problem with some prospect of success. But the church must have more of the spirit of Christ. She must be more completely imbued with the ambition to make right dominant; she must get nearer to the practical exemplification of the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," in order to accomplish the work that would be placed in her hands.

What is needed then? More of Christlikeness in the world, a purer church, a more active church, a church in which there is more of a self-sacrificing life. The only hope of *business* is the dominance of the spirit of the gospel. If this shall not be the leaven in society for the bringing forth of righteousness, of business concord, breaking down vicious monopolies, preventing strikes, putting employers and employes into a brotherhood, supplying a true spirit of fellowship, I do not know what can accomplish the work. Every barrier that law can rear will be broken through if men have the spirit to do it. And there is nothing in learning, to whatever extent it is carried, that puts a check on ambition. A widening of the intellectual horizon is more likely to arouse cupidity than to produce personal restraint. Knowledge itself is not reformatory, but when put at the service of the Divine Spirit it may be wielded for the highest good of the race. What we need is sanctified intelligence, sanctified mental powers, the religion of the Savior breathed all through the life, so that man shall treat every other man as his brother.

God endorses government, but he does not always

endorse the governors. He does not endorse political machines or machine workers. It is a lamentable fact that divine institutions are to such a large extent in the hands of unscrupulous plotters of evil. Heaven would be a failure if Satan had charge of it. Lucifer was cast from the skies because he became a corrupt politician. Senator Ingals gave as the fundamental principle of his creed that the ten commandments must be kept out of politics. If God and a political party cannot dwell together; if when elections come, or party interests are to be conserved God is an alien, it would seem that nothing less than the day of judgment could shatter the powers of evil and make governments anything else than a curse.

Politicians will not regenerate the world, and with all their protestations of love for the "dear people" party ascendency will outweigh public interests a hundred fold. While the tendency of business, when left to itself—drawing its inspiration only from itself—is selfish, so the trend of political life, growing out of political aims and political spirit in blind subserviency to party is to shake off personal moral obligations, giving truth and right to the winds, if thereby victory can be gained. I cannot find anything self-regenerating in politics. Political life that would be frank, sincere and of the highest integrity must fight its battles at fearful odds. If right prevails, which sometimes does occur, the power that overcomes evil was not born of politics but found its way into the contest from something extraneous to the spirit which politics engenders. There is nothing that would wreck society more certainly and speedily than politics if left to itself. The ruler is a tyrant when he is able successfully to plant his feet on the neck of the people. Despotism yields to constitutional guarantees only when it must. Aspirants

for office and political managers are ready to sanction any deception, even to the most cruel slaughter of the reputation of those who stand in the way if thereby they can rise to power. And back of these stand a great multitude cheering on the leaders without raising a single moral question for the determination and settlement of the issue.

God only can save the nations from ruin. Without his strong arm there is no defence. Without his leadership right will be discomfited and truth make an ignominious surrender; for there is no department of human life in which Satan has more fully intrenched himself and in which he makes a more determined fight than in the political. Many citizens proclaim their creed to be principles, not men, but he who employs a rotten conduit to carry pure water, is engaged in administering poison. Bad men will infuse moral corruption into any principles they may handle. Principles and men, correct principles, executed by upright men, is the only safeguard of the nation. In the life of the Nazarene alone is found that which is a perfect model in public and private, and unless the spirit he breathed into society can be made universal moral evils will continue to work death in the body politic.

The saddest thing on this earth is that men not only break with God as to loyalty to the divine government, but for the sake of personal gain deliberately organize to ruin their fellow men. It is lamentable when *legitimate* forms of business are carried forward in a *dishonest* way, but it is impossible fittingly to characterize the baseness, the depths of guilt, of those who purposely set in operation agencies of moral ruin so that they can gather in a few paltry dollars. To rob a man of his property is bad enough; to burglarize a home in order to carry off its treasures we say is villainous; but

to stab character; to plot the ruin of the moral life; to prey upon virtue, opening the trap-door to death and hell for mercenary ends, upon this we may well look with horror.

Hear the charge of one liquor dealer to others, "allure young boys into the saloons so that their appetites may supply you with a large run of customers in the future." Does not your blood boil when you listen to words like these?

That there are forms of business like the liquor traffic that cannot be justified on any principle of humanity, which are destructive to the very ends of society, whose fruits from first to last are wretchedness and woe, is a fact of awful import. What can be done for the deliverance of the race from such terrible crimes? Appeal to the strong arm of the law? It must be remembered that law has no strong arm. Law is an order of doing, or a command to do. Human law, under free conditions, is an expression of the judgment of the people on the subject to which it relates. Now we can legislate along moral lines, but we cannot legislate morality into existence. We can punish dishonest acts, but we cannot put honesty into a man's heart or enforce a penalty on a dishonest spirit. All that gives force to any law is beyond the reach of the law-maker. A legal code is much more the product of power than the source of power. I know that righteous laws, if they can be put in operation, are reactively educational for good to some extent, but even then the engendered force is subjective, a matter of the life, and is not lodged in the statute. The whole domain of morals is extra legislative, beyond penal codes and the jurisdiction of lawmakers. Sin, wrong, crime, has its home in the heart, which is beyond the reach of any legislative body or court of justice. Though the judge on the bench is

profoundly convinced that the heart of a man is as black as the slime in perdition, the ermine of his office gives him no right of control over the heart or character. God only has jurisdiction in such a case. And all good governments, and righteous laws, and correct national procedure must have their roots in a moral soil over which civil authorities cannot wield the scepter of power.

Yet we are never justified in a refusal to throw around society the cordon of law. If the liquor traffic is wrong there should be legal prohibition. If provisions for prostitution corrupt society they should be condemned by the most explicit penal enactments. Law should not only measure up to the moral standard, but there is something wrong if a failure exists in bringing the legal code up to the plane of right in all civil affairs. It is a disgrace to our civilization that there should be on our statute books a law licensing any pernicious traffic or demoralizing industry.

But now let me say to you that the evil is found much less in the absence of law than in the spirit and heart and will of the people who stand back of and underneath the law. We may have a code as perfect as the archangel can make it, as perfect as God can make it—for did he not write the moral law?—but resting back on an unwilling or corrupt constituency it has only the force of a precept. But let the people say these evils shall come to an end, speaking with a voice into which are thrown the energies of an enlightened intellect, of a true and loyal heart, of a mighty will, and these plague spots speedily disappear.

But how can this life and spirit be infused into the people? Whence the power for regenerating this world, operating through all the domains of industry, of politics and the social state? Put this question to any

age and any people; scan the histories of the centuries and nowhere do you get an answer, except from the life and mission of him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Here we have it all. In this mighty warfare against evil we have an unselfish, sinless, determined leader who has planned a perfect campaign and who proposes to infuse into his followers his own life to have a spiritual state of Christ-like people who will feel their responsibility to capture this world for him who redeemed it. It is a wonderful thing that Jesus has come into history. He is a most incompetent historian who does not find that the problem of the Godman contains within itself all the forces of progress, and the prophetic key to all that is grand and glorious in the future. Take the sun out of the solar system and darkness is no more certain than the moral darkness of the nations with no Christ in human affairs. Through the thousands of years before the star appeared over Bethlehem Christ was here in prophecy, though dimly seen, and God was shaping national destinies for the morning when the angels should sing that song of life and joy, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." And in the fulness of time the shout will go up from all the earth, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

"Our God is marching on."

Though the great powers of Europe beleaguer the little island of Crete with their iron-clads lest the pestilential rule of the villainous Turks be overthrown, I believe "Our God is marching on." Though the United States Senate take all the virile force out of the Arbitra-

tion Treaty and then vote it out of existence, I still believe "Our God is marching on." Though the millennium is not yet in sight, and corruption and fraud are rampant in high places and in low, I am sure "Our God is marching on."

The clouds of evil yet hang in ominous darkness over our heads. The party lash in politics still causes many to tremble, but it has less power than in the past. Millions refuse to be driven as slaves to the polls, independent thought begins to assert her divine majesty, and man is coming to be a man with no taskmaker over him.

Nevada in her statehood makes common cause with those of "the baser sort," and seeks to fatten on crime, yet there rises an indignant protest out of the great American heart, this from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf.

Yesterday the governments of the world violated all the principles of legitimate business, carrying forward mighty gambling schemes for state support; today the conscience of all these Christian lands denounces the unholy alliance with crime and compels respect for the moral law.

Evils there are in private life and public policies, but the banner of right floats higher than at any period of the past; intelligence lifts her voice for truth with a mightier cadence than ever before; the principles of manhood are more clearly defined and more largely regarded, and the thought is taking shape that humanity is one from sea to sea and pole to pole through the cementing spirit of the universal man who was lifted up from the earth that all might gaze upon him and be drawn into a perfect brotherhood.

He who showed to us the real human in his sinless being and his unmeasured interest in others has come

to this world to abide forever, and though absent in body yet is he present in the work of the Holy Spirit whose office is to testify of Christ. History is glorified by his presence. Aye, more than this, history is made by his presence. And he will go forward gaining victories in every land until all industries shall acknowledge the moral law, politics be purified, nations putting humanity before power, and the great heart of the race become a heart of love. "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountain and exalted above the hills, and all the nations of the earth shall flow unto it."

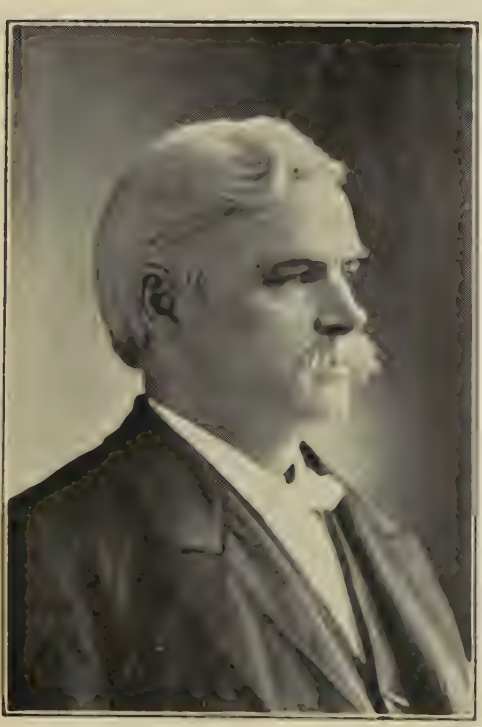
CHRIST GLORIFIED IN HIS PEOPLE.

BY REV. CHARLES T. ALLEN, D. D.,

Presiding Elder of the Detroit District.

"And I am glorified in them."—John 17:10.

The seventeenth chapter of the gospel by St. John is one of the most precious in all the sacred book. It is a prayer offered by our Lord, as he gathered his disciples about him for the last time, before Gethsemane and the cross—a prayer for them and all who should believe on him through their word. Every sentence throbs with most profound thought and emotion. "And lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, Father, the hour has come." The hour spoken of by prophet and law giver as they conversed with him on the Mount of Transfiguration, of the decease which he was to perform at Jerusalem: the hour spoken of by himself, when to his disciples he said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with;" the hour which Abraham, with true prophetic vision, saw, and in which he rejoiced; the hour proclaimed by the Father God in Eden, "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." "The hour is come." O, how long the world had waited for that eventful season! And it was now, with all its mighty import, just before him. He first prays for his disciples. I think the foremost thought in mind is that he is to be glorified in these disciples. "I pray for them, I pray not for the world but for them which thou hast given me, for they are thine, and all mine are



CHARLES T. ALLEN.

thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." Here Christ lifts his disciples, and all true believers, into the highest relations possible for the immortal spirit to sustain in the universe of God. Do you seek a measurement of human greatness? You may find it here. Man is saved through infinite mercy and grace—and, like all things infinite, they are beyond our comprehension. Still, I think, we are safe in believing that God was moved by infinite wisdom and knowledge, and that man was worth the sacrifice, not as he was, but as through Christ he is to be. The Gethsemane and the cross were hours of darkness and suffering, such as the world had never seen before and will never see again. They stamp this as the greatest world in the material universe. What other world ever bore the cross, or witnessed the death of the son of man, the son of God? Not the greatest in magnitude, for it is as but a sand grain in comparison with some others. Let us remember that the battle-field of Waterloo is but an infintessimal part of Europe. Are we to measure that field as we would a prairie farm, or a village plat? West Point is but a dot amid the expanse of our great country, yet in the awful struggle of 1861-5 West Point was at the head of contending armies. It flashed out through Grant and Lee, Sherman, Jackson and hundreds of others. Waterloo is large enough for battle ground, West Point for training school, and so this world is large enough for battle, for training, and, perhaps, this was all it was intended for. When I contemplate Gethsemane and the cross, I am impressed with the thought that this world is the great battle-field of the universe. Though we may not be aware of it, nevertheless it may be true that we are engaged in the greatest struggle that shall be revealed by all the eternities. Did not God exhaust the resources of heaven

when he reared the cross? What more of love, suffering, justice, could he have placed there? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son." Could love go beyond this? Did not God suffer there as only God can suffer? What does that word "gave" mean? We shall never know, for we shall never be able to comprehend the depths of God's love for his son. His love is to be measured by his suffering, and his suffering by his love. Away with the thought that God, by an arbitrary decree, placed the punishment for guilt upon the innocent. Christ suffered, suffered as we shall never know in this life, but he suffered voluntarily. "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." He laid down his life of his own accord, and God suffered with him. What the humanity of Christ suffered is a measurement of what humanity itself shall be capable of when made like unto its Christ, when it shall find its own true greatness.

Justice in all of its fulness is found in that cross. God can no more be unjust than he can be unlovely, and at the end we may find justice and love to be the same. God stands amidst the darkness of Gethsemane and the cross; there he reveals himself as never before in this world, and will never so reveal himself again. In that hour he not only revealed himself, but man as he had never been revealed before. Behold, man's lost and ruined condition; his awful emnity with God; with his own immortal interests; but also his unspeakable worth.

The law, like a mirror, flashes back man's sinfulness, but the cross reflects not only his sinfulness, but also his greatness and his worth. My contention is that man, made in the image of God, is almost infinite in his greatness, and that the cross of Christ reveals it. Seeing this, believing this, I am somewhat prepared to un-

derstand Christ when he says, "I am glorified in them," (in these disciples) "in all who shall believe on me through their words." The fact is the universe will never outgrow the cross, for it marks the greatest achievement of eternity. We shall never sweep so far away amidst the cycles of the future as to forget this world; not because we came into being here, but because we were redeemed here. The Jerusalem surrounded by Judean hills shall be in remembrance so long as the New Jerusalem shall endure. This earthly Jerusalem witnessed the display of God's greatest love and power. Her people, in their sinful blindness, could not understand, could not touch even the fringe of this revelation. Its glory and its power filled them with madness, but to-day, all Christendom stands with face toward that ancient capital; not because of David, the temple or the prophets, but because of the cross and the empty tomb. All progress, all greatness, runs the way of that cross. There can be no greatness, no progress without it. All the light of heaven was focused upon, and broke forth from the midst of its darkness. "I am glorified in them, I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." I send them forth from the foot of this cross, baptized by thy spirit, to publish my gospel, and exemplify the greatness of redeemed humanity. How these giant fishermen march through the ages! Behold their conflicts, behold their conquests! And yet this movement is just beginning. The world has not yet clipped the curls of childhood from its brow. It is being rolled up into the light of that cross. It is receiving more and more of it. It shall continue to receive until righteousness covers the earth, "as the waters cover the sea;" then on, on, through ages in perfect unity with God. O, what a world this is to be

when all the people, from the rivers unto the ends of the earth, shall know him "whom to know aright is life everlasting." I am of those who believe that the time will come when all that hath breath shall praise him.

How is this consummation to be reached? The way is very plain and simple. Christ is to be preached and lived. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." "I am glorified in them." What is it to glorify Christ, if it is not to publish him, interpret him? I glorify my friend, when, finding him misjudged, misunderstood, I place him in his proper attitude before the mind of his critic. I glorify Christ when I interpret him in truth before the world, by act and word, publish what he has done and what he is doing; when, by my life, I reflect him, so that those about me may see him within me. Am I selfish, proud, envious, narrow, unforgiving and revengeful, I cannot glorify Christ, for none of these things found lodgment in him. But, if I am to glorify him his spirit must be within me; the controlling power must look through my eyes, speak through my voice. So far as possible, I must see him as he is, and be like him. O, here is privilege, power, glory! What is worldly wealth, honor or power, as compared to this?

"I am glorified in them." No doubt the church is a divine institution, but what constitutes the church? All who are living in the Christ spirit. His church gets to itself a form, not always the same, but its spirit never changes. It cannot, it is the Christ spirit; "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." Sometimes, perhaps often, the visible church drops away from the spiritual; then comes weakness, decay. Usually this severance from Christ leads to the placing of greater emphasis upon ritualistic forms. We have more of display, more of the ceremonial. I do not wish to be un-

derstood as intimating that that which I have called weakness, decay, in the visible church necessitates the lessening of numbers, wealth, or culture, except that kind of culture, (which no doubt is the highest,) that comes only to those who walk in the Spirit; but what of profit is there in numbers, or wealth, or culture, if Christ's spirit be wanting? A visible church may be an enginery for the destruction of all good. Was it not the church that put Herod the murderer upon the track of the infant Saviour? Was it not the church that killed the Christ? Thank God, the visible church has no authority from heaven to dictate the course of humanity, only as she herself shall walk in the spirit of the Master. I trust I am not underestimating the importance of the historic church. I am not unmindful of her saints, her heroes, her martyrs; that vast accumulative power which she wields to-day, the result of long ages of discipline and suffering. But where is the Kingdom of Heaven? Under the cathedral bell, think you, or among the stars, or in some place beyond the stars? No, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." There must be a vital contact between the individual soul and Christ. We are told by scientists that God holds this world in its orbit about the sun, not by grappling sea, plain, and mountain range as such, but by taking hold of every individual atom of matter; and so God saves not by taking family, community, nation, as such, but by wooing, winning every individual soul. God designs that every individual Christian shall become, as it were, a living dynamo, a tremendous power for the upbuilding of righteousness among men. "I am glorified" in each of them, in the individual. Let us place greatest emphasis upon personal piety; then wealth, culture, and all other secondary gifts will drop into their legitimate places, and per-

form their proper functions.

First, by faith. Paul says that "by grace are ye saved, through faith." "Without faith it is impossible to please him." God has ever honored true and intelligent faith, and ever will, for, by it, he leads us on to the highest attainments in the spiritual world. Without it we can do nothing, and, I say it reverently, the absence of it upon our part, stays God's hand, so that he is unable to reach and to bless us.

While in Europe I visited an art gallery filled with portraits of noted men and women; the representatives of generations long since dead looked down upon me from the walls. An important chapter in the history of a great nation was spread out upon that canvass. Thither historians, artists, poets, resort for study and inspiration; but the greatest art gallery of which we have knowledge may be found in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, where Paul, Apollos, or some other inspired mind has arranged for us the pictures of some of God's chosen children; Abel, with his sacrifice, by which he takes hold of the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world; Enoch, rising triumphant into heaven; Noah, in the midst of harmonious nature, and the scoffings of an ungodly generation, giving through a hundred and twenty years daily witness that God is true to his declaration; Abraham, whom Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian alike call "Father;" Joseph, from the palace of the Egyptian King, seeking sepulchre in the land of his birth because it is the land of promise; Moses, from the same palace seeking, not adventure, but the liberation of his race and the kingdom of his God; and others "who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed

valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." These were all children of faith. And yet, in spite of the record of the past, and the stupendous movements of the present, we have with us those who ask, with a sneer, Pilate-like, "What is faith?" They would have us believe that faith is something as unsubstantial as the morning dew, a dream, a fancy, a something belonging not to the exact, the scientific present, but to the dreamy, imaginative past. Nevertheless, faith is a great fact; a fact that has impressed itself upon the affairs of our times as deeply as upon the institutions of any age. It forms the basis of the commercial world in this pre-eminently commercial age. Men send their merchandise, the result of hand and brain, across oceans because they have confidence in those who dwell upon the opposite side of the globe. During the last presidential campaign, when the nation was staggering beneath commercial depression, men were everywhere saying, "What we need, first of all, is the restoration of confidence; that given, and prosperity with all its attendant blessings will return." They were right. National prosperity is absolutely impossible in the absence of political and commercial confidence. Now, what we call confidence in the political, commercial, social world, is called faith in the Bible. Faith is trust, confidence, love. Without it the family, the state, the church are impossible. It has ever been in the world, and must ever remain. It is of God. Faith never shines so brightly as in the hour of conflict, suffering. Off from the battle-fields and from the dungeons of the past, where Christian heroes have given up liberty and life in the defense of truth, there flashes up a light that would drive darkness from the world if men would but permit it to shine on heart and mind. Because we are heedless

of this suffering, unmindful of this faith, we are not freer. "Without faith it is impossible to glorify God."

We may glorify Christ by our suffering—silent suffering.

> "Oh, deem not they are blest alone
> Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep:
> The Power who pities man, has shown
> A blessing for the eyes that weep."

We believe that in the end we shall find this to have been one of the most important testimonies borne by us during life; of all it is, perhaps, least dramatic, demonstrative. The world does not applaud it; oftentimes does not recognize it until long after it has been given. We never know how far reaching it may be, or how enduring. It does not provoke so much of comment as of thought. Like the silent forces of nature, it is near the heart of things. Not the tempest, but the refreshing dew; not the lightning bolt, but the sunlight. For neglecting this testimony, God rebuked one of the ancient prophets of Israel. And, after all other signs had failed, this testimony was brought forward for his encouragement and strengthening. Elijah upon Mount Carmel, how sublime! The altar building, the prayer, the descending, devouring flame, the slain priests, the little cloud, the tempest, the journeying to the capital city, what testimony to God's power and presence! This shall be the end of all rebellion against God. Henceforth ruler and people shall be true to the great King and themselves. Never again shall Jehovah's right to reign be questioned. So it might seem, so it was not. The sun had not risen on Carmel, the dead priests had not found sepulchre, before treason had again burst forth from the palace, and Elijah was fleeing across hill and plain to the desert, weighted down with

discouragement if not despair. Why, a greater testimony than that of Carmel had been given, well nigh overlooked by both prophet and king. Obadiah had suggested it, personified it, and now God himself will bear witness of it. Under the juniper tree the angel found the prophet, cheered him, and sent him on to the mount where, ages before, God had revealed himself to Moses, and, perhaps, ages afterward, to Paul, and there he hid himself in a cave. Again the angel found him, again heard his complaint; then commanded him to go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord. I see the prophet come forth. He takes his stand upon some commanding foothill. In the distance he sees a sand storm approaching. How forcibly it reminds him of his own poor country, suffering under continual drouth, where winds lift great clouds of dust heavenward. On rushes the storm, gathering momentum and magnitude. It strikes the mountain's base. It rolls in awful grandeur up its sides. It rends the rocks asunder, and, with its mighty arms, threatens to level the rocky pile with the desert waste. "*But the Lord was not in the wind.*" While the prophet gazed, in wonder, upon this phenomenon, the earth trembled beneath his feet, when, glancing upward, he beholds the mountain rocking as one would rock a cradle. The great rocks, rent by the wind, come thundering down its side, finding rest in the valley below. "But the Lord was not in the earthquake." Then, out from its sides, burst great tongues of flame, rising higher and higher, as if to lick the clouds from the sky. The mount has become one vast, roaring, burning furnace. "But the Lord was not in the fire." Now, through the chambers of his soul, sounds the still small voice. He not only hears, he understands. Mantling his face in his garment, he stands with bowed head, for God is in the voice: "Elijah, go

back. Yonder is the land you have deserted, where the storms of persecution have swept every plain and valley, where the earthquake of social strife has shaken every village and city, where the fires of oppression have blistered every cheek, there are seven thousand people who have never bowed the knee to Baal, or kissed the toe of his image. Go back." Seven thousand silent sufferers! What testimony they had given through those long, terrible years! So we have in our midst to-day these silent witnesses of Christ's power to sustain. You have not failed to note them. Behold this mother, from whose arms, only yesterday, a little child slipped into the grave; this invalid, who has transformed the hospital ward into a very bethel; this father, staggering under dagger-thrust, dealt by an ungrateful son; a wife, living in continual companionship with scoff, sneers, refined cruelty; young men and maidens, doomed to walk through life under the touch of hell, because of the imperial sway of the law of heredity; the Christian merchant striving to be honest in the midst of an age of frauds; the Christian statesman, misunderstood, misjudged, slandered, standing at his post, with no hope of reward, save that which comes of an approving conscience, and the intelligent judgment of posterity. These witnesses are bearing noble testimony. Blind must be the eye which cannot see, deaf the ear which cannot hear what they are doing. We have all of us opportunity to give this witness. Have we lost child, companion, parent, fortune, or health; nothing remarkable about this. Untold millions have passed through all this before us, but there may be something very remarkable and beautiful in the spirit which we manifest under these bereavements. They may afford us wonderful opportunities for glorifying Christ.

We may glorify Christ by our works. Works that

are wrought out for his sake and his sake alone. Much, very much, as compared with other times, is being done in our day by the church in the expenditure of material wealth ; yet we are far from the ideal. We have reason to fear that much of denominational, if not of worldly pride, enters into these activities. Nevertheless, it is a fact for which we should be devoutly thankful, that all branches of the Christian church are becoming united in spirit, and thus more efficient in work. We may, however, gain rich instruction from lessons taught us by the history of the past. By churchly exhibition of tremendous display of character, not always crowned with success, not always in defense of truth, and yet truly noble in energy, we should be inspired with enthusiasm in the cause of Christ.

Longstreet, with his corps from the Army of Northern Virginia, joins the army of the West. At the battle of Chickamauga he forms the confederate left with orders to break our right center. Concealed by the woods and undergrowth, he arrays his attacking party in five lines of battle. Through his glass this master in battle sees that one of our commanders, by moving his troops, is opening a gap through our lines. Without delay he hurls his five lines of battle upon our broken front. Pressing forward through the opening already made, he wheels to his right, striking our line in flank. Right on like a thunderbolt he hurls his troops ; right on over Crittenden, over Van Cleve, over Sheridan, over batteries and infantry alike he thunders. Our center is broken, our right wing swept from the field and the battle of Chickamauga is lost.

Thus we see what men may do even in a bad cause, when united and moving with exact understanding. What ought we to accomplish in a righteous cause, and with Christ for our commander? I should rejoice to

see the young people of America in battle-line; with Christian Endeavor forming the front rank, back of this the Epworth League, the Baptist Young People's Union, the Westminster League. Then, catching the command of the Captain of our Salvation, they would press forward, right on over the fashionable sins of American society; right on over the low down dance and the card-table; right on over the theatre and the American saloon; right on over everything that stands between us and purity, liberty, and all that God would have us be. Well, this is all coming. I hear the tramp of this advancing army. I see its banners floating in the sunshine of God's love—the time is just before us when the world shall better know what Christ means when he says: "I am glorified in them."

ELISHA E. CASTER.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS.

BY REV. E. E. CASTER, D. D.,

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"What then shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?" Matt. 27:22.

About nineteen hundred years ago a man of humble birth, known by his borough acquaintances as the Carpenter's Son, began a most extraordinary career. There was nothing in his early life, so far as we are aware of, to indicate that he was different from boys of his own age, until he was twelve years old, when, on a visit with his parents to the capitol of their nation, he engaged in a controversy in the temple with the doctors and lawyers, astonishing them all by his knowledge and wisdom.

After this we hear nothing more of him until thirty years of age, when, a great religious awakening having taken place through the preaching of John the Baptist, all of a sudden, like the meteor's glare, he bursts into public view by coming to John's baptism and being acknowledged by him to be the antitype of the paschal lamb—"the lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

From the time of his baptism to the day of his ascension into heaven, a period of only three years, his career was one never to be paralleled. During this time

he seems to have led a sort of homeless life. It is true that he had a trinity of resorts—Nazareth, Capernaum, Bethany—but they were scarcely in the nature of a *home*. Indeed, he seems to have spent much of his time in lonely retirement, communing with his Father. His own family relations found fault with him because of this. "His brethren said unto him, depart hence and go into Judea,—*show thyself to the world*."

But on three occasions only did he permit anything in the nature of a public demonstration. The advent song, caroled by angel voices, "Glory to God in the highest," was the first. The triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when shouting pilgrims on their way to Zion, waked the echoes of Olivet with, "Hosanna to the son of David," was the second. The third was when the angels with the greatest publicity escorted him from Olives' brow to the place of glory which he had with the Father before the world was, crying, "Lift up your heads, ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." All that transpired in the earthly life of Jesus between the first and the last of these celestial overtures, we shall never know until we reach the land where his followers live forever. Till then let us study his character, ponder his sayings and emulate his virtues. Socrates and Plato, Seneca and Aristotle said many wise things; but this young man of Nazareth not only said wise things, he formulated golden maxims to which nineteen hundred years have added nothing. Plato said, "He may lie who knows how to do it in a fit season," but Jesus said, "Lie not at all, but speak the truth every man to his neighbor." This was purity's rebuke to perfidy, paling the proudest maxims of mere human philosophy. This young man was, however, doomed to a violent death—he was crucified; but he arose from the grave and lives.

We now come properly to the general statement that:

I. THIS JESUS, WHO WAS A TROUBLESOME FACTOR IN THE HANDS OF PILATE NEAR NINETEEN CENTURIES AGONE, IS IN THE WORLD TO-DAY.

And the question is, what shall we do with him? First of all, what do we mean by saying that Jesus Christ is in the world to-day? There are in our mind three or four answers to be given.

1. That the world's best ecclesiasticism is decidedly Christly.

The only great—and I use the term in the sense of numbers—the only great Christless religions of the world are Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism. The latter is the youngest of the three, and numbers about one hundred and eighty-five million adherents. And yet with this vast numerical strength, its nineteenth century condition is one of steadily progressing decay. This may be affirmed of it even in its most successful field—Africa—where it has a hundred million votaries. That dark continent is to-day being girded about and cleaved in twain by a religious system whose chief corner stone is Jesus Christ. And this rival, perhaps more accurately antagonist, unlike Mohammedanism, ignores carnal weapons in the spread of it, and achieves its conquests by the majesty of law and love.

The Smithfield fires, the bloody persecuting Bonners, the St. Bartholomew massacre, the Armenian butcheries by Mohammedan Turks, are monstrous perversions which find no sanction or countenance in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Indeed, he affirms that: "He that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword." And as Christless Mohammedanism has won all its victories and achieved all its conquests by the sword,

so *that* mighty arbiter, like a John Baptist, shall go before the Prince of Peace to terminate the sequel of its unholy history. From the point of our narrow and imperfect vision, it cannot be hastened with too swift a wing.

Confucianism, which is more than twenty-four hundred years old, and which has been received during all these centuries as the ethical and political code of nearly one-third of the human race, is utterly without even the prophecy of a coming Christ, and has had the effect to render the Mongolian people effeminate, servile and pusillanimous. Conservative of the past, their Christless creed debars progress in the present, and promises nothing better for the future. It is therefore clear that subversion alone will be its destiny, for the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.

Buddhism, which is more specifically religious than Confucianism, overlaps or infolds the latter in China, and embraces Tartary, Japan, and their dependencies, together with the whole region between China and the Burrampooter. It is called a religion, and so it is, but it has not a single Christly element in it, and only an apology for a God in Buddha. Embracing, as it does, a series of transmigratory changes ranging from the tiny insect to the massive white elephant, and bounded only by annihilation, or at least a state of suspended being in which one exists but neither hopes, fears, thinks nor feels, it surely constitutes one of the most cheerless and dreary systems of religious thought ever devised for the irrepressible longings of man's moral nature. While its adherents number twice more than Islam, it has gained nothing for centuries, and is to-day, in its strongholds, visibly on the decline.

Here then we have a trinity of religions, all of which,

save Islam, were old when Christianity arose to dispute their claims; and yet the latter, without invoking the arm of civil power, has wrought its way into the hearts and consciences of near five hundred million willing subjects, and is as certainly predestined to overthrow and swallow up all false religions as Moses' rod was to swallow up the rods of the magicians of Egypt. Believing this, we may confidently repeat what we affirmed at the beginning, that the world's divinest and best ecclesiasticism to-day is Christian.

2. *In the second place, in saying that Jesus Christ is in the world to-day, we mean that he is in secular politics.*

In this distinguish between statesmanship and ill-visaged demagogy, between patriotism and party baseness. The one is broadly ingenuous, the other narrow and meanly selfish. Christ himself was a politician of the former type, in its purest, broadest, and most patriotic meaning: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." It is as if he had said, civil government, as well as religious, is of God, and must not be ignored, else anarchy and ruin will rise up in its stead. This certainly was polity, policy, politics.

Government is not a mere machine, contrived for the advantage of the individual to the disparagement of the many, nor is it a mere engine of physical power or brute force, in which might is right. Rather, it is a divine institution for the administering of equity to all, for the security of equal rights, and especially for the protection of the weak and defenseless.

Now, while this is the conception and design of all government, we cannot fail to note that there is scarcely an approximation to it, outside of a Christian commonwealth. But here, this Jesus, with whom Pilate was so perplexed, strangely, shall we say, commingles civil and re-

ligious affairs. Hear him through Paul: "I exhort that, first of all, supplications, and prayers, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority." If this does not imply that Jesus of Nazareth takes cognizance of the science, and genius, and welfare of government, then our interpretation is at fault.

In the history of our own country, Jesus in politics is emphasized at every stage of our national life. In May, 1787, when the delegates of the several states were assembled in Philadelphia to form the Constitution for the Union, a rupture at one time seemed inevitable. In this crisis Mr. Franklin arose and proposed a recess of three days, to allay the excited feelings of the Assembly, saying at the same time: "Before I sit down I will suggest another matter, and I am really surprised that it has not been proposed by some other member at an earlier period of our deliberations. It is the propriety of nominating and appointing before we separate, a chaplain to this convention, whose duty it shall be uniformly to assemble with us and introduce the business of each day by a prayer to the Governor of all nations, beseeching him through his Son to preside in our councils, enlighten our minds with a portion of heavenly wisdom, influence our hearts with a love of truth and justice, and crown our labors with complete success."

What an impressive scene that was, at the very threshold of our national existence! It was real statesmanship as contradistinguished from cringing demagogy. In other words, it was Jesus Christ in secular politics. And shame to us if we ever exclude him from them. The nation that will not give him a place in its affairs shall ultimately perish. It is in this view that the minister of the gospel should be as free to talk politics as any other member of the community. If it were

a question of municipal or commercial interests merely, or of problems in finance, there would be comparatively little to contend for; but these are only incidental. The great moral principles of government, embracing the rights of God and man, are, and must be, the substructure of all *just* government. Admit this, and it follows that the teachings of Christ *must* be incorporated in the Constitution of a civilized people. We do not mean that his exact words, or the precise formula of his maxims should be transcribed, but that the soul and spirit of them must permeate the commonweal and its system of laws.

What, then, shall we, the American people, do with Jesus, who is called Christ? Do with him? Why, keep him in the political warp and woof of our national life, and act upon that most beautiful of all maxims as pronounced by himself: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

3. In the third place, in saying that Jesus is in the world to-day, we mean that he is in the world of literature.

This is so eminently true, that, if by some possibility the Bible were to be wholly lost, every chapter could be entirely reproduced many times over from the pages of secular volumes, not only from such as are apologetic in character, but from those that are professedly antagonistic. No mean portion of the old scriptures could be sifted from the writings and public utterances of that most cordial hater of God's first Testament, Robert G. Ingersoll. David Hume and Thomas Paine quoted freely from both Testaments, and then commented coarsely. David Strauss and Ernest Renan write each a striking history of Jesus of Nazareth, and then the former resolves him into a mythological character, and

the latter, while conceding him to have been an eminent sage and a wise teacher, is uncertain about the supernatural. Yet see how beautifully he writes in the following sentence:

"The Christ of the Gospels is the most beautiful incarnation * * * whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed."

These men have scarcely known what to do with Jesus. Nevertheless, believed in by them or rejected, they have contributed each his mite towards saturating the public mind with his name and works. No person that ever appeared on this earth has had a thousandth part said and written about him that this man of Galilee has.

How many books have been written concerning any one of earth's mightiest warriors, greatest statesmen, or profoundest philosophers? When we have read one good history of Napoleon, or one approved life of Wellington, we have taken in the substance of the great man's life and character. But of this Jesus of Nazareth it is affirmed that if all which he said and did were to be written every one, the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Some of our secular journalists have adopted the plan of placing each day a verse of Scripture at the head of their initial page, thus emphasizing God, and Christ, and the Bible in literature.

4. In the fourth place we affirm that this Jesus is in the world of a personal, religious experience.

One of the things taught in his word is: "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself." In this we have opened to us a possible inward testimony, cognized shall we say, by spiritual sense—at least the testimony is spiritually discerned. It defies interpretation, yet challenges logic and rhetoric for a better statement.

The possessor of this God-consciousness is so certain that it is no deception, that he would sooner die than fly into the face of his own personal discovery. What else than this does that long list of holy martyrs, of whom the world was not worthy, signify? Hear the words of Polycarp as a sample of thousands. Being condemned to death during the persecution under Marcus Aurelius, and being seized and carried before the Roman proconsul at Smyrna, he was urged to curse Christ and live. To this his unflinching reply was: "Six-and-eighty years have I served him, and he has done me nothing but good, and how could I curse him? If you would know what I am, I tell you frankly I am a Christian."

Turn back the record now a hundred years and tell me what it signifies that twelve men who had seen Christ—and it seems that to be an apostle it was necessary to have seen Christ—I say, tell me what it means that they chose death rather than give up what they had seen, and known, and experienced. It is exceptional for a man to die for what he knows to be a falsehood, particularly if the disavowal of it would save his life. The devil uttered a great truth when he said to the Lord—Job's character being in dispute—"Skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

Even the devil seems to know that self-love, and self-preservation, are powerful, commanding principles in the hearts of men. They will venture, and they will give their estates to save their lives. But the Christian who has bought the truth, who has been made the conscious partaker of the divine nature, will sacrifice *life* rather than part with his spiritual possessions, and so give the lie to what his heart has felt. This is moral heroism. Heaven is peopled with this kind of heroes. They have a personal religious experience. They have

washed their robes and made them white. If Ichabod shall ever be written upon the banners of our Methodism it will be only after she has ceased to be an experiencing and a testifying church.

II. THE QUESTION NOW RECURS, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH JESUS?

We cannot divorce him from our ecclesiasticism; for that would compel us to frigid Deism or illogical Atheism. We cannot eliminate him from the political world, for civil government is of God, and God treats with the world through his Son. We cannot get him out of literature, for theology, and history, and philosophy, and science, and art, and poetry, and even fiction, are saturated with the fragrance of his name. We cannot separate him from the beliefs, and conscious experiences, and avowed loyalty of five hundred million voluntary subjects gathered from all climes, from all forms of government, and from all ranks and grades of society, who would sooner die than become perverts and stultify their own consciousness of Christ within them the hope of glory.

What then shall we do with him? To our mind there are barely two alternatives open to us. Ignore him, and take the consequences; or, accept him, with accompanying assurances of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Fly to the first of these and you will have a social, a political, an ethical community remindful of a system of astronomy that leaves out the solar light. Your commonwealth will be a Garden of Eden without a river to water it, or a bird to trill a song in its bowers. Worse still, it will be like a crew of mariners at sea in a storm, without helm or compass, the sun eclipsed and the waves frantically leaping the decks.

On the other hand, the man who accepts this Jesus imperils nothing, he jeopardizes no interest, but is actually franchised against loss. "There is no man that hath left house or lands for my sake, and the gospel's, but shall receive a hundredfold in this time, and in the world to come eternal life."

We may now be permitted to ask you men and women, you fathers and mothers, what will you do with Jesus? It is not my calling or pleasure to reproach or censure you, but I would with all my soul urge you to feel the greatness of your responsibilities, not only as it relates to your own souls, but as it bears upon the destinies of your children. God has made you great in your family. You are the head and band of the house. You are influential, I pray you do not lose your influence. It is a savor unto life or unto death. If that boy or girl of yours should be lost through your indifference, it would be your loss as well as theirs. Can you think of it without an awful shudder? Under God you were the instruments of life and being to them; will you become the instruments of death to them by refusing Jesus a place in your family?

I ask you young people, what will you do with Jesus? I take it that you fear it will militate against your social enjoyments and business prospects to avow him openly and frankly. Perhaps it is but natural that you should so feel. But you never thought more erroneously. Christ in business, Christ in the social life, is the one need of these times. Your great mistake lies in supposing that your body is the most there is of you, is, in fact, yourself. Think of it! A being made in the image of God, ordained to a high and holy destination, debased to the sphere and enjoyments of a mere animal, "making yourself the drudge of your body, pampering its lusts and grinding like a blind Samson at the wheel

of your sensual pleasures," when you might soar into realms of light with worlds under your feet. I ask you again, one and all, "What then will you do with Jesus, who is called Christ?"

WILLIAM DAWE.

WAITING ON GOD.

BY REV. WILLIAM DAWE, D. D.,

Presiding Elder of the Saginaw District.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God."—Psalms 62:5.

What a book we have in this Bible! With what irresistible influence and authority it continues to speak to the mind and heart of man. Not all the writings of the ancients; not all the sacred books of the East; not all the resplendent wisdom of the West could fill its place.

Tell me how such a book as this was produced in the ages long ago; which in wealth of history, depths of wisdom, matchless poetry and loftiest moral and spiritual themes, infinitely transcends all man's productions, and as the centuries roll on holds the attention of the loftiest minds and deepest hearts in all lands, and continues to inspire and furnish themes for artist and poet, for philanthropist and philosopher, musician and reformer. A book for the king and for the peasant, for the master and the slave, for the freeman and the prisoner, for the rich and the poor, for the wise and the unlettered. A book by whose truth all may live, and in whose holy light none need fear to die. What a book! Who wrote it? Who but the reverent souls who waited and were silent before the Lord until moved by the Holy Spirit to write what God would say to man for all time.

Here are these Psalms. Not all the literature, the poetry and music of the world could take their place.

"I would be willing," said the devout John Bright, when his word was power in the English Parliament, "to rest the question whether there is or is not a divine revelation upon the book of Psalms." A learned writer has recently said: "The Psalms have inspired and comforted and given courage to the great leaders and teachers of many lands for many centuries." Augustine and Ambrose, Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell, the Huguenots and Albigenses found in these Psalms the words which comforted, gave courage, and made them saints and heroes in a dark age. Dante and Shakespeare, Milton and Scott, Carlyle and Ruskin, have confessed their indebtedness, but no more these than the humble believer in cottage and cabin; for it has been said, "The Psalms contain the whole music of the heart of man swept by the hand of his Maker."

Who then can persuade us that the Book is not inspired, that it is not the Book, the word of God? You might as well say the sun is not king of the day, that the moon is not queen of the night. We see and feel and know their power and glory through day and night in ten thousand blessings. So the proof of the divine source of this Book is seen in the incontrovertible fact that it has comforted, given courage and inspired and touched to greater depths the mind and heart than all the products of human wisdom.

Has it not inspired artist and poet, the richest literature and sweetest music; has it not awakened desire for knowledge, education, and fired the human soul with love of liberty; is it not sending out holy light into all the earth, inspiring reverent love for woman, and the common brotherhood of man; has it not sanctified and beautified home life and aroused hatred to sin and love of purity and desire for holy living?

Like sweet music, then, from the bells on the watch-

tower of the ages, these words from the Psalms, from the holy book, call us to reverent worship, to holy waiting before God: "My soul, wait thou only upon God."

And how much we need to heed this call. This age may be known to future generations as the "Victorian Age," and its far-reaching inventions, discoveries, its learned progress in science and art, its diversified wisdom and genius may be set forth by the masterful hand of the artist, the brilliant pen of the historian, or sung in loftiest, sweetest strains by the poet, until the picture of the nineteenth century a thousand years hence may be replete and resplendent with a greatness and glory unparalleled, but we who live to-day know too well that this is not the perfect picture of our age. Has there ever been a people more superficial and frivolous, more impatient and irreverent, more rash and precipitate than we are as a nation? It would seem that we shall soon outdo France for frivolity, in being lovers of pleasure more than God, and more than outdo Rome for shameful life not to be named in gilded halls of sin, and in the legislative halls of our boastful republic.

Writers of eminence for learning and conservative in language are warning us that unless some inspired trumpet voice shall be able to call this rampant young republic, made rich through the splendid manhood and heroism of forefathers who died for the inheritance, to some sober reflection, the dark clouds already gathering will surely burst with a fury unsurpassed in history. "That the age in which we live," says a voice of late from one of the great cathedral pulpits of the old world, "is full of restlessness and discontent, and sinking more and more into luxury and self-indulgence, and feverish desire for wealth, and on the other hand a sad and deep anxiety, few will question." If then there is anything we need to heed it is this call to sober, reverent

waiting before God. The evil fruitage of this widespread and deep-seated restlessness, the over-haste and rush is seen in all our life. Our children cannot wait in patience for an education, they demand to be through the common school course at twelve, the high school at fifteen, and the university before they are of age, and out into the active professions at twenty-five, and to be millionaires at thirty. Hence every profession and walk of life, every department of business is invaded to our national danger with an inexperienced multitude of unfitted and unprepared actors.

On sober reflection we know that there can be no true success or greatness, there can be no great artist or poet, musician or preacher, no great lawyer or statesman, no great physician or surgeon, no true establishment of business without sober, patient waiting, persistent application, toil and study, soul and mind reflection and meditation. The inheritance we have is the fruit of all that, we cannot continue it, or hand it downward without the same waiting and honest toil. We need to know that smartness may be, and mostly is emptiness, and that the gift of words is often evidence of the lack of thought. A student in art once said to a great master, "I saw it in a moment." "Oh, you did, well, it took me twenty years to see it."

We stepped from the cars of the Michigan Central train some years ago, with other passengers to look at Niagara Falls. A gentleman who did not seem to know where we were asked, "What is this?" and someone answered, "Niagara Falls, sir." "Oh my, what a lot of water," he exclaimed, and went back to the cars and perhaps to the old world to relate that he had seen Niagara. But what could he know of the great cataract which for ages has been sending forth its solemn roar? Not until he had walked up and down on the Canadian and

American sides; not until he had waited and meditated at noonday and at midnight; not until he had seen the queen of night reflect her glory on the scene; not until he had listened through the night to the weird and solemn music; not until he had seen the wild and swiftly rushing tide above the Falls, and the still wilder breaking away of the waters below the Falls, would he be justified in saying that he had seen Niagara.

You cannot glance at a landscape which it has taken the Creator a million ages to fashion, and build, and finish, and take in its meaning in a moment; you must wait, you must tarry, you must be sober, you must meditate, you must look with wrapt soul from many points; the sun must give you light, and the moon her smile, and the stars their glory; you must be there at the dawn of day and when the dew is sparkling; you must be there at eventide when the shadows gather, and be there when the music of creation sends forth unwritten oratorios, then you may see or touch the first out-beamings or meanings of the landscape.

You cannot go in before a great work of art, every square inch of which, every color and shade representing the toil and tears, the deep heart throbs and mental grasp of many years of application, reflection and meditation, and understand it in a moment, or get its lesson or meaning at once. Stand there, sit there, give yourself up to the theme, stand until like the pilgrim before Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" you shall forget the flight of time, and after standing from morning until evening as he stood, and being reminded that the day was far spent, and the hour to depart had come, replied, "Wait a moment until they get him down." Such is the waiting which reveals, uncovers, and brings into our lives the wealth of things, the true riches.

They are here and can be had for the price. My soul, so wait thou upon thy God.

Now the same impatient, irreverent haste which we see in the world about us in secular things, has invaded the holy place, the sacred retreat of the church, and in religion. The ambition for numbers and show and reports, the desire for vain notoriety has resulted in rushing multitudes of unprepared people into the most sacred obligations and relations of the church of God. As some one has remarked, crowds of people have been rushed into the vows of church membership like the tourists are rushed through Europe. The guide takes these tourists into a temple which it has taken many centuries to build, rich in art and historic meaning, and he rushes them through in thirty minutes. They are taken into an art gallery with miles of wall covered with the works of the great masters, out of many lands and centuries, expressive of the genius of burning hearts and lofty minds of ages, and are rushed through in an hour. They are taken to view the resplendent landscapes of Germany, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland, which numberless ages have constructed, on flying stage coaches and express trains, and they return home saying they have done Europe. In like irreverent, thoughtless manner multitudes have been inducted into the deeply serious relations and responsibility of church life, and they are very much as the stranger at Niagara saying, "Where are we?" They are there without preparation, without serious reflection, without waiting, and so without experience; and some spend a lifetime saying in their blindness, "I am trying to be a Christian, pray for me." Fancy a youth entering the school-room at eight years of age, and after twenty years saying, "I am trying to learn my letters and multiplication tables; give me help."

The fact is there can be no salvation without a waiting of soul which touches more or less its depths; no salvation, without conviction of sin, of unworthiness, and the necessity of help, no salvation without true confession of sin and repentance towards God, and a true godly sorrow and turning away from sin with prayer for mercy and pardon; no salvation without a new birth by the Holy Spirit as the result of some travail of soul for such new birth and life; no true salvation until the soul has in some sense touched its depths and cried out, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, he only is my rock and my salvation." If you get salvation without repentance you will lose it without regret; if you get it without waiting for it you will lose it for the want of watching over it.

If the soul could walk into the presence of God out of the mire and filth of an unclean and sinful life, and say, I want salvation, and so get it for the careless asking, that soul would as readily trample it in the mire on the first trial which came. But when the soul has gone in before the Lord with conviction, confession, repentance, when it has not dared to look heavenward, but smote upon its heart when it has said, I have sinned, I am no more worthy; when prostrate before the Lord the soul has waited saying, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies—then when the storms come, and the winds beat upon that soul, it shall not be moved, it has had an experience of God's forgiving, saving love and power, and says, I know in whom I have believed. If we cannot be successful or great in art, in music, in literature, in law, medicine and science and business, without waiting and toil, if in these lower things we cannot succeed, how dare we hope to enter into the inheritance of the true riches, to save the soul, to triumph in spiritual life and fit ourselves for the eternal years

without serious waiting! You might as well expect to show our young men through the law department of the university, and have them come out great lawyers and statesmen; through the medical department, and have them come out great physicians and surgeons; through the art department, and have them come out great artists, as to expect to show a multitude of people through a great revival, or the services of the church, and by a show of hands, or receiving them into the church, have them become strong, happy, joyous and successful Christians, or expect them by such means to build manly and noble characters.

Suppose some musician should take this large congregation to a great musicale, and we should listen for days and nights to the great singers and players of the world, and at the close of the program our conductor should stand forth and say, "All who desire to become great musicians hold up your right hands," and we should all hold up our hands, would that make us great musicians? Did it happen that these great performers who sang and played came in off the streets from the ordinary walks of life, and by the careless movement of their fingers, or the opening of their mouths inspired us by strains we can never forget? Oh, no, we know, and especially do they know, that back of that hour of effort before the multitude, there were long years of serious waiting, and toil, and tears, perhaps, and determination to succeed. How then can we hope to know God and Christ without the indwelling of the Holy Spirit? How can we expect to enter the depths of the riches of the wisdom and love of God, how can we expect our souls to catch the enrapturing music of spiritual life—life hid with Christ in God, unless we from the deepest depths of our beings again and again cry out, "My soul, wait thou only upon God."

We are told that the voice is so delicate, that when trained and tuned, and developed to its capacity, beauty and sweetness, it is a great danger and injury to it to use it with other voices untrained and untuned. Is the soul less delicate? Nay, nay—the soul is a hundred fold more delicate. How then can we expose it to all the disharmonies and unclean relations of life, and expect it to respond at the same time to its deeper, truer self, its divine and spiritual tone and capacity?

A young lady once said to me very earnestly at the close of a service, "I am profited to hear these truths, but I do not have any such experience as you speak of." I said, "Have you sought it, and waited for it? How did you attain your proficiency in music, how is it that you can teach science and history and other things? Did you not labor for years, giving your hours and days by plan and system to secure all these things? And were you not grateful for success at that price?" "Yes," she answered. "If then," I said, "you will secure like victory spiritually you must also wait and ask and seek and knock and add day by day the true riches." She said, "I will do it."

What could one know of the ocean by now and then bathing the hands in some little eddie or bay of its waters? Go out upon the boundless sweep of the waters when the surface for thousands of miles is like a sea of glass, sail on for days and weeks until the vast expanse is felt to be beyond the grasp of the mind; go forth when in wild sublimity the disturbed waters rise in mountains and touch the clouds and sink again into the awful depths, listen through the years to the ceaseless roar, the unwritten music along the unmeasured shores, and we may get some faint conception of what we mean by the word ocean. What then can the soul hope or expect to know of him who holdeth the ocean in

the hollow of his hand, by coming now and then for a brief moment out of the wanderings of a sinful life, saying, Lord, Lord, or by an indifferent hour spent in some formal service into which the soul does not truly and sincerely enter? Surely not until the heart in deepest sincerity has cried out with David, "Truly my soul waiteth upon God, my soul longeth, my soul thirsteth for God, my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God," not until then shall man begin to know God.

It is worthy of note that the great souls who have given directions and have been the great leaders in the march of the world's history, have been men of prayer, men who waited upon God. Enoch waited and is known as one who walked with God; Abraham waited and believed in the Lord, and is called the father of the faithful and the friend of God; Jacob waited until told, as a prince thou hast prevailed; Moses waited until his face became radiant with divine glory, and he received the laws upon which human history and liberty are built for all time; David waited until he sang the deepest, sweetest music that shall never fail to cheer, comfort and give courage to the heart of man, until all the battles of life are fought and time shall be no more; Paul waited, and the darkest dungeon was filled with light, and the jailor cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" Luther waited and pope and emperor and Europe trembled, and the course of history was changed. John Knox waited and Scotland trembled from throne to hut; John Wesley waited and felt his heart so strangely warmed that he went forth and for fifty years delivered such burning messages of truth all over Great Britain as revolutionized the civil, intellectual, and religious life of England and made rich provisions for this new-born republic. Yes, Abraham Lincoln waited on

bended knees with this open book before him and cried as the king of Israel cried, "Save, oh God, for the waters have come unto my soul," and the God of Abraham, Moses, and David heard the cry of Lincoln, and broke the shackles of a race, and saved the Union.

In view of all this, with the records of men and nations before us may we not ask, is there any hope for the soul, for the nation, that finds no time to pray, to wait reverently before God; for the soul, the nation that has no Sabbath, no church, no altar, no holy place to wait on God? "My soul, wait thou only upon God." If then you wish your soul to be swept at times by the music of true religion—wait on God; if you would read Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms; if you would enjoy the gospel story, and the epistles, until your heart burns within—wait on God. Wait until with Charles Wesley you shall sing:

> "When quiet in my house I sit,
> Thy book be my companion still;
> My joy thy sayings to repeat,
> Talk o'er the records of thy will,
> And search the oracles divine,
> Till every heart-felt word be mine."

God is waiting for us in his temple, in his word, at the family altar, in the closet, and marvels we do not come, that he may feed us with the finest of the wheat. Oh, beloved, there is a cure for all our ills, there is balm for all our wounds, there is rest from all our distractions and cares, there is deliverance from all our worldliness and wanderings to and fro, it is in waiting upon God. There is strength to meet every foe, and victory over every besetting sin; they that wait shall mount as on the wings of eagles, run and not be weary, they shall never faint. Such waiting begets more gentleness,

kindness and patience, the long suffering and charity which thinketh no evil; begets mightier faith that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and that it can save; begets deeper love, richer experience, and much fruit, day by day. Such waiting establishes deeper within the soul than all the attacks of the enemy can reach, a strifeless harmony and rest which means the peace of God which passeth all understanding. Such waiting, as the years increase, means a transformed life, a transfigured countenance. "My soul, wait thou only upon God." Wait until depths of soul are reached before unknown; wait until every hidden, lurking, hindering thing is brought to light, and cast out; wait until

> "In every thought renewed,
> And full of love divine."

Wait until

> "In my dreams I'll be,
> Nearer my God to thee,
> Nearer to thee."

MATTHEW C HAWKS

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY REV. MATTHEW C. HAWKS, D. D.,

Pastor of the Michigan Avenue M. E. church, Saginaw.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."—Genesis 2:7.

"The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."—Job 33:4.

The first sentences of my text are written in that sublime hymn of creation, which is found in its completeness on the first pages of the Christian Scripture, and distorted echoes of which may be heard ringing through the traditions and literature of many of the oldest nations of the earth. Either it is truth which cannot die, or falsehood so fascinating to man's mind that it cannot be forgotten. We believe it, and accept it as blessed and eternal truth. Yet I am aware that we are living in an age when the minds of men are full of conflicting theories concerning the origin of human life. White and black are not more opposite in color, than are these theories in their significance. One brings man up from below, the other brings him down from above. One gives him an ascent from the ape, the other a descent from the Creator. One evolves him from the basest material through long processes of animal growth; the other speaks him into dignified being at the fiat of Almighty God. I shall waste no time in trying to refute the first theory. Why should we seek to disprove what

has never been proven, and what the most voluminous writer of modern times upon the same theory has declared "would never be proven?" The profoundest living physicist of Europe, Prof. Verchow, of Berlin, says: "The theory of man's evolution from the brute has no solid scientific foundation." All that we have yet heard upon this subject is but the rumbling of construction trains carrying material to build a road to a long neglected mine that may contain, according to very limited assays, some golden truth. I do not care to invest all my soul wealth in the venture while as yet it is but a human guess as to its richness. I turn away from this debasing theory of man's origin with doubt, fear and disgust. If other men care to do so, they may go seek their ancestry in the zoological gardens of the primitive world; as for myself I prefer to be called the son of God rather than the son of a gorilla. The Scriptural declarations alone afford me the theory that matches the dignity of human life and destiny. "The spirit of God hath made me and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." That is the record of your ancestry and mine taken from the oldest authentic pages of history.

With some people how much is made of genealogy! How very proud some men and women have become because their parents were kings and queens. In many countries to-day the simple fact that one has "royal blood" in his veins is enough to lift him in the estimation of his fellow men far above all other individuals of the race, on a pinnacle of earth-born greatness to which the masses can never aspire. He is admired, and petted, and feasted, and honored! Men and women bow to him, kneel to him, and do him homage. Alas! for it, his very sins take on a shade of whiteness and decency in human estimation, unknown in their judgment of

common people's transgressions! The Neros, the Alexanders, the Napoleons sat on the thrones of the world, and drank the blood of nations and have been sinless in the popular estimation, for no other reason than the fact, that having been born kings, their lives were not supposed to be governed by the laws which bind ordinary mortals. Much of the permitted wickedness in high places to-day is the liberty enjoyed by station, birth, and respectable audacity. The masses of men who pay homage to such people cannot explain the meaning of "blue blood," "royalty," or "nobility."

We are not entirely free in free America from this mysterious idea. Here where, of all places or nations on earth the people are supposed to hold the idea and embody it in their institutions that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," masses of men born upon our very soil would give honor to dishonorable representatives of royalty more readily than to honorable representatives of our own ideas of universal equality by birth. Perhaps this proves a great deal more than we imagine. There is implanted in the bosom of our common humanity an instinctive pride of its lofty birth and lineage. The instinct is allied to the fact in our history that we were born on a higher plane than that of princes or kings. The thought looks toward the heavenly ancestry of the race.

We open to you the family record. Read it with glowing hearts and burning blood: "One is our Father even God." We claim relationship with the highest, "the King of kings and Lord of lords," and in this fact see the true dignity and value of all human life. Our relationship to him is shown in the very order of creation. Go back to creation's dawn, into the dim ages of past eternities. Behold God in creative majesty and

power shaping the round earth, hurling the stars from his fingers, and peopling space. The sun, the moon, the earth, the multitudes of living creatures on its surface and in its waters, of all these God said, "Let them be," and they were. Even when he hurled the burning orb of day into the heavens and lighted its deathless fires and sent it careering through unnumbered ages of flight; even when he sowed the heaven of heavens with the innumerable galaxies of stars, he simply said, "Let them be," and they swung in their places. But on the threshold of the loftiest creation, man, God seems to pause solemnly. Down in the deep recesses of his own incomputable greatness and sublimity he searches for the model. Then he broke the stillness of uncounted centuries with this climacteric utterance: "Let us make man in our image after our likeness." It was creation's highest mountain summit! The sun and moon and stars swung in the ether of the skies. The majestic earth lay in finished beauty at his feet; the seas full of struggling life and animate with living creatures; but not yet had God claimed relationship with a single form of life. Milton says:

> "There wanted yet the master work, the end of all yet done;
> A creature, who, not prone and brute as other creatures, but
> endued with sancity of reason, might erect his stature,
> And upright with front serene govern the rest, self-
> knowing."

And Bickersteth said: "He took some handfuls of the dust and moulded it within his plastic hands, until it grew into an image like his own, like ours, of perfect symmetry, divinely fair, but lifeless, till he stooped and breathed therein the breath of life, and by his spirit infused a spirit endowed with immortality."

"Think deeply, then, O, man, how great thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect."

Such is the Biblical account of the beginning of human life. It is God's most precious gift. Its origin, its source and its destiny make it important beyond computation.

There are so-called philosophers who have tried to belittle it. They have called man an "atom of an atom world," but we are not to estimate man's importance by the space he occupies, nor by the power or weakness of his physical frame, or the length of his earthly days. It is by other and grander measurements we determine his position. Measured by the space he occupies he is nothing, for the world he lives upon is but as the "small dust in the balance." It is probable that only the arithmetic of God could number the now numberless worlds that people the infinite spaces. The wider our outlook the more the horizon retires. No figures, no measurements, no calculus known to us can translate the formidable distances which separate us from those glowing points of light that fill the whole heavens with billows of glory.

Light moves at the rate of 186,427 miles in a second, and yet to reach us from yonder pole-star it must travel thirty years, so that if that star were blotted out this moment, the infant born this hour would still see the light of that star in the heavens when thirty years had swept by. But even that is nothing as to distance. Beyond that star sweeps the "Milky Way," a silvery banner that some astronomers have called "a girdle of worlds fading out in the farthest regions of the infinite spaces." Herschel thought that the light which reaches

us from one of those stars must travel ten thousand centuries. But even now we have not reached the outposts of creation. The mightiest space-penetrating tubes of the world set on their mountain observatories, when we ask them if they have found the last mile-stone of peopled space reply, "Not yet!" On still through peopled infinitude, through raining galaxy and tornado nebulae, and while thou goest outward still through the charging, storming hosts of suns as long as thought can fly or angels live, say ever to thyself: "Lo, these are but parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him; the thunder of his power who can understand." And has God ceased to work, or to enlarge the vastness of the universe? I doubt it. I believe that if we could stand on the steps of the throne, and look off with unveiled eyes across the dreaming continents of worlds, that somewhere, on some far off outskirt of creation our gaze would rest upon the plastic fingers of God sketching amid tracery of stars new lace-work of world systems on the blue curtains of the heavens. He has promised to make "a new heaven and a new earth," and in the last and final completion of his glory to "make all things new." Before such facts we almost recoil with dread. Pascal said: "The solitude of these infinite spaces affrights me." The mind of man gets so near to a comprehension of the greatness of infinitude that the thought of God loses its comfort, and instinctively we exclaim with the Psalmist, but in a different spirit: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" Borne down by the crushing weight of our human littleness we despair of God's notice. But the error is in our weights and balances. Space cannot think, worlds cannot suffer, or feel, or die! Sun systems, group systems, cluster systems, nebulae systems, ulterior systems have no heart with which to praise

their Creator God, no homage to pay to the sceptered King, whose fiat made the worlds! Their creation was after all but an incident in the history of the ages, while man's creation, fall and redemption are the trio of facts upon which God's mind has been centered from creation's dawn. The Bible does not speak of the immensity of creation, and then come to the desperate conclusion that man is worthless. On the contrary, above the greatness and grandeur of the universe it sees and reveals the infinite grandeur of a God who is the father of the human race. If transient man is nothing when compared to the universe, the universe is nothing when compared with God. The author must always be greater than his works. God is mightier than all the works of his hands. Parallel with that thought, the Bible, the heart of man, and the instincts of the human race declare the nearness of man's relationship to the Creator. "In the image of God created he him." The stars are aliens, and the worlds are strangers who never speak his name.

> "But man he made of angel form erect,
> To hold communion with the heavens above,
> And on his soul impressed his image fair,
> His own similitude of holiness,
> Of virtue, truth and love."
> And so human life, "Trust me 'tis a clay above your scorning
> With God's image stamped upon it
> And God's kindling breath within."

From the depths of my heart I pity the sordid intellect that never grasps this sublime truth; and may God help the doubting, struggling soul battling on this earth-plain with temptations, griefs and pains, but devoid of the inspiration of this great thought. To him even God, the universe, law, everything must be only a

weight to crush him down and grind him to powder. But to the man who believes in this divine relationship of man to God, and therefore his heirship to all things, these are but parts of his heritage. And now, standing on the summit of the elevation let us look off upon human life and consider it as a most precious gift to be used for God's glory.

I. IN THE FIRST PLACE HUMAN LIFE IS IMPORTANT BECAUSE OF THE SERVICE IT MAY RENDER TO GOD AND HUMANITY.

We have caught more than a glimpse of the origin of human life. The source of the river Nile has at last been discovered. It comes from the very heart of Africa, thousands of feet above sea level, originating in the greatest lakes of the great continent, the Victoria and Albert N'yanza, in the foot hills of the once lost mountains of the moon. So the stream of human life flows from the loftiest summit in creation. Because of this fact the birth of a child is a mighty event. The frequency of births and deaths makes both commonplace in our estimation, so that if there be nothing of the pomp of circumstances about it, but little importance may be attached to the entrance into the world of another human being. Only in the case of princes is such an event celebrated with salvos of artillery. We could not claim that each birth is equally important in the annals of mankind. On the contrary heaven and earth are not wider apart in space than two births may be in meaning, though they occur under the same roof. How vast the difference between the birth of a Cain and an Abel, an Esau and a Jacob, an Absalom and a Solomon, even though these pairs came of the same household. We cannot tell how fittingly to celebrate a

birth, whether with bells or muffled drums, whether with laughter or tears, joy or grief. The race of man ought to have shouted for joy when Abraham and Moses, and Daniel, and Joseph were born. It ought to have broken forth into song with the angels when Jesus was born. It ought to have crawled away into the darkest corners of the earth and sobbed out its shame when Pharaoh, and Saul, and Ahab and Judas were born. What fear of the nations, what tottering of thrones, what commotion among kings and princes should have announced the birth of David, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Napoleon I, and William of Orange. They ought to have been baptized in blood, and the record of both birth and baptism written in the red ink of human gore across the pages of history. On the other hand what hallelujahs of happiness ought to have burst from the lips of all down-trodden, enslaved and oppressed humanity when Cromwell, and George Washington, and Wendell Phillips, and Abraham Lincoln were born. How only by all nature's darkness and the sobs and sighs of the race could you fittingly announce the birth of Robespierre, and J. Wilkes Booth, and Charles J. Guiteau? Write their birth records in the tears of nations. And devils ought to have beaten the gongs of hell, and the Christian world put on sack-cloth and ashes when Strauss, and David Hume, and Voltaire, and Tom Paine, and Robert Ingersoll were born. I think that humanity ought to have held its sides and been convulsed with irrepressible laughter when Thomas Hood, and Washington Irving, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "Artemus Ward," and "Mark Twain" were born. But after all this, when the event of a birth is weighed in the scales of eternity the difference may be scarcely perceptible between a prince and a pauper. In the dingiest cellar, or the darkest attic, a

birth is a prodigious event in the eyes of omniscience. It means that a life has begun that is never to end. A heart has begun to throb that must beat time to the keenest anguish, or the sweetest delight. An existence has begun that time will never touch. The sun will disappear, the moon be veiled in gloom, the earth burn up and stagger from the skies, the stars drop into the emptiness of destined darkness, but that life begun in a hovel must go on and on, through the endless increment of ages.

But the most important fact about that life is, that it will be an endless service of right or wrong; an endless growth in beauty or ugliness; a ceaseless development in sin or holiness. Man was not created as a piece of guess-work and flung into existence as a waif. There is a holy purpose in the creation of every human being. God never breathed the breath of life into man that he might be even a sensuous or splendid animal. Life was given us that it might be worthy of its endless powers, and everlasting praise of the Creator. It was given that we might "glorify God and enjoy him forever." That we might bring revenues of honor into his kingdom, spread his truth before the world, and grow in his likeness "changing from glory to glory." Such a life does not simply vegetate. I ask with Shakespeare:

> "What is a man if his chief good, and market of his time,
> Be but to sleep and feed?"

And the poet Young answers:

> "Fond man! the vision of a moment made,
> Dream of a dream and shadow of a shade!"

The highest type of life, of manhood or womanhood, is a life consecrated to the Creator's praise. That is

the only idea of ennobled life that you can take with comfort and safety into the toils and temptations of the world. Without this view of life it may be true that you will not yield to the temptation of hatred, or blasphemy, or sensuality, or crime. The strength of your moral character may save you from all these. But without this view you belittle existence with a life that runs only in the narrow circle of selfish interests. Life is real, momentous, awful, clothed with tremendous responsibility. Life may be the richest of boons or the most intolerable of curses even here. But what about its final outcome, my friend, here, yonder? A good life losing itself in the service of God and humanity never dies on earth even. The Hebrew prophets speak to us to-day across the centuries "in thoughts that breath and words that burn." The hearts of Paul and the apostles throb against the world's heart still. Elizabeth Fry lives yet in prison reform. John Bunyan has not gone from the earth, for his radiant spirit walks with men in Pilgrim's Progress. Calvin may have been buried at Geneva, but he lives in his vindication of God's sovereignty. John Wesley slumbers beside City Road Chapel, but his eloquent tongue preaches to millions of people throughout the known world. Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley are dead, but the whole world is lighted heavenward still on the wings of praise by their inspired hymns. For over a hundred years Robert Raikes has been gathering and presiding over the youth of the Christian world. Abraham Lincoln's great heart and mighty brain have ceased to throb and think in this world, but his name will be breathed forever on earth through the lips of the oppressed and liberty-loving people of the world. Why, it is shameful to die and be forgotten! Live, live, immortal man, in the immortal minds that come after you! Live in holy affections, in

sacred memories, in beneficent deeds and tender associations. Live thus through the service you render to God, or die as the work-horse dies, having added only to "the world's perishing coin, or the world's piercing pain." Posterity writes the truthful epitaph of every soul on the imperishable tablets of immortal minds. Will yours be one of honor, or one of infamy?

II. AGAIN HUMAN LIFE IS MOMENTOUS BECAUSE OF THE ETERNAL CONSEQUENCES WHICH FLOW FROM IT.

We are standing now in the vestibule of another world. Life has little or no meaning to me if that is not true. You have known the time when physical life was for a brief hour simply a pain. Well, if this present life is not the entrance "to worlds unknown," all my life, mental and spiritual, external and internal is only a ceaseless agony. Its darkness is dreadful! Its bewilderment is painful! I thank God for a faith in an unseen world. But, that truth accepted I believe we each stand this hour in the porch of heaven, or the gateway to hell. You may call these future abodes by other names, if you wish, but it will not change our relationship to them, nor vary one iota the contrast between them. At which gateway do we stand to-day? I believe that if God should suddenly flame out upon us the rewards and retributions of life, that some of you would be revealed before us as millionaires, and some as paupers for all eternity. Some would rise on wings of light into the presence of God and redeemed spirits, and some would sink down into the companionship of the lost of all ages. In the past we have been laying up treasures in heaven, or storing up wrath against the day of wrath. We have received Christ and covered our sins by the blood of the Redeemer's cross, or have re-

jected the covenant of righteousness and pauperized our souls for all eternity. In our brief life we may have already made a decision that will lift us to indescribable heights of rapture, or plunge us into the depths of darkness and of woe. No man can call language to his tongue to describe eternity. The very idea is overmastering to the intellect. I turn the strongest telescope upon yonder sky and go sweeping past yonder sun a million leagues of distance, but the boundary of space is not there. I plant in imagination my glass on that farthest point of sight and look off again, but there is no horizon, and so on forever. Well, that is infinitude, and that is an illustration of eternity. And in that eternity we are to live "a continuity of existence that overleaps the boundaries of time as the maps of the ocean your fingers; an existence whose aeons outnumber the stars that shone last night in the heavens; an existence interminable and everlasting," and yet all swinging on the pivotal point of this present life of ours. Oh, it is overpowering! How momentous this life! How grand to possess it! What awful responsibility in its ownership! What a crime to waste it! What a glory to consecrate it! How vast and magnificent its outcome when it shall shake itself free from the entanglements of time and the cerements of clay and stand a free spirit in the presence of its Creator.

Let us consider now some practical deductions from these great truths.

1. In view of these great facts how ought we to guard human life.

Its neglect is a sin and an insult to God. It is God's highest creation, his divinest gift. Through sinful living and doubt of God's fatherhood a man may come even to hate his life and hail death as a liberator. Elijah said in his despondency, "It is enough now, O

Lord, take away my life." Solomon said, "Therefore I hated life." Job exclaimed, "My soul is weary of my life." Sometime, perhaps, during the brief days of every passionate human life, the heart has a language like that. God knows, no grief can be deeper than that. And yet with all God's pity upon him let a man beware how he tampers with that thing of pain and of possibility—his own life.

2. With this view of life before us how looks war for simple conquest?

There may be just wars. Wars for that divine right of all men, liberty. But war for simple conquest is a monster of hell. Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon, were human butchers, the shrieks of whose victims will haunt their eternity.

3. With this view of life how shall we regard the sale of intoxicating drinks?

The man who has in the community a business that deals out death by the dram; so many cents for so many ounces of pure blood, or a bewildered brain, so much for a suicide, so much for a murder? O God, how can such men sleep? I wonder that destroyed souls do not take shape of demons and flit in the air and crouch in the corners and put their heels on their consuming brains, crying: "Get up! Get up! No sleep for you, this is the verge of hell."

Once more I emphasize the importance of life because of its rewards and retributions. Some of you may say that this discourse is only sacred rhetoric. That your life is not grand, or awful. That it is only the monotonous round of tread-mill duty. That you see in it nothing sublime, or beautiful, or powerful. Well, granted that it is a tread-mill routine of duty, yet you turn a shaft that reaches through the wall into eternity,

and sets in motion wheels which will finally grind out for God's garner precious grain, or the worthless chaff of a wasted existence.

"So live that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,
Thy foot unwearied and thy strength renewed,
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight."

CHRIST'S CALL TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

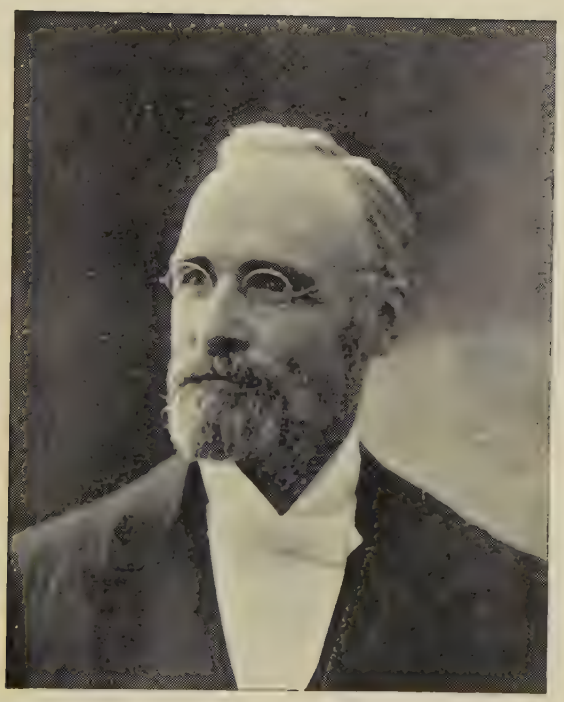
BY REV. ISAAC E. SPRINGER, D. D.,

Presiding Elder Port Huron District.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3:20.

We now know that good Dionysius made an error of three or four years in his calculations as to the date of the birth of Christ; and, therefore, began the Christian era so much too late. So that, in reality, we are now upon the threshold of the twentieth century. These century-ticks in God's great time-piece, hasten the approaching hour of Christ's millenial triumph and glory. Centuries are Christ's march-steps toward a victory in the conquest of the world. Historical humanity is closing the sixth century-day of its first week, and we already hear the chimes ushering in the seventh day. Christ longs for it to be a holy day; an epoch of spiritual advancement in all lines of human interest; a sabbatic sanctification of society. To this end, Christ now comes in a special visitation, and knocks at humanity's door with a message and mission for the twentieth century.

1. *Jesus Christ is now knocking at the door of humanity's schools and temples of science*, asking for admission and suitable recognition as Creator and Governor of Nature. It has been the fashion for our schools of the natural sciences to ignore the supernatural; to have, with La



ISAAC E. SPRINGER.

Place, "no occasion for the hypothesis of a God;" and the association of Christ has been almost unthought of. But nature can never be fully or properly understood, if we study it only from the standpoint of atheism or even agnosticism. A catalogue and description of the facts and movements of nature—called science—is simply like gathering a mass of bones and arranging them into the systematic form of a skeleton. When done, one has, at best, a mass of deadness—a grinning, ghastly skeleton, powerless and useless. We need a useful, purposeful system, like a living man. Nature is a disappointment without the supernatural, without a Christly moral purpose. If nature were intended only for temporal welfare, social ease, and personal comfort, it is, as to the great mass of mankind, imperfect; indeed, a failure. Had you the power of omnipotence, and opportunity of creation, and had but these ends in view, you would make a natural system far different from this—and better. But in the midst of the prevalent scientific indifference, and general murmuring discontent, Christ comes and knocks for admission and recognition. God "created all things by Jesus Christ." (Eph. 3:9.) "All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. He was in the world, and the world was made by him." (John 1: 3,10.) "For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth; all things were created by him and for him." (Col. 1:16.) These are powerful knocks and should meet with prompt response. The wisdom and perfection of the present order of things will never be understood in scientific philosophy, nor appreciated in financial and social life, until we recognize the moral purpose in creation. He designs that nature, in all its facts and operations, shall be a series of object lessons; having value in their secular uses, but

having their highest and best value in their moral and spiritual significations and teachings. Nature is intended not so much for personal ease and luxurious indulgence, as it is for the development of noblest character. Glorious manhood is not the product of prosperity. Sweet sympathy, gracious charity, gentle patience, and helpful love are summoned in the presence and by the call of need. Courage, endurance, persistence, and heroism, are the stalwart virtues that tell of victory over opposition. Nature is not designed simply to furnish soft and easy cradles for babies, but to rear strong manhood and queenly womanhood. It is a part of Christ's plan for redeeming humanity from the degradations of idleness and selfishness, and helping to inspire the noblest sentiments which can exalt humanity. Let the Saviour come in, and accord him the place to which he is entitled—at the head of nature's philosophy.

2. *Jesus Christ is now coming and knocking at the door of humanity's business*, and asking for admission, and the recognition to which he is entitled, as the earth's owner and as the carpenter. You know the prevalent unrest in the industrial world. For years there have been division and strife, envy and hate, between labor and capital; and we occasionally hear the low, grumbling mutterings that portend an earthquake upheaval that threatens to overthrow the foundations of society and hurl it to destruction. Christ seeks to avert that dread disaster, and have the inauguration of the twentieth century also witness the reconciliation and union of these great interests. He is, emphatically, a business man. He is the wealthiest capitalist in the world; as the entire earth is his, and we are but his stewards in trust and tenants at will of such portions of his property as we have in possession. He knows, therefore, how to appreciate and sympathize with the

situation and interests of capitalists. But, he is, also, a workman; more than half of his lifetime working as a carpenter. He, therefore, understands, appreciates and sympathizes with the situation and interests of the working people. He has two business rules that are short and easily learned. One is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The other is but little longer: "Therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." These simple rules, put in practice, would revolutionize and reform industrial methods and business practices. Christ wants to take a part in every business transaction, and have it conform to these rules. He comes, asking that he may be a controlling partner in every firm, and a director in every corporation. He would make sure that there would be sixteen ounces in every pound, and thirty-six inches in every yard. He would have no shoddy or flyings in textile fabrics, and no adulterations in manufactured foods or medicines. In the factories under his control, only good material would be put in, and no defects sought to be hidden with paint and putty. He wishes to be the supervising manager of our great railway systems. I think he could manage to carry passengers and freight without unjust discriminations or extortionate rates. He would find some way to do all legitimate business without running Sunday trains. He would quietly and quickly abolish all Sunday excursion business. And I certainly think he would give as good rates to christian people wishing to attend church conventions and conferences as he would give a rabble crowd of hoodlums and "sports," to witness a prize fight between two human brutes. He would give honest, living wages for honest, capable work. He would compose and pacify the general discontent and unrest between capital and labor; between the employer

and employe. He would seek to draw both classes and interests together. As a workman himself, he would offer a manly hand to employed labor and say: "My brother, 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'" As a capitalist, he would give his other hand to employing capital, and say: "My brother, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" And by the gentle constraint of his winning and loving grace he would draw these parties together, and induce them to clasp hands in brotherly accord. Oh that the industrial world would let Christ in, to lead in the millenium of honesty and humanity! Brethren, you cannot control the entire great industrial world around you; but you can control so much of it as you can control—your own business affairs. Let Christ come in and be your business manager.

3. Jesus Christ is now coming and knocking at the door of humanity's governments, asking for admission and the recognition to which he is entitled as the "King of kings and Lord of lords." There is an idea, too prevalent, that politics and religion should be absolutely divorced. The proper cry: "No union of church and state," is expanded to: "No interference of religion with politics!" It must be confessed, alas, that religion and politics have had too little to do with each other; taking our own country as an illustration. It is notorious that the accursed saloon has its foul hand on the throat of national, state, and local politics. The "practical politics" of the day pays more attention to the whisper of the saloon power, than to the loudest voice of the church. I am afraid that the average politician never reads the 13th chapter of Romans, wherein is plainly set forth the moral function of government: "The powers that be are ordained of God." "Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil." "He is

the minister of God to thee for good." "He is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Law is moral in its nature. In its truest analysis, civil law is the developed and required application of the highest recognized principles of ethical and civic righteousness to the conduct of man toward his fellow man in the external and associated relationships of life. In its highest form, law is love, and love is law. "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law" to that one. "For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." This being true, civil government is one of Christ's mighty plans for lifting humanity up from the low plane of savage selfishness, to the high up-lands of mutual consideration, philanthropy and helpfulness; to the spirit of statesmanlike citizenship, wherein, not merely personal gain, but the good and welfare of all is the inspiring motive. I do not think that Christ desires the union of church and state; nor that his name shall be printed in the constitution of state or nation. But he does earnestly desire to have our governments administered in righteousness, and in the interests of righteousness. He would like to be permitted to attend, and be courteously recognized, in our political caucuses and conventions; to attend them without having to breathe the poison of tobacco smoke, nor having his ears pained by blasphemy and ribaldry. And he would like to have come with him, leaning upon his arm, noble womanhood, to take an honored and honoring part in politics, without stain to her garments or soul. Christ desires to be fitly represented in all the departments of government—

legislative, judicial and executive—both state and national. I have no hesitancy in announcing at this time, and in this way, my political platform and affiliations. It is my duty, privilege, and purpose, to open the door and let Christ in, to every political office, from pathmaster to President, by favoring those candidates whose political views and personal characters most nearly represent him. And in this purpose, I invite all citizens to join me. Let us put Christ and his religion to the front of all our political purposes and efforts.

4. Jesus Christ is now coming and knocking at the door of humanity's literature, asking for admission, and the recognition to which he is entitled, as "The Word of God." The press is the mightiest human agency for the shaping and education of public opinion now known. We cannot suppress it, and would not wish to do so if we could. Our wisdom is to secure its vast influence for good. Oh, how Christ desires to greatly change its present characteristics! Now, there are fathers and mothers in this congregation who dare not unscanned risk the average daily paper in the hands of their innocent and pure-minded boys and girls, because of the prurient defilements and sensational details of criminality and social and moral filth. Our Saviour would like to assist the reporters and inspire the editors, contributors and authors; so that all of our periodical literature, from the dailies to the quarterlies, and every pamphlet and every book could be read by any pure-minded person without bringing a blush of shame to the cheek. Christ wants to inaugurate a twentieth century era, wherein the daily records of the press shall be clean and wholesome; records of human nobility rather than vileness; records which shall lead the youth to thank God for their day and generation, and be inspired by noble examples to try to be worthy of their age, privileges

and compeers. Christ's call to the twentieth century press is: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on—and print—these things."

5. *Jesus Christ is now knocking at the door of humanity's homes*, and asks to be allowed to come in and receive the recognition to which he is entitled as the son of his mother and our elder brother. God and the devil only know the amount and causes of so much domestic unhappiness; of so many divorce cases; of the larger number of other cases where divorce suits are not begun only because noble manhood and womanhood often prefer to suffer in silence, rather than to endure the scandal and give the legacy of shame that would come upon the children by exposing the privacies of domestic life to the carrion appetite of a prurient public. Why, in so many cases, do husbands and wives cease to be gentlemen and ladies toward each other, while yet observing the usual courtesies of life in society? Why is it that whim, caprice, passionate impulse are the only methods of government in many houses? Why is it that so many children dread home more than hell, and find more satisfaction in any other than in parental companionship? Christ longs to enter our homes and remodel them after his twentieth century ideal; homes, which like that of Lazarus and his sisters, will offer the Master an ever ready and hearty welcome. He wants to permeate social love with his own love, and make domestic life a real type of the mystic union between Christ and his church. Husbands and wives, let Christ come anew into your home; let him once more join your hands as they were joined on your

wedding day. Listen as he speaks: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord. Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband." By the impartation of his own spirit and the recognition of his abiding presence he would restore and have maintained throughout life, between husband and wife, the same courtly courtesy, the same spirit of delicacy and refinement, the same loving deference that marked the honeymoon. Then he would place his hands upon your children and say: "Parents, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." He wants your children to ever breathe the atmosphere of devotion in your home; to realize that your law of home life is the mind of Christ; that father and mother are the noblest people, and that home is the most delightful place they know, and their strongest desire to become as devoted Christians as you are, and to have for their children as charming a home life as you have furnished them. Hear Christ's knock and let him in.

6. *Jesus Christ comes and knocks at the door of the churches* and asks for admission, and the recognition to which he is entitled, as the Head of the Church. What is a church—this church—for? What the purpose, the mission? Christ's idea of a twentieth century church is something more than a social club; more than a hatchery of plans for cajoling people out of their money. His idea is found in his high-priestly prayer, John 14: 18. "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." It is to take up and carry forward the visible work of Christ on earth. What was that work? He himself said: "The Son of

Man is come to seek and save that which is lost." The extent and intensity of that mission is finely expressed in one of his parables: "Which man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, *until he find it!*" (Luke 15:4.) How tremendously significant those last four words. It is not enough for this church that you have members and constituency enough to enable you to have regular preaching services, and Sunday School, and prayer-meetings, and class meetings and Epworth League; not enough that the music is attractive, the sermons eloquent, the congregations respectable and the collections sufficient to meet all claims; not enough that every year a few join the church. Christ wants your whole community to be saved; the last one in each hundred; and your mission is to inaugurate and persistently carry out aggressive methods of evangelistic work, until the last sinner yields, and you bring him in triumph to the flock and fold. "*Until he find it.*" All other forms of church work are secondary and incidental as compared with this. Christ now stands at the door of this church and asks to be allowed to come in and lead in a campaign for this purpose, O, let him come in.

7. *Jesus Christ comes and knocks at the door of the believer's religious experience and life*, and asks to be allowed to come in and to receive the recognition to which he is entitled as your personal Savior. I do not assume to sit in judgment on you; but I remember how it was with myself, and possibly it is not greatly different with some of you. My first idea was that religion was a standard of external conduct. On the one hand were lines of conduct which were forbidden. Toward many of these I was bound by ties of long habit and strong inclination. To respect and obey the prohibi-

tions was like a crucifixion—a plucking out of the right eye, and a cutting off of the right hand. But for duty's sake I consented thus to deny myself and avoid the prohibited indulgence. On the other hand were lines of required conduct. In most of these I found nothing attractive or pleasurable, and toward most of them I felt a repellant repugnance. Yet, for duty's sake I consented to take up the heavy crosses and to try to do all things required. This, I thought, was religion. Well, in one sense, yes, it was. This was Wesley's idea, till after his coming to this country as a missionary to the Indians in Georgia. This was the idea of that old Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray. The best things he could tell the Lord about himself were concerning external conduct—things he had avoided and things he had done. And true religion does imply correct conduct. I am always sorry for those professing Christians who feel free to excuse themselves from required duty, and to engage in unhallowed and prohibited indulgences. If they persist in their course their doom is certain. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in heaven." (Matt. 7:21.) "Every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man that built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it." (Matt. 7:26-27.) Do not trifle with duty, nor presumptuously dare to disobey God, and yet madly dream that you are accepted of God and in the way to heaven. Conscious disobedience—whether of omission or commission—is sin; and sin brings condemnation—death. But, after all, obedience in external conduct, only, is legalistic, a hard fight, a heavy cross-bearing and a sore crucifixion.

How glad I am that Christ taught me a better way; not how to avoid obedience, but how to make obedience easy. It was as though he said to me: "Child, you are faithfully obedient, both in what are forbidden and required, but you are living in the hardest way. Open your heart to me, let me come in, let me take possession of your spiritual nature, to work in you to will and to do of my good pleasure. I will fill you with my love —with myself." How glad that I heard the knock, listened to the voice, opened the door and let the Saviour in! Oh, what a difference! Not in obedience or outward manner of conduct, but in inner impulse and condition. Old things passed away; all things become new; affections weaned away from the sinful and unChristlike, and set on things above. Able to say with Paul: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." O brother, sister, this is an easier way. Let the Saviour in. Make sure that he enters and abides.

Another thing I have learned by experience. In the earlier stage I sang with joy:

> "My God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear,
> He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear,
> With confidence I now draw nigh,
> And Father, Abba Father cry."

I thought: Now, I must keep that assurance, and if I can be certain of that I shall be satisfied and happy. But there came a time when the Master again came to me and knocked at the door of my religious life and asked to be permitted to come in and raise the standard of a Christly purpose—to seek and save the lost. Is he not coming to you for the same purpose? Why are you

religious? Is it merely that you, yourself, may be saved? If that be all, does it not indicate a measure of heartless selfishness that indicates that you are, at least, not yet fully saved? Does not salvation mean not merely that you are to be redeemed from your iniquities, but, also, that you are to take on the mind and spirit of Christ? Is not that mind and spirit to do all one can for the seeking and saving of the lost? O, brothers and sisters, is there not possible for you a higher, broader life of greater usefulness in the opening twentieth century? Does not the Master summon you to it? "*Fellow laborers with God.*" What an exalted privilege; what a glorious honor; what eternal results. Resolve to-day to be twentieth century soul-winners. Let the Saviour in to inspire, strengthen, and lead you.

8. Jesus Christ now comes and knocks at the door of every sinner's heart, asking for admission, that he may save you. Let him in; let him in now. There is need. You are, confessedly, living in disobedience of duty; and in your moral condition and impulses are out of harmony with the elements of heavenly life. You must be born again, and made a new creature in Christ Jesus, or you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Salvation is not a question of geography—or location—but of character; personal moral condition. Locality of environment in the eternal world will be determined by the moral gravitation of your soul. God's decrees of destiny, as given at the judgment day, will not be based on his autocratic sovereignty, but will be the announcement of results already determined by what you are, and approved by the eternal moral fitness of things. As you are, you are unfitted for the life and society of heaven. You need to let Christ in to save you. There is need of haste; let him in *now*. Habits and character tend to permanency; therefore put yourself in that condition of

character and habit of conduct you would desire to have endure throughout eternity. Only during this mortal life can you let Christ in; therefore hasten, lest death comes first. It will then be too late. Only in this life can you exert a godly influence among humanity; hasten, therefore, to let Jesus in to save you, that you may help save others. The degree of your glory and the quality of your eternal life in heaven will depend on the measure and quality of the development in Christly character to which you attain in this life; therefore hasten. Open the door at once and let the Saviour in. He knocks and asks to come in, as the proprietor of your soul's domain; he has the right, let him in. He knocks and asks to come in as your soul's physician, and heal you of all sin's maladies; he is skilful, let him in. He knocks and asks to come in as the good friend who has given you every one of life's bounties you have had; let gratitude impel you to let him in quickly. He knocks and asks to come in as your gracious Saviour, who comes to redeem you from all iniquity, purify you, separate you unto himself in holy consecration, and to start you out in a life of spiritual usefulness. He knocks and asks to come in to give you happy companionship and satisfying fellowship. "I will sup with him and he with me." Life with Christ is not one of solemn gloom and only stern, self-sacrificing duty. It is properly comparable to a joyous feast, where the hours pass in feasting on choice viands and the cheer of social company. Let him in quickly, that you may the sooner enter the experience of an abiding joy that is unspeakable, and of a glory that is full. He knocks and asks to come in, that he may be your best friend; advising you in your seasons of doubt and uncertainty; strengthening you in your hours of weakness; transforming your sighs of afflictions and trial into anthems of jubilation;

your crosses into crowns; leading you safely amid the intricate mazes of life; shielding you amid the temptations, allurements and assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil; giving you grace and strength to conquer in all of your moral conflicts; leading you gently down the valley of life's declivity to the tomb, and through it to the gates of pearl and the streets of gold, and the ranks of angels, and the hosts of your redeemed friends and loved ones, and the great white throne. He will place the crown of life upon your brow and bid you a welcome to the eternal glories of paradise. Oh, arise quickly, and let the Saviour in.

All hail! thou Christ of the twentieth century! Come and claim thy right. Take possession of and rule over all human interests in education, business, government, literature, homes, churches, heart and life. Come in! COME IN!!

CARLOS L. ADAMS.

SOUL TRAVAIL THE CONDITION OF FRUITFULNESS.

BY REV. CARLOS L. ADAMS,

Pastor of the M. E. Church at Adrian.

"For as soon as Zion travailed she brought forth her children." Isaiah 66:8.

Soul travail is one of the profoundest mysteries of divine grace, a secret of the Lord revealed only to those who love him. It is an experience too seldom known by God's people in these days of ease and self-indulgence. Transfiguration heights are more desired, more sought after. We shrink from the throes of pain, from the anguish of soul, from the bloody sweat of our Gethsemane. But these experiences are the price of souls. So intense was the anguish of his soul as the bitter cup of the world's sin was pressed to the lips of our Saviour that the blood was forced through the walls of veins and arteries, and mingling with his sweat was drunk up by the thirsty earth. He brought redemption to us, passing through the garden on his way to Calvary. It is our privilege as members of his body to be partakers of his sufferings, to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ." Only in this way will Jesus "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

1. Soul travail has been the experience of all those in the history of the church whom God has greatly honored as soul winners.

Abraham was a man mighty in faith, even receiving the honor of being "the father of all them that believe." One can almost feel the burden of his soul as he prays for that wicked city Sodom. Loved ones are there for whom his heart goes out in tremendous earnestness. As a reason for sparing the city he pleads the righteousness of God, and asks that the city be not destroyed, if within its walls fifty righteons can be found. This petition granted, he dares to ask still greater things, pressing his suit with increasing earnestness till finally he cries, "Peradventure ten shall be found there." The ten righteous could not be found and Sodom was destroyed. Did Abraham's prayer then not prevail? "And it came to pass, when God destroyed the cities of the plain, that God remembered Abraham and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow, when he overthrew the cities in which Lot dwelt."

The Israelites committed a most grievous sin in making the golden calf and justly incurred the purpose of the Almighty to consume them from off the face of the earth. Moses becomes their intercessor. With the burden of the salvation of his people upon his heart, he pleads for their pardon. The very sentence he would utter breaks with the burden of his plea. So completely does he identify himself with his people that if their sin cannot be pardoned he asks to be blotted out of all remembrance. "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." His prayer prevails. The people are saved, and the command comes to Moses: "Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee. Behold, mine angel shall go before thee."

The Psalmist, witnessing the atheistic boasts of his

enemies and feeling most keenly the dishonor that is put upon the sacred name of the Almighty, gives expression to the burden of his heart thus: "My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?" Transgression of God's law on the part of the people produced such anguish of his soul as gives vent to itself in tears and groans. "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law."

Nehemiah heard of the affliction and reproach of those who were left of the captivity of Israel, and of the desolation of the holy city, and so great was his burden of soul that he "sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven." His prayer was heard and he was given authority to rebuild the broken down walls and to reestablish the neglected covenant and worship of Jehovah. The vision of the approaching destruction of Jerusalem leads the prophet Isaiah to cry out in his agony, "I will weep bitterly, labor not to comfort me, because of the spoiling of the daughter of my people."

Jeremiah is called the weeping prophet. His prophecies are like a wail of sorrow from a broken heart as he foresees the destruction of the Lord's heritage: "I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, oh my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war. Destruction upon destruction is cried; for the whole land is spoiled; suddenly are my tents spoiled, and my curtains in a moment." "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

"Supplications, with fasting and sack cloth and ashes" was an experience not unknown to the prophet

Daniel in his pleading with God for the restoration of Jerusalem and for the prosperity of his people.

Soul travail was almost a daily experience with the great apostle of the Gentiles. So great was his passion for souls that he averred with an oath his willingness to be separated from Christ even, if by so doing his kinsmen, the Jews, could be brought to the feet of his Lord. "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh."

John Knox, during long nights, was accustomed to plead with God for his beloved Scotland. In the intensity of his agony he would cry, "Give me Scotland or I die." Did God honor such faith and answer his prayer? It is said that Queen Mary avowed that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of Europe. And this was not without reason, for it was reported that one night, as Knox and some of his friends were praying for Scotland's deliverance, the assurance was given him that deliverance had come. The next news that reached them was that Mary was dead. Scotland was free from Roman Catholic domination.

We are familiar with the like petition of Whitefield, "Give me souls or take my soul." Such prayer was never offered except by one who has shared largely the thought and feeling and burden of his Lord.

No one at all acquainted with the history of the great revivals under Edwards and Finney can fail to recognize the great burden of soul for the unsaved that preceded and accompanied those awakenings. Mr. Finney tells of a man of God in Western New York, sick with consumption, who had been enabled to offer prevailing prayer for certain ministers and churches

well known to himself. In his diary he made entries like this: "To-day I have been enabled to offer what I call the prayer of faith for the outpouring of the Spirit on ——— church and I trust there will soon be a revival there." With scarce an exception in the order, as entered in his diary, great revivals followed in those places for which he had prayed.

If less emphasized in our day it is none the less true that soul travail precedes the birth of spiritual children. The experience may be hidden from the eyes of the world, but its results appear in converted souls. These are the open rewards of closet prayer.

2. That souls are not born into the kingdom may be traced directly to the absence of soul travail on the part of the church. The church of Jesus Christ is his bride, designed to become the mother of his spiritual children. "But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." Does not this mean that only through her all redeemed souls are to have their birth? Children in the flesh are not born without pain, sometimes resulting even in the sacrifice of the mother's life. If Zion travail not, how shall her children be born?

The history of the church bears clearest evidence that those periods of her existence characterized by the absence of prayer and by the loss of spiritual power have been also marked by the absence of conversions and by spiritual death. Children are not born of dead parents. There are no exceptions to this. That a soul was ever converted without anguish of spirit on the part of some one is to be seriously questioned. The great awakening under Jonathan Edwards seemed an exception to the principle stated, for it swept like a cloudburst over New England. Apparently it was spontaneous, arbitrarily given of God. But this great preacher and his devoted wife had been pleading for years, be-

sieging the throne of grace day and night with tears, "O Lord, revive thy work." Another of these great floods of revival power, seemingly unaccountable, attended the ministry of Lyman Beecher. But he afterwards discovered the secret of that mighty work of grace in a poor bedridden saint, who, in deep agony of soul, had prayed for every family in town by name and had repeated the petition again and again. It must not be inferred, however, that an equal number of souls will be converted during every like period of time in the history of a church, but there will be no long term of years without a considerable number of conversions. On a certain charge in one of our conferences during ten years less than thirty persons had united with the church on probation, and at the beginning of a series of special meetings which resulted in the conversion of more than one hundred souls, some of the "pillars of the church" said they had not faith as big as a grain of mustard seed for a revival. With them there was no travail of soul. But under the touch of divine power, other hearts were poured out in earnest pleading and God honored their faith.

There is no substitute for soul travail. Dreading the agony of soul, or perhaps not possessing the essentials for such experience, we resort to various expedients as substitutes for soul travail. The congregations must be increased, the roll of church membership must be lengthened, the services must be such as to draw the crowd; so we introduce the finest of music, give large place to sociability, attempt to popularize the church. We offer no criticism upon all that can make the church services most helpful, or upon whatever may foster true friendship or interest in one another. Let us have the best of everything possible, but let us remember that these accessories will never bring souls

into the kingdom. Like begets like. Pure externals can produce at the best only formal Christians, wax dolls, beautiful and life-like, but devoid of all vital forces. Only a living church in full touch with the Master is prepared to become a spiritual mother of children.

The employment of an evangelist often becomes a necessity, but it is an evil whenever, by so doing, the church evades her responsibility in the saving of souls. This work cannot be done successfully by proxy. The payment of a few dollars to an evangelist can never prove a fitting substitute for knee work by the church. Even the most faithful preaching of the word, accompanied by the Holy Spirit, will fail of its full purpose unless the church be on her knees in soul travail. This is a mystery, but only when Zion travaileth does she bring forth her children. "The Father cannot occupy the place of the bride, nor the Son, nor the Spirit, nor the angels."

3. But you ask, "What do you mean by soul travail?" It is impossible fully to explain the mystery. Like other of the deeper experiences of the soul it is too profound to find expression in our poor speech. It is not excitement. Very little is ever accomplished when people are excited. The destiny of souls is a matter of too great moment to be handled carelessly or when one is in an excited condition. He who travails in birth for others will see most clearly, realize most fully, and feel most keenly the worth of immortal souls. He will thus be enabled to pray most effectively for others.

Again, soul travail is not anxiety. One may be anxious to see souls saved, may make great sacrifices, and even weary himself in fruitless effort and yet never offer the prevailing prayer. We often pray for a

burden for souls, but if we were in holy oneness with the great bridegroom, our burden for souls would come naturally. We would share the feelings of him who could no longer stay on the throne of the universe, but must lay aside the glory that he had with the Father before the world was, must enter our limited human existence by way of Bethlehem's manger, and must endure the agony of Gethsemane on his way to the cross. In our anxiety we cry, "Roll on the burden, Lord." In true soul travail we ask to be strengthened for bearing the burden of pain.

Soul travail must be experienced to be known. So deep are its emotions at times that words fail, and expression is sought in tears and groans; "groaning which cannot be uttered." It is an experience begotten of the Holy Spirit as he reveals to us the real condition of our friends out of Christ, shows us a little of what separation from God means, and makes it certain that the present is their only opportunity for salvation. Our only relief then will be found in travail of soul for our friends. So near will the Master be to us that it will be our sweetest of experiences. The joy of being the mother of a redeemed soul has no parallel. Not often will this experience be given in the public congregation, but alone in the secret chamber of the great Bridegroom. Here we shall hear his voice speaking in tenderest love:

"Child of my love, lean hard;
Let me feel the pressure of thy pain,
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it;
Poised it in mine own hand; made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength.
For, even as I laid it on, I said,
I shall be near, and while she leans on me,
This burden shall be mine, not hers.

* * * Yet nearer come,—
Thou art not near enough ; I would embrace thy pain,
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me ? I know it ; doubt not, then,
But loving me lean hard."

This experience will not be constant, for our weak human nature could not endure such a strain. But these hours will be followed by times of rejoicing over the birth of another heir of glory. Nowhere else is such honor to be found as Christ confers upon his church in making her the mother of his children. "Thy maker is thy husband ; the Lord of Hosts is his name, and thy redeemer the Holy One of Israel. The God of the whole earth shall he be called."

4. This travail of soul comes only to those who live in closest touch with their divine Master.

It is not subject to the will. "Give me children or else I die," was the cry of Rachel, but the honor of motherhood came not because she desired it or even willed it. Many a follower of Christ would delight to be greatly honored as a winner of souls, but he is unwilling to pay the price. One cannot prevail in prayer whenever he may choose, independent of his manner of life. We must become partakers of the divine nature before we can partake of the divine experiences. Prayer alone does not avail to give the coveted experience, for prayer may be formal, selfish or without faith.

There are preliminary conditions absolutely essential to the experience of soul travail. In the first place there must be a separation from the world ; the abandonment of all sinful practices, sinful alliances, sinful pleasures. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you." In our solemn marriage covenant we find these words: "forsaking all

other." No man would think of choosing a woman to be the mother of his children with the expectation that she would receive the attention and caresses of other men. She must pledge her loyalty to him before she can expect him to bestow upon her his purest affection. And does it seem unreasonable for the Great Head of the church who himself is "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners and made higher than the heavens," to require that his bride shall abandon her coquetting with the world before he shall bestow upon her the wealth of his infinite love and make her the mother of his spiritual children? "What? Know ye not that he which is joined to an harlot is one body? for two, saith he, shall be one flesh." It is impossible that Christ should make any unholy alliances. His bride must be pure. He cannot reveal himself to anyone who lends a listening ear to the allurements of the world. Wanton eyes shall never "see the King in his beauty." With infinite patience through the mediation of the Holy Spirit does he woo his bride from the world that he may bestow upon her all his riches and glory. Without this complete separation from the world no follower of his will ever know the real experiences of soul travail or share his joy at the birth of an heir of eternal glory. This is a chief reason why the Master demands separation from the world. The refusal to give up the pleasures of the world accounts both for the lack of rich, satisfying, Christian experiences on the part of the pleasure seeker and also for his inefficiency in the spiritual work of the church. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." How stinging the rebuke given to those who, having pledged their loyalty to the Master, are proving faithless to him? "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will

be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." How utterly unbecoming do all these follies and inconsistencies and heart wanderings appear in the light of the divine purpose concerning us! How these ought to humble us in dust and ashes before the God of mercy, that we may plead his pardon and ask for grace to help in hours of need!

In the second place there must be glad surrender of all to the Master, the cheerful yielding up of self to be his forever. Negations do not satisfy the longings of the heart. It demands the giving up of self and the receiving of another. "Keep thyself only unto him so long as ye both shall live," is the language of our marriage vows. "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit," is the scriptural statement of this spiritual truth. A stanza of one of Charles Wesley's hymns expresses the cheerfulness in which this self-surrender is made:

> "Here, then, to thee thine own I leave;
> Mold as thou wilt thy passive clay;
> But let me all thy stamp receive,
> But let me all thy words obey;
> Serve with a single heart and eye,
> And to thy glory live and die."

In such service there is no place for selfishness. All is turned over to the Master's hands. Plans all yield to him. Choice of associations he must make. Powers of body and mind must be used for his glory. The language of the heart will find best expression in the words of the Master: "I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." To such surrender the great apostle gives a most earnest exhortation, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living

sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

This separation from the world and surrender to Christ will be quickly followed by the vital union of the soul with him. The Holy Spirit, the soul's great illuminator, will lift the veil and reveal our Lord, "the chiefest among ten thousand," the one "altogether lovely." As Jesus himself said, "He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you." "All things that the Father hath are mine; therefore, said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you." In its rapture of delight the soul will understand the meaning of the words of the divine love song: "My beloved is mine and I am his." "This is a great mystery," says Paul, "but I speak concerning Christ and the church." It is to be doubted whether a soul that has thus been united to Jesus Christ and to whom he has imparted the fulness of his love, will ever forsake him. Partaking more and more of the divine nature, drinking more deeply of the spirit of the Master, increasingly filled with his love for the world, soul travail will be as natural as the outgushing of infinite love, for it is the result of the impartation of the divine nature in its fulness. Living in this constant fellowship with the Master, there will be no need of long, weary hours and days of remaking consecrations and of earnest pleading for the fulness of divine love that we may be able to prevail with God in prayer and to plead effectively with men during a few weeks of special revival effort. Filled with a burning love for souls we shall be often in our Gethsemane, pressed in spirit for the souls of men. What tenderness of heart, what earnestness of manner, what Christlike patience will then characterize our pleadings with men.

5. Certain results will inevitably follow as a church

passes through the experiences of soul travail. Souls will be born into the kingdom. This is as certain as the word of God, "For as soon as Zion travailed she brought forth her children." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Like the husbandman we may often need to wait patiently for the precious fruit until it receives the early and latter rain. Not always, even then, will every soul for whom we have interceded, be saved, for neither God nor man can enter the citadel of the will without permission. Yet to the persuasive power of divine love many a heart will yield, the Devil, the usurper, will be dethroned and the King eternal will come to reign whose right it is. Over this new child of the kingdom angels will rejoice and men will sing for joy.

Furthermore the church will be prepared to care for the children whom God will give her. Some churches often wonder why their membership is not increased with new converts. The answer is to be sought in their own condition. They have not life enough to care for themselves, to say nothing of new converts. Their love is so cold that even their own members are not warmed by it. God is too merciful to put into such churches the babes in Christ. They would freeze to death and their last state would be worse than the first. The employment of the evangelist often has its drawbacks just here. He may have been wonderfully used of God in leading men to Christ, but necessarily he must soon go to new fields of labor and leave to other hands the care of the young converts. If the church to which they are committed has not travailed in birth for them, the foster-mother will have poor preparation for feeding and caring for her children. There is no love like a mother's love. None will be so tender, so loving,

so sympathetic, so well able to guide and protect the new converts as those who have been instrumental in their salvation. None others will be so well fitted to fulfil the Master's words: "Feed my lambs."

Would that the Holy Spirit might open the purblind eyes of the church to see her privilege in Christ Jesus, her divine Lord! How gladly would she part company forever with the world that she might walk alone with him! To what heights of vision and rapture would he lead her! How quickly would she be strengthened with his might! What results would follow in souls converted, in lives ennobled, in characters made Christlike! For this do we pray?

"And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

JOSEPH FRASER.

THE GREAT MOTIVES OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

BY REV. JOSEPH FRASER,

Presiding Elder of the Lake Superior District.

"And I saw an angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue and people,
Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."—Rev. 14:6-7.

The book of Revelation was written by St. John while an exile for his faith on the Isle of Patmos. It was written at the command and under the superintendence of Jesus Christ, and contains as full an account of "the things which are and the things which shall be hereafter," as divine wisdom saw fit to have recorded. "The things which are"—that is, the things in existence when John wrote, are related in the first three chapters. "The things which shall be hereafter"—that is, after John's time, occupy the rest of the book. All of them, except the letters to the seven churches, were revealed chiefly by scenic representation, in a series of symbolic visions; the whole together constituting a grand prophetic panorama, which gives, as by a succession of lightning flashes, an electrograph picture of history from the date of the writing to the end of time. Picturing so vast a period in so brief a

space, it is of necessity that the scale is exceedingly minute, and the perspective indistinct and enigmatical. Only the commanding movements of the great epochs can be shown, and these but in briefest outline or barest indication. Like the symbolic headings prefixed to the chapters of some richly illuminated book, these pictorial visions give but a vague idea of the things they portray. Not until the chapter has been read, can the vignette be understood, and even then it may not always be easy to trace the correspondence. So with the mystic panorama of prophecy contained in this divine apocalypse. We may be sure no man can open its seven-sealed mysteries, until the things appear in which they find at once their explanation and accomplishment. And even then it may sometimes be difficult to tell whether the whole fulfillment has come, or we must still look for another.

But, though impenetrably obscure as to the details of the things indicated, the book is still a treasury of inestimable value; containing, as it does, some of the most important lessons ever given for our present learning; as well as affording the clearest light we have, or in this life ever can have, upon the future course of affairs till the end of the world. "Therefore, blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein; for the time is at hand."

The vision of the text is one of the most impressive of the whole series. An "angel" representative, probably not of any individual agent, but of God's great agency, the Church—is seen "flying"—symbolical of the *freedom*, the *earnestness*, and the *lofty spirit* of its action—"in the midst of heaven"—indicative of the *sphere* in which alone it can properly fly, a sphere at once high and pure and worldwide; in the direction of the throne

of God, yet encompassing every seat and footfall of man; unbounded and undivided by any of the restrictive or separating lines that exist so plentifully on earth, —"having the everlasting gospel"—the one grand message of glad tidings, given by God, not left to be evolved from the consciousness of any man, or the culture of any age; given once for all men and all ages; unchangeable in substance, unimprovable in form, everlasting in interest, adaptation, and power—"to preach"—to expound and apply; a gospel to preach, not a mere ritual to celebrate, or philosophy to unfold, or profession to impose "unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people"—no part of the inhabited earth, no portion of the human race, no community, and no individual being intentionally passed by, as either not needing or not capable of being benefitted by it, "Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters,"—that is, render to God his due, and get ready for your great account.

It is these words of the angel that I propose to make the basis of my further remarks at this time. They set forth what I have chosen as my theme, namely, The Great Motives of the Missionary Enterprise, as drawn from the agency of the gospel in securing to God a holy rendering of his rights, and to man a happy fulfillment of his probation. The securing of these things is the highest object anyone can propose to himself, and the right appreciation of them must ever furnish the strongest motives for doing whatever might bring them about. The dissemination of the Gospel is God's means for doing this. It is also the one work of Christian missions. Where, then, can this work find its most powerful incentives but in the certain and glorious fact that its uni-

versal success will secure these all important results? May God help us to such an appreciation of these things as will move us to do all in our power to speed the flight of the heavenly evangel!

At the outset I wish to say that it is as incentives to missionary zeal, not as sanctions of the missionary enterprise, we are to consider these things. The missionary enterprise needs no such sanctions to authenticate and enforce its claims upon our approval and service. Independently of our appreciation of its importance, or our perception of its utility, independently even of the extent or character of its actual results hitherto, its one, all-sufficient sanction is found in this, that Christ has commanded it. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "Go ye and disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you"—this duty of propagating the gospel among the rest. This imperative command of Christ, and not the acts of incorporation made by state legislatures, or the resolutions of organization passed by church councils, is the real authoritative charter of our missionary societies. And whether these societies are approved or disapproved, and whether their work has hitherto seemed to prosper or fail, it remains all the same true that the church and every individual Christian is under peremptory orders to do all in their power to send the gospel to every creature. The Captain of our salvation has given the command, and it's

> "Ours not to make reply,
> Ours not to reason why,
> Ours but to do—or die!"

Therefore, into the mission field we must go forward!

But while the facts embraced in my theme can add nothing to the absolute obligatoriness of our duty to prosecute the missionary enterprise, they must, when rightly apprehended, greatly quicken our zeal in performing it. And it is with this object in view, and this only, I solicit your attention to them.

1. My first proposition then, is this: The diffusion of the gospel throughout the world is essential to the due rendering to God of all his earthly rights.

To some it may appear derogatory to God's greatness, to assert that the securing of his rights is in any sense a contingent event, dependent upon the conduct of men. But it must nevertheless be admitted, unless it can be proved that God has no rights that are in any way bound up with man's conduct, or else that man is not free in that part of his conduct which involves those rights. But neither of these can ever be proved; each of them flatly contradicts both scripture and universal human consciousness. Men have everywhere believed that God has claims upon them—claims which they may, or may not, meet and satisfy. And scripture affirms the same; both by calling on men to "give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;" and by deploring and denouncing the criminal fact that this debt is not always paid. "Will a man rob God?" asks the Lord, "yet ye have robbed me, even this whole nation."

The appeal of the evangelistic angel contains a summary of those rights which God claims, but which man may not always render. "Fear God, give glory to him, worship him." These are the demands God makes upon men. Less than these he nowhere promises to accept. More, it seems hardly possible for him to require. They imply a complete consecration of man's whole being, and an active employment of his whole life, in the service of his Maker; and they include every

right sentiment, and every proper act, of which he is capable—submission and obedience, reverence and adoration, trust and love and praise. But they are no more than God's rightful due from every man. As man's Maker, God has a right to be his Master. Having made him capable of noble sentiments and services, he justly claims to be the supreme director and object of these sentiments and services; and that, too, by the free choice, and with the full consent of him who renders them. Having placed him in society, he rightly demands that these sentiments be openly professed, and these services publicly performed; so that each individual may not only discharge his personal obligations, but may do so before others, for their reproof or instruction or encouragement; that they, too, may fear and worship God, and give glory to him.

But these demands are not universally met in the world. Where the gospel is not preached, they are not even known.

True, all nations have their religions. With few exceptions, men everywhere recognize the existence of invisible powers, and offer them some sort of worship and service. What Plutarch wrote eighteen centuries ago may be affirmed still: "If you go through all the world, you may find cities without walls, without rulers, without money, without theatres, but never without temples and gods, or without prayers, oaths, prophecies, and sacrifices used to obtain blessings and benefits or to avert curses and calamities." And the same will be true while the world stands. For man is a religious, as he is a rational being; and in so far as any individual is lacking in either quality, he is in an unnatural and degraded state.

But this does not disprove the assertion that God's claims are neither met nor recognized in the heathen

world. For, first, their religion does not produce or enjoin or even explain that fear and worship and glory which God requires from his creatures. And, secondly, such religious sentiments as they do cherish, are paid, not to the Lord Jehovah, but to gods that are no Gods.

First, heathenism neither enables its votaries to fear and worship and give glory to God, nor does it even teach them the duty of doing so.

It is not, indeed, a stranger to fear, to religious fear, fear of the deities it presents for adoration. Rather, the prevalence and the power of such fear is one of its most marked characteristics. But the fear it enjoins and engenders is not that which is called for by this angelic herald. It is the fear of a slave who dreads a master's frown; not that of a son, who desires a father's smile. It is the fear of a convict, apprehensive of retributive justice; not that of an honored citizen, solicitous for the majesty of law. It is the fear that hath torment; a sullen dread, a painful terror, in view of having to deal with dark uncertainty, remorseless fate, or capricious, cruel power. A fear, therefore, that paralyzes aspiration and energy, crushes faith and hope, and leaves the soul a prey to all the deadly influences of despair.

Very different is the fear that God asks from his children. This is a solemn awe, a filial reverence, a humble, holy love. It is a fear, not so much of wrath, as of wrong doing, not so much of receiving punishment, as of giving offence. A fear, therefore, that guards faith, encourages hope, quickens aspiration, stimulates energy, and both prompts to duty and strengthens for performing it.

Neither is heathenism a stranger to worship. It has its temples, and altars, its priests and sacrifices, its prayers and penances, its simple rites and its compli-

cated ceremonials,—all in acknowledgment of the deities and for their worship and service.

But this worship is not that which God seeks. It may sometimes be sincere, it is seldom spiritual; it may often be fervent, it is never true. On the contrary, it is mainly mechanical and external, and too frequently and intensely it is sensual and devilish. Religious worship should be intellectually the most exalted and elevating, morally the most noble and ennobling, and spiritually the most holy and hallowing act of human life. It should also be the act by which selfishness in all its forms is most effectually suppressed, and all the sweet charities and tender sympathies of life are most fully propagated and strengthened. But the worship of heathens is never this; and too often it is the very opposite of it all—the most senseless, vile, and barbarous part of their whole abominable existence. Enter their temples. Instead of being sanctuaries, holy places, where a holy God hallows his spiritual worshipers, we more likely find them sinks of all iniquity, stews where cruelty revels and vice reeks, where licentious orgies constitute the most sacred offices, and the devotees receive more deeply and indelibly the mark of the beast or the fiend! Approach their altars! Instead of being the shrines of earth's noblest sanctities, they are too generally the centers of its basest pollutions. They witness little confession of guilt or awakening of penitence; they look upon no kindling of moral purpose, no sense of pardon, no assurance of peace, no high inspiration for holy living and dying. They are refuges of lies, retreats of villainy; affording, indeed, a covering, but not of God's spirit, that they may add sin to sin! Behold their priests! They do not even pretend to be teachers of virtue. They are but chief actors in a mystic drama, celebrants of a mystic ceremonial; with

no higher business than to perform a rite, and hold the people to their hereditary superstitions.

See their sacrifices! There are sacrifices with which God is well pleased, but they are not these. Not broken and contrite hearts, not holy and consecrated lives, not the blood of the everlasting covenant shed by that Lamb of God that beareth away the sins of the world—not these are the sacrifices of heathenism. But of life or blood, fruits or quivering flesh, or, worse still murdered virtue; these are the offerings, presented by hands unwashed of crime and hearts impenitent of guilt; not for conscience, but wrath's sake; that transgression may escape punishment and sin be authorized to reign forever. Watch them as they pray and perform their painful penances. Often, perhaps, sincere and earnest, these exercises may not always be rejected by God or be profitless to themselves. But most frequently it is far otherwise, and the hapless votary but adds to his unrest, if not also to his guilt and degradation, by the very means he employs to remove them. And so of the whole heathen cult in its multifarious forms. We may say of it what our Lord said of the Jews, "In vain they do worship." Honestly inherited, scrupulously guarded, passionately cherished, faithfully practised, confidently relied on, and, sometimes in its best forms, not unacceptable in heaven or valueless on earth, all this it may be; but it is not the worship God would have or man should give.

Yet once more, heathenism does not refuse to give what it accounts glory to the deities it adores. At least it has its hymns of praise in some of its canonical books, and its flattering titles in its public ceremonials. And some of these ascriptions are not entirely unworthy of God. But, these hymns of praise are unknown to the mass of the people, locked up in an unintelligible tongue,

in inaccessible books. And these flattering titles are generally but empty compliments intended to humor their god's caprice, or are used as mere magical incantations, or else employed for mere stage effect. Of real glory given to God, they know nothing. To sanctify him in their hearts, to honor him in their lives, to glorify him in their bodies and spirits, is neither done nor thought of among them.

But even if these religious acts and sentiments were intrinsically all they ought to be, God would still be denied his rights; because it is not to him they are offered. He is not the recognized and intended object of this fear, and worship, and glory.

I do not mean merely that it is not by the name "God" or "Lord" he is worshiped, but that he is not worshiped in his true character and person. If it were merely a difference of names it would be an insignificant trifle. To the infinite and eternal it must be totally unimportant whether he be called Aum or Allah, Zeus or Deus, Jove or Jehovah. It is the worshiper's conception of him, not the title by which he is addressed, that is of consequence. And the dark fact in heathenism is, and always has been, that the conceptions of deity popularly prevalent are totally unlike the living and true God with whom we all have to do.

It may, indeed, be freely granted that a few superior minds among the more enlightened ancient heathens made close approaches to right views of some of the divine attributes. Here and there, in the writings of the poets and sages of ancient India, Persia and Greece, many noble expressions may be found declaring the wisdom, power and splendor of one Supreme Deity. But this argues nothing against what I have asserted. For, in the first place, even the most exalted of these ideas were rendered essentially defective and practically

futile by the absence of just views of God's moral qualities, and the presence of a belief in other, thought subordinate deities. Then, they were confined to the few select souls of superior quality, and were never the possession of the people generally. And, finally, these ideas were gradually supplanted by the cold abstractions of pantheism, or swallowed up in the hideous aberrations of idolatry. Hence, to-day they are scarcely known in the whole heathen world.

The mode of this theological decay is vividly described by Paul. "Knowing God, they glorified him not as God, neither gave thanks, but became vain in their reasonings, and their senseless heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God for the likeness of an image of corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things —they exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshiped and served the creature, rather than the Creator." Let another sentence from the same authority settle the point before us. "What say I, then, that a thing sacrificed to idols is anything, or that an idol is anything?" No, he has before denied this. "But I say that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice *to demons and not to God.*"

Now the gospel alone can change these things. It alone can teach the heathen *whom* to worship and *how* to worship him. And it alone, proclaimed by men who have proved its power, and applied by the Divine Spirit of that Saviour whose word it is, can bring them actually thus to worship him.

Nothing else can do it. Neither law, nor culture, neither wealth nor hygiene, neither social brotherhoods nor nature's own untrammeled instincts, nor all of these in their best forms, combined, will do it. Law did not

do it in imperial Rome; it does not do it in Anglo India. Culture did not do it in classic Greece; it does not do it in utilitarian China; it does not try to do it anywhere. Nay, separate from Revelation, it is itself the most relentless antagonist of God and his worship. Wealth did not do it in voluptuous Pompeii; it does not do it among the nabobs and noblesse of modern paganism. Hygiene is as futile as the rest; for not amid the squalor of degraded savagery only, but amid the splendor and sanitary advantages of luxurious refinement is God's worship neglected and his fear unknown. Social brotherhoods like linked chains possess but the lifting power of their elements separately; and nature's untrammeled instincts are earthy, sensual, and devilish, rather than heavenly, spiritual, and Godlike; therefore neither the one nor the other ever has or ever can of itself prompt or prepare for divine worship and service! And no combination of these things, however happily made, can do it. In chemistry the compound may possess properties entirely unlike anything belonging to its constituent elements. In sociology it is not so; the products are the exact quantitative and qualitative equivalents of the sum of the constitutive principles. Combination can create nothing new; it can but unite and blend the powers and tendencies of the original elements. Therefore, no combination of agencies that, separately, are powerless to produce the true worship and service of God, can ever lead man to acceptable devotion.

But what all else fails to do, the gospel can accomplish. We believe and say this because it has done it. The gospel is no new thing, thrust forward now for the first time with nothing better than lofty claims and large promises for its vouchers. It has been long in the world; and though but poorly administered at the best and often emasculated and subverted, even by its pro-

fessed advocates and agents, it has proved its power by its effects. By its means men of every nation under heaven, of every variety of earthly location and social lot, of intellectual texture, temper, and training, of moral quality and religious opinion, of family traditions and personal habits, have been brought to know Jehovah, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent; have been brought to fear and worship, to glory *in* and glori*fy* him, with all their understanding and all their heart, through all vicissitudes to the end of life.

It does not, indeed, accomplish this in every man. Even where it has been preached for ages, multitudes are found who neither truly know God, nor worthily serve him. But this is not the fault of the gospel, but of the people themselves who, in the vicious exercise of their moral freedom, frustrate the gospel, so far as they are concerned, by rejecting its teachings, or holding them in unrighteousness.

But it does accomplish this for many—for all who truly receive it. All who in our day, in any part of the world, give to God, both in form and spirit, the fear, and worship, and glory that are justly his due, do so through the instruction and inspiration furnished by the gospel. And all who ever shall do so, can find the disposition and the power only through the same means.

Here, then, we find the first great motive of the missionary enterprise. And a higher or holier motive, or one more powerful and persistent in every real Christian, it would be impossible to conceive. That God, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—"the almighty Three, the eternal One"—should have all his earthly rights freely and fully rendered to him; that everywhere and always he should be feared and worshiped and glorified, is the one thing which, more than any other thing, the true Christian most earnestly desires. To his judgment

nothing can be more reasonable, to his conscience nothing more righteous, to his feelings nothing more gratifying, to his will nothing more controlling than this. Whatever, therefore, will conduce to it, is to him the most commanding of all interests, to which everything not otherwise divinely consecrated, is to be freely and fully devoted. And other means of securing this than the promulgating of the gospel, he knows not of. He believes, he knows, that nothing else can supply the knowledge or produce the character requisite and sufficient. But he believes, he knows, that this can. Therefore, independently of the success already achieved in the mission fields, or the interest of those around him in the missionary cause, his zeal burns with an intense and steady flame. He is sure that God deserves the fear, and worship, and service of all mankind. He believes that every responsible human being is capable of rendering him these dues. And he knows that the gospel alone can develop that capability, and bring men to the actual practice of the duty. The real Christian therefore feels that to neglect to send men the gospel, when it is in his power to send it, would be to make himself a partner in the sins its promulgation would prevent. And this he dare not, cannot do; worshiping God in his own spirit, glorifying God in his own life, he cannot be a party to the atheism, idolatry, or ungodliness of any other. His own heart full of faith and love and praise, he cannot but do his utmost to hasten the time when all hearts shall give to God the same or greater glory. His ceaseless cry is, "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee"—"Sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise glorious"—"Blessed be his glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with glory. Amen! and Amen." But he knows this can never be until the whole earth is filled with the

knowledge of his glory—a knowledge whose light is seen only in the face of Jesus Christ, and is shown only by the gospel. And, therefore, the proclaiming of the gospel to all that dwell upon the earth, even every nation, and tribe, and tongue, and people, is the one grand enterprise in which all his powers, in all their might, can most delightfully unite!

2. But the text suggests a second motive for prosecuting the missionary enterprise, drawn from the agency of the gospel in securing to man a happy fulfillment of his probation; a motive in no way inferior to the other in sacredness or power.

Man, every man who is not insane, is in a state of probation. What was true of ancient Israel in the wilderness is true of every human being on earth. God deals with him "to prove him," to know what is in his heart, "whether he would keep his commandments or not," and thence to know also what to do with him in the final appointments of eternity. Thus a state of probation implies more than the being under government, subject to law, with its accompanying retributions. It implies also the being under discipline, subject to conditions intended primarily to test, but also, subordinately to train character; in view of an inevitable maturing and fixedness of moral quality, and correspondent appointment finally in an unchangeable external state. Hence it would appear that a state of probation, from its very nature and intent, cannot be either perpetual or repeated. It must be temporary in its duration, and once it is concluded, the subject of it being fully proved, so that what is in his heart becomes clearly manifest, and finally and unchangeably fixed, the whole object and design of probation is accomplished, and it would be both fruitless and foolish to reopen it. We may be sure, therefore, it will not be re-

opened. Nothing thereafter remains but impartial adjudication and equitable eternal award.

The length of time, and the kind and amount of means necessary to effect this thorough proving of a human being, are points on which we know nothing, aside from what God may reveal to us. So far as it is a proving of character in God's own sight, as a basis for his own perfect knowledge of, and just judgment upon us, we may confidently believe that it can require no length of time and no extraneous means at all. He in whom every man lives and moves and has his being, doubtless knows with unerring certainty what is in every man. "All things are naked and open" to his eyes, and so, by immediate vision, he discerns the whole life and character of every man, including the moral quality of the will itself. He knows, therefore, not only all the man does and is now in the actual circumstances surrounding him, but all he would do and be at any time under any circumstances whatever. He cannot, consequently, be in any doubt, at any moment, concerning the kind of eternal destiny he justly deserves, and is morally fit to receive.

But it is not merely for the satisfying of his own sense of fitness and justice that God deals with men. He desires also to satisfy theirs. Accordingly, he does not confine himself to the use of his own omniscience to determine our true character and proper destiny. He employs also various outward recognizable means, by which, either in their effects upon us, or our action towards them, even we ourselves, and all other intelligent beings who may become cognizant of the facts, may, sooner or later, come to share and acquiesce in his judgment respecting us.

The chief of the means God thus employs is the gospel of Christ faithfully preached. The gospel is the

revelation of Jesus Christ. Preaching the gospel is the proclaiming to men and the pressing upon men of the Lord Jesus Christ. And there is nothing equal to this as a means for either testing or training human character.

Consider its value as a test of character. It is not, indeed, the only test. The command given to our first parents in Eden, the call out of Chaldea, and the order to slay his son addressed to Abraham, indeed the whole course of providence to every man must all be regarded as tests by which character is tried. Every event and circumstance of life is a test of his character to whom it belongs. By means of it not only God and the higher intelligences, but often also the world and the man himself, can clearly discover what is in his heart. But the gospel is the best test, as is evidenced by these two facts:

First, it is a single uniform test, equally applicable to all. As in the business of the diamond dealer it is important that there should be one supreme test by which the genuine may be distinguished from the spurious; as in the watch factory it is needful to have some uniform process by which the relative value of separate movements can be accurately ascertained; as in our national jurisprudence it is requisite to have one supreme constitution and judiciary by which to try and determine the enactments of all legislatures and the decisions of all courts, that there may be no ground for complaint, as if one had been treated differently from another; so in the world-wide government of God it seems both desirable and necessary that there should be not only many different tests for many different persons, but one uniform test for all universally; that so the diverse judgments finally reached may both be, and manifestly appear to be, due to essential diversity

of character, and not to mere differences in the method and means of testing it. The gospel furnishes such a uniform, universally applicable test. All other things vary in the various lives of men. No two persons have precisely the same experiences. Even those events and circumstances which are formally and substantially the same, are yet endlessly modified as they really touch and influence men's minds and hearts.

But, secondly, the gospel is the prompt, decisive test, which leaves no room for doubtful opinion concerning any to whom it is properly applied.

When in the most direct and certain way, God would prove a man, to know, or rather make known what is in his heart, whether he would keep his commandments or not, not merely whether he *did* keep them, but whether he *willed* to keep them; whether, under any and all circumstances, he *would* keep them or not, he sends the gospel to him, preaching peace, offering life, by Jesus Christ. And the man's action in reference to Christ thus presented, shows, and eventually seals his real and permanent character. "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life; he that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." So, too, when the Holy Spirit would convict a man of sin, bringing the guiltiness of his life and the justness of God's judgment home to his conscience, he selects simply the one act or state of unbelief in Christ, as alone sufficient. "He will convict the world of sin because they believe not on me." And no more is needed, as every awakened soul feels, and all the universe will one day confess. For unbelief in, rejection of Christ, is no mere non-compliance with an arbitrary requirement. It is a positive offence against essential truth and goodness. It is therefore both an immorality in itself and the sure sign of "an evil heart"

active "in departing from the living God." Christ is the moral magnet of the world, drawing all true men to himself, and at the same time driving all who are not true far from him. Hence, "every one that is of the truth heareth his voice." But every one that is not of the truth, who hates or is indifferent to it, rejects or slights him. In his presence none can be neutral. Everyone must be either for or against him. And for or against him means for or against God, for or against goodness, truth, and duty. He is "set for the falling and rising of many in Israel, and for a sign which is spoken against—that the thoughts out of many hearts may be revealed." And not only revealed, but stimulated, strengthened, and established. As the sun intensifies and finally completes the vital condition of every plant subjected to its rays, quickening the living, and withering the dead, so Christ through the gospel acts upon the souls of men, "a savor from life unto life," or "from death unto death." Like the unfurling of the national flag among the communities of the border states in the early days of the war, the preaching of the gospel both discovers and intensifies the real spirit of the people, kindling into livelier ardor, rousing into mightier energy their loyalty or their treason to the government of God! And thus it is the grand means by which character is tested.

But I have said that a state of probation implies, though in a moderate degree, a process for training character, and that the gospel is the grand means by which this also is effected. Upon this point, however, it is unnecessary to dwell. Let it suffice to quote one inspired declaration: "For the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men, instructing us, to the intent that, denying ungodliness and worldly lust, we should live soberly and righteously and godly in this

present world; looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a people for his own possession, zealous of good work." Thus, to every one who really wills to cultivate a good and godly character, the gospel furnishes all the knowledge that is compatible with faith, all the motives that comport with freedom, and all the practice requisite to his perfect training in all virtue and godliness. In a word, it affords him all the help he needs or can use. And so he, who with all the appliances of the gospel within his reach yet fails to cultivate such character, and thus fails to render to God his dues and get ready for his great account, shows a degree of moral perversity which forbids all hope that he would do any better under any other circumstances.

But it cannot be certainly known, save only to God, who are or are not thus perverse, until the gospel has been fairly offered. Only then can an effectual silence be imposed on the sullen complaint that men have not had a full opportunity, and all possible help, to successfully fulfil their probation.

Here, then, the Christian finds his second great incentive to missionary zeal. All men have an equal right to whatever will help them "work out their salvation." The heathen equally with us need the gospel to help them do this. Many of them may indeed do it without the gospel, by means of "the law written in their hearts;" for it is a blessed truth that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him." But without the gospel this is a work very difficult in the process, very doubtful in the issue, and very imperfect in the extent and range of even its best results. More would be saved with, than are, or

can be without the gospel. They would also be saved more fully and blessedly. They would be saved not only as individuals, but as communities and nations; saved from savagery as well as sin, from social and political evils as well as those that are moral and spiritual; saved not only with all the powers of an endless life, but with all the advantages of a secular civilization. Without denying that there are isolated individual exceptions, the dread fact everywhere confronts us that without the gospel men can scarcely be brought to a real consciousness of sin, still less to true repentance, least of all to an assured heart-faith in a Divine Father and Saviour, and never to a conscious experience of pardon and renewal, and a blissful hope of immortality. And thus, without the gospel, men who might reign in life by Jesus Christ, perish hopelessly, eternally perish.

But, thank God, there is a gospel that can save these men! And an angel flying north, and south, and east, and west, through all the expanse of heaven, carrying it to the nations! And truly it is with pinions of marvelous and ever increasing might it has pursued its course hitherto. It is scarcely a century since its flight began, and already all zones have caught the sheen of its flashing wings, and all airs felt the thrill of its animating voice; already men of all races have been turned by that radiance from darkness to light, and brought by that energy from the power of Satan unto God. At the beginning of the present century there were only seven Protestant foreign missionary societies; to-day there are over seventy. Then there were only one hundred and seventy ordained missionaries; now there are eight thousand, besides sixty thousand helpers, laboring in over twenty thousand localities. In 1800 there were about fifty thousand converts and adherents of Christianity in the pagan world. In 1896 there were upwards

of a million and a quarter converts and nearly five millions of adherents. In the former year all Protestantism gave less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the support of the work. In the latter it gave more than ten million dollars. And still the work goes on, with ever widening sweep, ever accelerating speed, and ever increasing purity, power, and promise. In 1760 Voltaire felt free to predict, that "before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth." In this year of grace, 1897, some most thoughtful men consider it no extravagance to expect that before the end of another century Christianity will fill the world. But whether then or later, it will most certainly come to pass, for the promise of the Lord is sure, as its advancing fulfillment abundantly shows, that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Thus has this angelic evangel sped and prospered. We rejoice in its ministry and the success that has crowned it. But let us remember that this ministry is angelic only in the heavenliness of its spirit and purpose. In all else, in its actual agencies, its needs, and the conditions of its success, it is altogether terrestrial and human. Hence, as in all the past, so now and ever, it asks for our sympathy and depends upon our aid. If literal angels were indeed the agents of the gospel proclamation, they could doubtless carry on their work without any help from us. Their mighty pinions could carry them without expense over land and sea. Their celestial substance could evolve from its own exhaustless resources whatever they might need for shield or sustenance. Their cherubic intelligence could dispense with all the costly appliances of study and culture. Their supernal power would suffice to produce, as by the genii of an eastern tale, whatever might be

needed to accomplish their mission. And their seraphic ardor might rise supremely above all our indifference and neglect. But not to angels has God given this high commission to evangelize the world, but to men and women, of angelic spirit, doubtless, yet still most truly human in all their wants and weaknesses. These are the angel of the vision, the divinely appointed messenger of mercy to the world; and they need our sympathy to cheer them and our help to aid them in their arduous labor. Let us give to them what they need, to the utmost of our power.

The angel is flying still in the midst of heaven, and it longs to deliver its message to every soul. Let us then, by our contributions and sympathies, our prayers and personal services, give to it "the wings of a *dove* covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold," the eye and heart of an *eagle*, equally discerning and bold amidst towering tempests and battling storms, and the breath of a Phœnix forever renewing its life and vigor, despite the fires of perpetual persecution, and the ashes and dust of daily closing graves. So shall the time speedily come, when over all the earth the triumphant shout shall roll, "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

MAKING A FORTUNE.

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"Godliness with contentment is great gain."—1 Tim., 6:6.

This is an age of fortune building and most people are busy working at the business. This, within proper limits, is all right, and I want to help by giving a few pointers. It may seem presumptuous in a poor Methodist preacher to advise in such a matter, but two facts encourage me. First: In a book entitled, "Memories of the Men who saved the Union," I have just read that "men often succeed best in the business they know the least about." If this be true, it ought to inspire the reader's confidence. Second: While there is a general readiness on the part of the laity to give to the clergy a monopoly of both preaching and practice, yet in relation to the particular matter of money making, and in controlling the affluent conditions of life, which the possession of a fortune suggests, there is no unwillingness to accept a divided responsibility; the laity will be willing that the clergy leave to them all the practicing. It has been said that Tom Hood, who made everybody around him feel happy, was himself always sad; that a certain American humorist, who sets everyone who hears him uproarious with contagious laughter, himself never smiles; and a man named Paul, not unknown to fame, was once overheard to say, "poor, yet making many

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rich." Silver and gold have I none, (I am in the line of apostolic succession) but may I not hope to enrich the life of some patient listener or gentle reader who is anxious to make a fortune.

A careful definition of terms is always the gateway to intelligent discussion. What is a fortune? What is it to make a fortune? Most people think that making a fortune simply means gaining posession of so much wealth, or the mastery of certain material resources, or the acquiring ownership to so many acres of the earth's surface, to which after all, "gardeners and grave diggers have the only inalienable title," but it is a fact, granite-like as the base of the everlasting hills, that the popular idea of what constitutes a fortune is a mistaken idea. A man may rise in the morning and sing, "No foot of land do I possess, a stranger in the wilderness, a poor wayfaring man," and yet be the possessor of a fortune involving no risks, no cankering envies, no sordid isolations. Perhaps no two persons will agree to any qualitative or quantitative definition of the term. Indeed, the definition given by any one man would not hold good as the expression of his own thought for twenty-four hours, and it will be found easier to put a picket fence around ten acres of the middle of the Atlantic ocean than to give determinate bounds to what is so intangible and illusive as the average man's idea of a fortune. Perhaps this is as near to being a common idea as we can get: reaching a point in the accumulation of worldly wealth at which satisfaction with the present and security for the future will be felt and enjoyed. But this is too indefinite for a definition; where is that point? When is it reached?

One man will say, give me ten thousand dollars and I will consider my fortune made, and, so far as the lust of possession goes, I will hunger no more, neither thirst

any more. Now you have paid but little heed to the maxim "man know thyself," or you would have learned that ten thousand dollars, to a man who has that sum, is less, much less, than is a hundred dollars to a man who has nothing, and that the man who has that snug little deposit usually thinks that his fortune is yet to be made. Burke was afraid that if a certain covetous individual were given all England for a kitchen garden, he would want Ireland thrown in for a potato patch; a hyperbole, which was improved upon by one who said, "Give a man half the universe and he will soon quarrel with the holder of the other half." The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the hand with possessing; the cry of our covetous nature is ever for more.

Another man would regard as a fortune a sum that would enable him to live in ease and comfort and place him beyond all anxiety for the future. Now it might be easy enough to estimate the amount necessary to constitute a fortune for him on the basis of his present wants and notions of comfort, but a man has a marvellous capability of multiplying his wants, and his notions of comfort undergo many transformations, and what in prospect might appear an ample provision would soon barely suffice to relieve poverty or save from fears of famine. The struggling man and woman who looked ambitiously forward to forty acres of land and a good log house, with the cellar well stocked with pork and potatoes, and to a few changes of home spun garments, as fixing the uttermost circumference of their aims and desires, find, when all that has been compassed, that forty acres but barely gives them room to breathe; that they can hunger and thirst for the most delicate viands; that they must have luxurious appointments, such as the old shanty, as they now call their former mansion, cannot afford, and that store clothes and fine linen fit

their forms and become their figures remarkably well. In our early boyhood we longed for a Jew's harp or a mouth organ as being alone capable of filling the whole wide world with music, but now it takes a calliope orchestra to fill out the measures and complete the resonance which we expected to awaken with the Jew's harp. If your idea of a fortune is just such an amount of wealth as will stand between you and want, such as will give you a sense of satisfaction and security, then you are setting your stake in a moving morass, or at the point where the sky touches the earth; your goal will not stay fixed, and however far you travel in the direction of the horizon it will ever be "so near, and yet so far."

"Up toward the mantel-shelf baby girl is reaching;
What would she take in her tiny dimpled hands?
See, 'tis the rose jar; now, with looks beseeching,
Once more she tries to touch it where it stands.

"Ah, baby Edith, you're just like other people;
Striving and straining for what is still too high,
Were you as tall as the biggest church's steeple,
You wouldn't want the weather-vane, you'd try to reach the sky."

Still another is not particular how much or how little money or property he might have; a fortune with him is a relative thing anyway, and if he can have as much, or just a little more than his neighbors, be on the top shelf, in the upper social stratas of the particular social realm in which he lives and moves and has his being, then his fortune would be made. But even this is no sure thing. Those who are so conditioned are often poverty stricken in all that makes life worth living, and can never look with other than envious eyes on the possessions of others, as did Ahab on Naboth's vine-

yard. Having more than others makes no man's fortune, makes no man rich. Bishop Haven used to tell of a Bostonian, thrice a millionaire, to whom he appealed for a contribution to a worthy charity, and who excused himself from giving because he had several thousands of dollars in the bank drawing no interest, and it made him feel poor. The bishop used to tell, too, of a wealthy family in Mexico having a large legacy left them by a distinguished relative, who made them his executors also in the distribution of a large sum to the poor, and they appropriated it all to themselves, deeming no one poorer or in greater need than were they. I once knew a man intimately who had more money and property than any one of his neighbors, more than any other man in his county, who was too poor to rest when he was weary, to care for himself when he was sick, to recuperate his wasting energies with sufficient sleep, and whose sordid spirit compelled him to expose himself to dangers, and to labor under conditions to which the most needy of his hired men would not submit. He was worth nearly a million dollars, but he died before his fortune was made, because he died before he had found satisfaction with the present or security for the future; he died just after making the confession, "I have not known a day's happiness for thirty years."

Let me tell you something worth knowing. The man who has a fortune is not the man who has riches, but the man who is himself rich—not the man who has something, but the man who is something—not the man whose possessions lie loosely outside him, but the man who has put everything he has touched under tribute for the enrichment of his character and the development of his personal attributes; and who knows how to maintain a royal supremacy over all mere external accidents and conditions. You cannot tell how learned a man is

by counting the number and reading the titles of the books in his library; or how competent a musician a man is by knowing the price of his piano, or how pious a man is by knowing that he has a Bible and a hymn book and a "Methodist Discipline;" nor can you tell how rich a man is by turning over the pages of his ledger, or weighing the contents of his safe, or investigating his pelf and property.

No, a man has not made a fortune simply because he has made a pile and has a barrel, since many such have yet too little to keep the wolf from the door of their hearts, and are too sordid in spirit to enjoy their accumulations. Nor is a man without a fortune simply because he is without a pile and a barrel; since many men who scarce know the meaning of the terms interest, dividends, coupons, bonds, etc., have yet enough to stand between them and all dread of ill, all fear of want, all fretting and anxiety, and feel themselves rich enough to be happy and thankful and dignified as the children of a King.

A man goes on a fool's errand who seeks a fortune in the indulgence of the mere lust and possession. The Duke of Brunswick is an example in proof. He lived in a fortified house and exhausted his ingenuity in devising schemes to protect his treasures. Guns, pistols, alarm bells, armed sentinels, iron doors, narrow grated windows, made this man's home a prison, himself a prisoner, and filled his days and nights with ghostly fears. He spent his life like a watch dog guarding the door of his treasure-vault, which for all purposes of good to himself might just as well have been filled with dross as with diamonds. The poor fool would have done a wise thing if he had dumped his diamonds into a ditch and left himself at liberty for more rational employment. He whose only use of wealth is simply to

possess it, is like a camel carrying a cargo of precious stuff across the desert. When night comes on and a halt is called for encampment, the camel is made to kneel, the rich merchandise is taken from his back, and he is left nothing but the galls and bruises which carrying his burden has occasioned. The camel is not rich because of what he carries on his back, nor is a man rich because of what he carries in his pocket, since at the close of the day the same thing happens to each of them—the driver unloads the one and death unloads the other; and then the other like the one, has nothing but the hardness and callousness of soul resulting from his worldly aims and a hunger that shall know no satisfaction, and a weariness that shall know no rest.

The best way of making a fortune is to so regulate our wants and disposition in relation to material possessions as to be as little dependent upon them as possible. There is divine warrant for saying, "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth"—his highest estate, his best condition depends not upon the cargo he carries, but upon his reaching Point Content on the voyage of life; from thence he will see growing nearer and clearer to his eager vision the lights along the shore of that celestial country where blessed inhabitants hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

Contentment is a high art—it is itself a fortune. To Alexander's ambitions there were no bounds; he conquered the world and wept, it is said, because there was no other world he could conquer. Diogenes appropriated a tub and envied no man his *hogs*head—finding more happiness than Alexander, at less cost to himself, and without inflicting any woes upon others. Alexander with all his possessions was the very incarnation of unsatisfied desire and was most unhappy. Diogenes

having nothing, indulged in no covetous aims and was unfamiliar with disappointment. Now, so far as man's well being is related to things external to himself, it is all one whether he wants a world and gets it, or does not want a world and goes without it; but the man who wants a world and does not and cannot get it is badly off. The man who has much and wants more is not so near to having made a fortune as the man who has but little and could be satisfied with even less.

Many keep themselves upon the rack of a worrying anxiety because of their inability to supply a multitude of artificial wants. Such anxiety may be overcome by denying such wants. So a certain philosopher walking through a market place crowded with articles of taste and luxury, made himself happy with this reflection, "How many things there are here that I do not want." He was certainly happier and richer than the man who walked behind him saying, "How many things there are here that I cannot get." It is a lesson worth the learning that we can all be rich if we will assert and maintain our superiority over circumstances, exercise a high moral mastery over our baser instincts and make life in its wholeness a recognition of the fact that greatness and value inhere not in the accidents and accumulations of material things, but rather in ourselves. Diogenes may thus be richer than Alexander, and Lazarus than Dives.

Not that Diogenes is to refuse any better domicile than his tub, or that the gate of Dives is good enough for Lazarus. Nothing is too good for man that he can honestly come by. Man has a marvelous power to develop and multiply his wants, and that he should exercise this power is doubtless the intention of his Creator. It is in the order of God's providence that all nature should conspire to serve man, and the range of his culti-

vated tastes is certainly sufficient to demand the universal contribution. You cannot build a house too good for him to live in, or weave a fabric too elegant for him to wear, or spread a table too delicate for his palate, or conceive a destiny sublimer than his nature suggests. A contented mind can contemplate all possible good as worthy of desire, and yet not regard it with desire until the desire is brought face to face with the proper opportunity and means for its gratification. It is ever in harmony with new wants, but want and opportunity will ever go hand in hand—will keep step and step—and the one never outrunning the other, there will be no plunging into debt embarrassments, no temptation to fraud and dishonesty, no living beyond our means, no crying for the moon while that luminary remains above our sphere and beyond our grasp.

Money is power, and all power is good in the hands of those who know its proper place and use. Every man is justified in seeking lawfully to earn beyond what is needed to meet pressing and present demands, but it is a species of madness in any man to allow a covetous greed of what he does not earn or make, to discount the power and availability of what he may make his own for enjoyment and usefulness. Be content with your present income, your present mode and means of life until your abilities concur with your opportunities to augment your resources and improve your circumstances. No man can be made happy by money who cannot be happy without it, and no man can be made rich with riches who has not a wealth of contentment within his own breast which virtually makes him independent of outward conditions. With such contentment you are much nearer making a fortune than if you should anticipate such an occasion by dishonesty, or fraud, or injustice, or by entering upon any career in which you must exchange

candor and moral integrity for filthy lucre; without such contentment rivers of gold might flow into your coffers, until the very blood coursing through your veins takes on a yellow tinge, and the valves of your heart open and shut with a metallic clink, but there will be a skeleton at your feasts, there will be emptiness in your spacious halls, no matter how art and elegance may crowd them, and your life will be conspicuous for its incompleteness and failure.

Now there are two advantages which my method of making a fortune has over the common method. First advantage: Every one can make a fortune on this wise since the conditions are under our individual control; we cannot affirm that every man can do so by the common methods, since the conditions are often beyond his control. A man in Texas when speaking to another of the early opportunities for enrichment in that state, said, "When I came to Texas I could have bought a whole section of land for a pair of old boots." "Why did you not get it?" asked his friend. "Because I did not have the boots," was the reply. That exactly indicates the situation. The conditions, simple and easy as they may be in themselves, are to us complex and difficult and the prize is therefore unattainable. If we could only step into the pool at the proper time, when the angel is troubling the waters, we would find healing and health. But we are enfeebled, and crippled, and there is no one to help us in, and so the poverty of disease clings to us. If we could only secure some fat office in the gift of the people, we could lay up money with gratifying rapidity, but the public and the constitution and course of things insist upon the formality of an election, and the other fellow gets the nomination and the votes. If I could sell all the goods in my store at the prices at which they are marked I should be rich before the

"swallows homeward fly." But the buyers go to the other store to do their trading, and so my profits don't materialize. If I could only secure the secretaryship of some rich corporation, I would sing "begone dull care, I pray thee begone from me." But another applicant has a grandfather on the board of directors and his chances are on the inside track. So it is, the conditions are unmanageable, the ifs are too potential a quantity, and our efforts at becoming rich and increased in goods, and to be in need of nothing, find us at life's close with no other result than the exhaustion of our energies in chagrin and disappointment.

But that a man may secure for himself happiness, be above any painful sense of want, and free from cankering cares about the future, with or without money or property is most true. Life is to be found to-day in ampler quantity and in better quality in the cottages of the poor than in the palaces of the rich, and a contented mind slakes its thirst quite as effectually by drinking at the spring where only a little water bubbles up at a time, as at or out of the lake in which the outflow of the springs is stored. The matter of making a fortune is simply a question of adjustment to our means and circumstances, and if we cannot bring our means up to our possible wants, we can at least bring our wants down to our actual means and thus establish that exact correspondence between the one and the other which will result in true contentment. Here the conditions are under our own control. During the war a regiment encamped in a neighborhood where green persimmons abounded. The men were at that time on very short rations, and the temptation to eat whatever came within their reach was so strong that the commanding officers deemed it prudent to issue an order forbidding the men to touch the green persimmons, explaining at the same

time their astringent properties and the injury they would probably inflict, if eaten, upon the stomach and other parts of man's interior anatomy. The colonel came upon a man who was disregarding the prohibitory order and eating the forbidden fruit. "Did you not learn from my order, sir, that green persimmons are not fit to be eaten?" "I'm not eating them because they are fit to eat, Col." "Then why," he asked, using some expletives not found in a pious man's vocabulary, "why are you eating them at all?" "I am eating them, colonel, because I can't make my rations fill my stomach, and these persimmons will pucker up my stomach to fit my rations." A very sage device for having a full stomach, and it is certainly expedient for us to pucker up the range of our aims and desires until they correspond with our opportunities and means; always providing that the persimmon treatment may be abandoned when no longer needed.

Second advantage. Every man may hold a fortune made on this wise in perpetuity. It is an oft quoted aphorism that "riches take to themselves wings and fly away." Poor men are sometimes made rich and rich men poor by the transactions of a single day, and what reversals of fortune take place in the course of an average life time. I have known a prince among merchantmen to become so reduced as to receive gratefully the hospitality of a poor woman who had formerly sought the crumbs that fell from his well spread table. Such instances may be comparatively rare, but very great and extreme fluctuations in human conditions are not so infrequent as to render such an example pointless. But a few years ago old Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew were fighting like Trojans for the possession of the Erie Railroad. Since then the fortunes of these men, as far as represented in their wealth, have

slipped from their grasp—for Drew failed and Vanderbilt died, and practically is'nt it the same thing whether a man leaves his money or his money leaves him? Crœsus, the last of the Lydian kings, was at one time fabulously rich even for an eastern monarch. He gave to Sardis, his capital city, a peerless beauty, made it the envy and admiration of all lands, but before he died he was stripped of all his munificence and magnificence and was fed and clothed by the charity of Cyrus the Persian. Depend upon it when fortune comes to you in the guise of mere loose possessions, she is a fickle jade, her smiles are not to be trusted, her kisses are to be received with caution. She is very apt, just when she has succeeded in making herself most necessary to your happiness, to go off if not with a handsomer, at least with a luckier man, and is not careful to return to explain her misbehavior or lift you out of the hell into which she has plunged you. Multitudes of once wealthy men are now poor and are ready to justify the Scripture epithet, "uncertain riches," and multitudes of men who once because of their wealth were most favored and flattered by the elite of society have died in poverty and neglect and been laid away by irreverent hands in unmarked graves. And if riches do not fly away, yet we shall fly away, and naked as we came into the world so naked shall we go out of it. But a contented spirit shall suffer no losses, its treasures are not affected by the rise and fall of markets, the relations of supply and demand, the competitions and contingencies of trade, the exigencies of nations, or the caprice of individuals. It is a treasure in itself which time will not corrupt, nor disaster wreck, nor trials waste, nor death compel our separation from. It is like the Detroit river which may be made to supply the need of every city and town and hamlet lining its shores and be itself

as full and fresh as ever, for its sources can no man destroy. Happy indeed is the man who in prosperity and adversity, in health and in sickness, in sunshine or in shadow, in life and in death, can maintain a royal composure, a sovereign command of himself, and a strength and dignity of manhood which will enable him to say to all threatening ills what was said by one who was condemned to die, to the executioner who was about to strike him with an iron mace: "Strike on! Strike on! Thou canst not strike Anaxarchus."

THE PERFECT RELIGION.

BY REV. W. WALLACE WASHBURN, D. D.,

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"By manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves in the sight of God, to the conscience of every man."—II Cor. 4:2.

A person listens to a preacher presenting some practical truth outside the scope of his personal experience. He is anxious to know if what he hears is true. To satisfy himself he may reason in one of these two ways, or, indeed, he may make use of both of them. He may say: "The preacher is an honest, trustworthy man, competent as a witness of the truth in question, therefore I believe the doctrine he preaches to be true;" or, he may say: "This doctrine bears upon itself the stamp of truth in that it is just adapted to my need and the need of all mankind; it fits the demands of my moral and religious nature as sight fits the eye or sound the ear."

It is by this latter method that Paul would commend himself to the Corinthians. He says that "by the manifestation of the truth"—by clearly presenting it to the mind—he commends himself to every man's conscience. A little attention to the word "conscience" and we shall have the apostle's idea clearly before us. "Conscience" or consciousness, as the word may be rendered, is the sight one has of himself; the strange faculty every human being possesses of viewing his own spirit; seeing

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himself think, and feel, and will. It is that faculty by which a man takes cognizance of his own needs as a spiritual and immortal being. Now Paul says that the truth he preached commended itself to man as such a being, possessing, by endowment of his Creator, the faculty of knowing himself and the truth as adapted to himself. He claims that the gospel so answers to the deepest longings of the human heart and the profoundest questions and convictions of human reason, that it is recognized to be the truth.

Paul makes but one exception to this broad claim. He says, "While the mental and moral constitution of all mankind—Jew and Gentile, learned and unlearned, is such as to recognize the truth of the gospel which he preaches, yet if his gospel be hid, and he grants it may be, it is hid to those whose unbelieving minds the god of this passing world has blinded and shut out the light of the glad tidings." It is possible, then, for one to become so blinded as not to see that which was intended that all mankind should see. The apostle's claim is legitimate and consistent on the Christian hypothesis—that hypothesis being that God made man and endowed him with all his longings, appetencies and capabilities, and God also made the Holy Book—that is he caused its writers to put on record what he wanted to say to men. So there should be harmony between the constitution and nature which God has given man and the book he has given him. On this supposition the teacher of Christian truth may boldly and fearlessly make his appeal to man's consciousness and ask what he needs, looking at and knowing himself in his real, inmost nature as a religious being. What is essential to satisfy that nature, to answer the questions of his longing spirit and to span with the rainbow of peace and hope the archway to the vast and untried future?

To make this appeal is the purpose of this discourse.

It is obvious to any one that the religion that perfectly meets the needs of man's nature—so fully and perfectly that he neither sees nor feels that there is anything lacking, is *the perfect religion and so the final religion.* No religion can do more, and any that does less is not perfect. We begin our appeal by asking what kind of a God man needs?

Worship is the ascription to the object worshiped of such thoughts and emotions as our conception of his worth to us engenders. Now, what must be the chief characteristics of a God in order that man's worship of him may be perfect, that is, the highest man is capable of, and satisfactory to the last degree? Let the consciousness of all mankind, Christian and Heathen, Mohammedan and Jew, make answer.

The first requisite is that he be a real, living personality. He must have knowledge, feeling, purpose, will. A blind, impersonal force, or the conception of the Buddhist of a Something, the summation of life, or of the Spiritist of a Something called Universal Spirit, yet in each case possessing no proper personality, will not do. Man is himself a person; he could not really and properly worship anything less than himself. God must be a person. Man recognizes himself a creature; he needs a Creator; he recognizes himself a child, he cries out for a father, and no conception of some unknown, impersonal, indefinable Ultimate will satisfy his craving spirit.

Further, God must not only be a personal being, but as a person, to satisfy me, he must have immediate and specific relations to me. If he is perfectly to satisfy my need he must deal with me personally. We said a little time ago that worship is ascribing to God by act or

speech, or by the silent incense of the soul, our thoughts and feelings engendered by a view of what he is worth to us. But what does worship amount to, if God be not present with me personally to accept the worship I offer? God must be present to my spirit in my devotions if my worship is to be satisfactory and complete. As we think about him, he must think about us, or our service is utterly empty and unsatisfying. The personal God must have personal relations with me.

And further, in my ignorance I need a guide who knows all the way, and in my helplessness, a helper whose power knows no hindrance and no limit.

But that our object of worship may be perfect there is one more very important requisite; that is, perfect moral excellence; he must be perfectly, absolutely good. We have said that the soul of man demands that the God he worships should have personal relations with him. We come now to ask what must that relation be in a perfect religion? With what feeling should the object worshiped look upon his worshiper, and with what emotion should the worshiper contemplate his God? We may think of this relation as one of two sorts. It may be that of anger on the part of God and of fear on the part of the worshiper. If the worshiper deems his God to be capricious or vengeful, or if he think of him as of spotless holiness while he knows himself to be sinful and defiled, he will regard his God as angry with him and be filled with dread. This is the relation existing between the object worshiped and the worshiper in all religions but one, and in all the partial and corrupt forms of that one. Fear, foreboding, are the foremost characteristics of all heathen religions. But is this satisfactory? Does the human consciousness rest content in this relation of fear? No. The struggle and aim of heathen religions is to change that relation.

Every sacrifice heathenism offers is an effort to appease the displeasure of its god so it might dread him less—an effort to change this relation of fear.

But on the other hand we can conceive this relation to be one of love. Change the worshiper's conception of his God, fill his mind with the thought of a being of perfect goodness, let him lay hold of all that this means, and he will come to see that his God will gladly accept his sincere effort to please him, and will delight to bless him and do for him all he needs to have a God do for him. Marvelous change! Infinite transformation! He lives in a new world, new heavens bend over him. He is a new being to himself, and a new God is in the skies. Distrust and fear forever give place to confidence and love. That the worshiper love his God and that his God love him are the conditions of highest bliss. This is the relation that must subsist between man and his God in a perfect religion. That this may be, man's God must be supremely good.

Now, a God of this character—a real living Person, sustaining specific and personal relations with every man, an omnicient Guide, an omnipotent Helper, of supreme moral excellence, bound to man and binding man to him by the tie of love—the strongest, sweetest conceivable—such a God demanded by the universal reason and consciousness of mankind is the God of Moses and the prophets, of Christ and the apostles. We have then a perfect religion so far as to have a perfect object of worship.

We now advance a step and inquire, "What should a perfect object of worship require of his worshiper?

Being a perfect God, all that a God can do for me, he can do. I have no need of another. He is the highest and best in the universe—aye, the only absolutely supreme and perfect one. Then my surrender of

myself to him and my worship of him should be supreme and perfect. To the extent to which I come short of this, to that extent I fall short of perfection in my religion.

It should be, then, both my privilege and his requirement that I consecrate to him every power of body, every faculty of intellect, every throb of the heart. Perhaps we have sometimes felt a little annoyed when the entire consecration to God of ourselves and all we possessed was urged upon us. Ought we not, rather, to regard this demand as one of the chief glories of our religion, it being one of the chief credentials of the true and perfect faith?

Man, the world over, cries out for just such a religion as he can utterly devote himself unto. The mothers in the heathen lands attest this fact when they teach their children to kneel down with clasped hands before the idols in their homes and repeat prayers to them as soon as they are old enough to lisp the words of worship. Note the absolute devotion of the Mohammedan to his religion. It is a trait of man's religious nature to be thus devoted to his God; it is a *need* of his nature. Therefore in the perfect religion God must make this absolute demand. Further, he could not be the supreme God if he did not. If he did not require all a man has, something might be left for another god, and two gods would be no God at all. Therefore, this condition of a complete consecration is necessary to a perfect religion; it is a necessity of man's nature as demanding a God unto whom he can devote himself utterly, and it is a necessary claim of God as supreme.

Now, to another important question, the correlate of this. We will not forget that of which we are in quest, a religion perfectly meeting the demands of the human spirit. Having seen what the object worshiped—the

true God—must demand of his worshiper, let us now ask what the worshiper must demand of his God; a question of transcendent importance.

Now, I find it a law of my being that before I can give myself in absolute and perpetual surrender in every respect to another human being, he must give himself to me in just that way; as fully as he asks me to give myself to him, so fully must he give himself to me. I may go into business partnership with a man on condition of very limited concessions on his part; he surrendering himself only so far as the prosecution of business might require. But a young man could not in good faith ask a maiden to make that complete surrender of herself to him which the marriage state contemplates, unless he make precisely the same soulful surrender to her. A suspicion of anything less than an entire surrender and devotion on the part of one prevents the possibility of an absolute surrender and devotion on the part of the other. It cannot be otherwise; we are made that way; our nature demands it. Now, the same law holds between man and his God. We were considering a little time ago God's absolute demand upon man. It is impossible for man, contrary to the law of his being, to respond to that demand unless he is assured he may make the same claim upon his God. Man is to be and to do what his God requires; God must be all to man and do all for him he requires a God to be and to do. I could not give myself in that complete devotion in my spirit of which I am capable, if I had any suspicion that God kept himself in part back from me. Mind, I do not deny that many worship God in a way who are in doubt about this. They have had suffering and loss, and they question whether he has exercised for them all his goodness and wisdom. But this I must assert or deny the laws of the human mind, that

their worship is partial, their surrender incomplete while this doubt lingers. My God must furnish me indubitable evidence that he has done and will do as much for me as he asks me to do for him, else my surrender is not absolute and my worship not perfect.

We have seen that our God must be one for whom we could lay down ourselves to-day, to-morrow, now and forever. Could I do it with my human heart in me, made as I am, unless I know without a doubt that God has laid himself down for me—all there is of him—his infinite power, wisdom, love? Is there such a God? Does man anywhere on the habitable earth, or angels in realms above know of such an One? My soul presses the vast, transcendent inquiry; it is of utmost moment. Shall I mount up perfection's height or be a dwarf forever? Though this question is profound as the nature of God and vast as eternity, yet a child knows the answer, so great and plain is God's response. The cross of Calvary is God's eternal reply to our question. The sceptic has been saying to the Christian all along the ages, "Your God was hanged on a tree." Yes, and this is the Christian's glory. The scoffer is so ignorant of himself, of the law of his own mind, as not to know that he could not give himself in perfect surrender and love to a God who would not die for him if he needed. God asks me—has the right to if he is the true God—to give myself, body, mind, spirit, absolutely to him, and this I can do with infinite assurance and safety, for he has given himself, all there is of his vast and blessed Godhood, to me for time and eternity. I dare risk myself in the hands of one who has given himself in pain and sacrifice and death to me.

Oh, my soul, this God hath dealt fairly, righteously with thee and thou canst go down the years and by and by out into the great unknown with a sense of absolute

safety ; aye, of peace and joy, for the Great Companion is with thee!

Two other questions we must entertain to compass the main features of a perfect religion. One is, what must a perfect religion do for man as a sinner? All men are sinners, and sin begets a sense of guilt, and no man can be blest under the conviction that he is a culprit. Joseph Cook says he found Hindoo philosophers earnestly discussing these two questions as their ancestors had been doing for two hundred years: How may man get rid of the guilt of sin? How may man get rid of a love of sin? Abraham might have heard the priests of his day in Ur of the Chaldees chant dolefully this question, "Shall a man atone for the sin of his soul with the fruit of his loins?" Sin is the great sad, mysterious, universal fact. No religion is worthy the name that does not lift this nightmare from the human conscience.

The perfect religion must save from sin, the whole matter of it; the fact of it; the guilt of it ; the love of it. Only one religion known among men professes to do this. One religion offers "a fountain for sin and uncleanness and every transgression." Is it a vain assumption? Thousands upon thousands of living witnesses make declaration that there is nothing more real in the universe than their personal deliverance from sin, and the absolute conviction that, if the deliverance in their case is partial, it is not because the provision is not adequate ; simply they have not availed themselves fully of the provision made. To deliver from sin and guilt and to bring man into peace with himself and with the Great Righteous One is the end of all religion, and the religion that does this fully must be the perfect religion.

The other and last inquiry is, "What must the perfect religion do for man as a mourner?"

A German rationalist lost, by malignant diphtheria, a child he fondly loved; another one was stricken with the same malady and lay at the point of death. The father stole up to her bedside and imprinting a passionate kiss upon her forehead, said, "Take that to Mary." He thought he believed there was no God and no future. But his fatherly heart belied his faith and craved continued life for his children. Man needs a religion that will wipe the tear from the mourner's eye and assure him that beyond the tomb is life and bliss. Jesus at the home of the sisters at Bethany shows how an infinite hope and comfort may come to those that mourn, and his declaration to his disciples, sorrowing at his departure from them, that he would go and prepare a place for them, then come and take them unto himself that where he was they might be also, leaves nothing to be desired for the future. His love will provide all. Heaven will be above all we can ask or think. There is no power in earth below or heaven above that can wring comfort or joy out of sin or the fruit of sin. But Jesus assuages all grief that, on the ground of reason and righteousness, is assuageable, and his disciple, in every hour of trial and grief, can exultantly exclaim with the apostle Paul, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." The heart of man can not ask, neither can his imagination conceive more for man as a mourner.

We have now made our appeal to man's sense of need as a religious being. We find that the elements a religion must possess to satisfy that need are a living personal God, and that that God should have immediate and personal relations with man, so that, truly, in him man should live and move and have his being; that this

Supreme One should be perfectly good, so that man might confide in him as a Guide and Helper, and might know that the relation between himself and his God might be one of love, and that he might, consequently, surrender himself utterly to him in present and eternal safety and blessedness; and that his goodness would lead him to open up a way of deliverance from the blight and curse of sin, and the tormenting fears of life and the woes of death, and necessarily to give himself unreservedly to man in every possible way of blessing and service.

But now let it be declared that these elements of a religion necessary to meet the demands of man's guilty yet immortal spirit, are the great leading truths of the Christian faith; these colossal facts constitute that body of truth which Paul "manifested"—that system of faith and doctrine which he unfolded and made clear to the minds of men. The Christian faith meets man's need at every point. Carlisle has justly said, "In the poorest cottage is one Book wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, found an interpreting response to whatever is deepest and divinest in him." The Christian religion, then, grounding itself as it does, upon the great facts of human consciousness, meeting fully man's instinctive beliefs, and responding to all the profoundest, holiest longings of the soul, must, by the common consent of mankind, be declared to be the Perfect Religion.

P. ROSS PARRISH.

FORCES IMPELLING TO THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. P. ROSS PARRISH, A. M.,

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"The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Psalm 19:7.

This inimitable Psalm consists of two distinct parts, in which are contrasted God's revelation of himself in nature and his relation of himself in his word; and finally the effect which the revelation has upon the heart and conscience. It speaks first of his glory as seen in the heavens, and then of his glory as manifested in his law. The writer first looks in devout inquiry to the starry firmament and then to the inspired oracles for the footprints and message of the Holy One. The first part naturally uses the divine name (God) that indicates creative power, while the latter uses the name (Jehovah) which indicates redeeming love and condescension. The difference of style observable between the two parts of the Psalm, and the abruptness of the transition from one part to the other, have led some critics to the conclusion that these did not originally constitute one poem. But, as Perowne and others declare, it is not at all necessary to adopt such a supposition. The lyric is one whole, the parts of which are linked together with exquisite taste, the difference of tone being due to the difference of theme and the con-

trast which it was the design of the singer to make prominent and striking.

We must take the liberty to assume some facts or hypotheses suggested in the text as self-evident. The axiomatic character of these truths, the brevity of our sitting and the gratuitous concession of a Christian audience, all contribute to make any attempt at proof of these fundamentals vain and superfluous. The trinity of assumptions involved in the text are these: First, that *there is a Lord* of infinite wisdom, love and power, whom you recognize. Nature, the Bible, history, common sense and the wise preacher always assume the existence and moral government of God and inaugurate all their discussions with the postulate of Genesis, "In the beginning—God."

A subsidiary truth is that *man has a soul* which is the vital, valuable and immortal part of being. This is one of those great rudimental doctrines which it is of little value to attempt to establish by the process of argument. Unless you accept the fact of spiritual being on the grounds of Bible revelation and personal consciousness, there is little hope of convincing you by the methods and processes of logic. The ego (I am) is an instinctive concept, a part of our original inheritance.

A related premise is that *this soul in all men needs converting*, changing, restoring by the expulsion of all that is evil and by the infusion of all that is life-giving and pure. That man who is satisfied with the moral condition of men and society as they are naturally, must be a giant in ignorance, conceit or moral pollution. There is manifest disorder, infection, maladjustment in the individual soul and in the human family. Whatever the cause of this moral plague and whatever its cure, that it is here with its direful attacks, is as real and manifest as the ravages of famine and pestilence in

India at this very hour. There can be but one true diagnosis of this race-wide and age-long scourge; and that is found under the X-rays of the Bible and the omniscient eye of the Great Physician to be the virus of sin and the contagion of iniquity. Men are ceaseless in effort to exscind all forms of bodily, mental and material detraction from society, except the chief of evils, the mother of all distempers.

The world is infatuated with the idea of progress, improvement, evolution in material things. We are just now in ecstacies over the culminating glory of the 19th century and the marvelous record of the reign of Victoria the Good, Queen of Britain, Empress of India, the woman of the world. Unhappily, however, our chief cause of self-congratulation in such a jubilee season is the so-called material and scientific progress. Emphasis falls on the seen and visible. Our chief glory is in physical dimension and splendor. Our loudest anthem is sung to an idol of our own making; and one can almost hear again an echo of the shout of victory that went up from the fast-growing tower of Babel. These social and material changes may be the occasions of a better manhood and a new moral era, or they may be the precursors of spiritual decay and social wreck. Why have we not equal, yea intensified concern for that which is most precious, most enduring and with largest possibilities of growth; namely, the renovation and elevation of character, ethics and spiritual life? Putting away sin, spiritual regeneration, the making of men, bringing in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, these are the real and ultimate purposes for which all men should live, all institutions should survive, and all worlds exist. This is the avowed purpose and intent of our Holy Religion. With this as an end and aim, what machinery have we for bringing it about? Have we adequate

agencies for the accomplishment of this sublime conquest? What are some of the elements of this solvent of salvation? The gospel is declared to be "the power of God unto salvation." What are some of the distinct volts of power and their combined energy in this divine dynamo? The claim of the text is that "the law of the Lord"—and that only—is sufficient in its radical, potent and eternal character to bring about the necessary transformation.

We use the term law not simply in the ceremonial sense, not only with the significance which David may have attached to it, not even in the gospel sense as ordinarily understood, but with all these implied, we go back to the original, philosophical, moral sense of the term and interpret it as including all the forces and principles which operate through the scheme of redemption. The text denies any lack or deficiency on God's part either in the absolute structure of the plan of salvation or in the proper and perfect adjustment to the wants and conditions of man. But more, it claims the opposite; that the gospel is not an ideal and fanciful scheme, but a practical, *potent*, *perfect* method for the rescue and regeneration of the race.

We find first the two great natural laws of force and motion reproduced here in the spiritual world, viz., the attractive and propulsive energies, the centrifugal driving and the centripetal drawing. These are found in the Divine Statutes and in the human constitution each answering to the other. The gospel being an epitome of the whole method of spiritual regeneration and moral culture contains not only one, but a multitude of attractive elements and centripetal forces drawing humanity Godward by a holy gravitation, all centering in him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." On the other hand, paradoxical as it may

seem, we find the law in us a perfect one driving us by a propulsive momentum toward the Heavenly Magnet.

We find then a duplex interplay of needs in human life and supply in the gospel that shows the one was made for the other, which proves that the Creator of man is the author of our religion, and which establishes that Christianity is the one final, divine, absolutely perfect method for the world's redemption. In these days of new isms, novel religions and many faiths, is it not well that we should apprehend anew, and rest upon this truth? A genuine Christianity according to Christ is the one only cure for the world's hurt, at the same time gloriously supernatural and perfectly rational. Ours is a sane religion, a nicely articulated and a divinely equipped faith. It is not a disjointed device, not a fortuitous expedient. Christ's word is true: "All powers are given unto me in heaven and in earth." It may be true that a score of cables of sin drag downward, but it is not true that only a single golden thread lifts heavenward. Sometimes we feel as if the current toward heaven is slow and sluggish while the rapids leap toward Gehenna. Let us learn to-day that there are many forces in and about us that make for righteousness. That no man can go wrong who does not go down over *truth*, *conscience*, *love*, *tears and the Cross of Calvary*. That the good tendencies in us, plus the grace of God, are more than a match for all that can be against us.

Jehovah made a cogent and convincing appeal to the Jews along certain lines of individual and national approach. In later times new reasons for religious devotion were added to these. With the advent of the gospel came a mightier plea to the soul and the race. Nearly all the old motives were retained and new ones added. With every passing century the rationale of

man through the gospel in numberless ways, by manifold agencies. He is knocking for admission at every door of the soul. He is calling by voices familiar and innumerable. He has a great host of eloquent preachers other than these that wear the surplice or stand in the pulpit. He is pleading by all the arguments known to wisdom and love. He has taught us the spirituality and religious value of the secular as well as the sacred. He has shown us the scope and "Expansion of Religion," as Dr. E. Winchester Donald calls it. Jesus is not only the Savior of Galilee but the "Christ of To-Day." He is not willing that any should perish. Can he do more than he hath done and is doing? In illustration of this proposition let us con a few points of contact between God and man, between the soul and and its Savior.

1. Man is a needy and dependent being. Life begins with a cry, continues in a ceaseless prayer for help, and ends in a groan of direst need. We are a bundle of wants with no means of supply. God is our Creator, Benefactor and Redeemer. The universe is evidently directed by a benevolent and not by a malevolent being. Life is rich and full in blessing. The showers of grace fall on the evil and the good. Our Heavenly Father is the author of every good and perfect gift. His horn of plenty is never empty and never closed. He would match our needs by his riches. Every morning comes winged with blessing and every evening laden with celestial gifts. Gifts of body, mind and heart. Gifts of health and home and safety. And crowning the mountain of other blessings is his love and grace in Jesus. What is the design of all these benefits? Surely not that we may consume them on our lusts. Not without moral purpose of any sort. Christianity has become more evident. God is seeking

Not that God designs to become a partner in our illicit use of these things. But that the goodness of God should awaken interest, stimulate gratitude, lead to repentance and quicken to faith, love and obedience. *So every blessing of every kind is the Lord's call to submission and trust.*

2. Not impulse alone, however, but the higher factor of reason, comes in a religious aid, a sort of finger board to faith. Reason and the church are not to be enthroned in equal sovereignty with the Word of God, nor are they to be scorned and cast aside. Reason enlightened by the Spirit must inquire for the meaning of creation, providence, being; and the certain sequel to such devout inquiry is a recognition of God and obedience to his law. Prof. Winchell, following the order of science, found just four steps necessary to reach the Heart of God, viz., matter, force, law, the Law-giver, who is Love. There is no half-way house between faith and atheism, the dextrous German professor to the contrary. Some students were debating the doctrine of theism. The professor was called in as an arbiter. He sought an ingenious compromise, saying: "Some men say there is a God and some say there is none. Now the truth is half way between the two." The folly and impossibility of such a theory is manifest. Reason, having found God the necessary author of and agent in creation, then seeks a revelation. What does the ruler say to his subjects? What does this benefactor expect from his dependents? What word of love and light has this Heavenly Father for his children?

A revelation appears and purports to be divine. The Bible is in our hands, the Christ stands before us, the fruits of religion are in evidence. Reason in its ordinary, as well as in extraordinary aspects, enables us to examine the evidence of the integrity of this Book,

to compare and analyze the truth and to apprehend the rightful claim of Jesus as the Messiah. Thus has the word of the Lord been tried by prophet and peasant, by king and commoner, and always, where honestly approached, with the resultant assurance that it was the revelation of God. Having become convinced of the authenticity of the Bible as a trustworthy rule of faith and practice, highest reason prompts one personally to accept and live it. Reason, which is but another name for candor and common sense, receives important recognition in the Bible. Faith is sanity, sin is madness. And so we read of the prodigal, "when he came to himself he said I will arise and go to my father." The prophet calls, "come now let us reason together," of sin and salvation. While in Romans 12:1, the apostle pleads for full consecration on the ground that it is our "reasonable service." Every apologetic for Christianity and every argument for its validity and reasonableness strengthens this plea and urges sane men to be reconciled to God.

3. But here is another couplet of spiritual laws; the beauty of the gospel responding to the esthetic taste of mankind. Whatever nonsense may have been taught in connection with the doctrine of spiritual "correspondence" does not destroy its validity. It does exist. Truths often go in pairs. We are finding illustrations of it in this study. The Lord is the author of beauty and loves it unutterably. In proof, see the works of his hands. "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time." God does not love ugliness and discord and sterility. He is the God of grace and harmony and loveliness. Every blooming flower, every enrapturing landscape and every sparkling gem publishes the love of God for the beautiful in nature. But more, truth is beautiful, law is beautiful, the church is a thing of

beauty, and Jesus in his words, works and life is *altogether lovely*. Heaven is to be, according to John's vision, an aggregation of all that is charming to the eye and pleasing to the heart. Everybody possesses this faculty in some measure, and just in that proportion should the charms of the gospel win them. There is an important relation between good taste and piety. "Art and Heart" should be allies and friends. Behold the sweet "vision of Christ in the poets." The fine arts should be the companions and servitors of Christianity. Certain persons have a generous endowment of the esthetic faculty. If they would give it reach and range it would certainly lead them to the cross. For all the beauty of earth, whether in the spangled heavens, the flower-decked mead or the speaking canvas will fade and perish; but the beauty of a pure heart, of a holy character and of the things of God will abide in ever-increasing loveliness.

4. Another class is less esthetic and more utilitarian. They have the faculty of acquisitiveness largely developed. They seek pleasure, success, personal attainments. They are possessed of the modern idea of "getting on." They have keen business faculties to see the best chance. They ask the Yankee question: "Will it pay?" The gospel is a guide-board and bargain for them. It warns against the danger of covetousness. It teaches us to use as not abusing this world. It shows us how material riches may be transformed into heavenly treasures. It demonstrates that the gospel is the *best thing* and offers the *largest inducements*. Salvation is called the Pearl of Great Price, to possess which a man does well to sell all other treasures. A celebrated modern novelist has an exciting but morally instructive chapter. It is the story of a crowd of adventurous seekers after wealth.

Having heard of some remote Golconda, they undertake to reach it. They enter on their quest and journey long and wearily. They suffer untold hardships. They endure perils countless. They are more than once on the verge of starvation. They are exposed to dangers of sea and wilderness, of wild beasts and savages; but at last they reach the cave of wealth. They find it filled with countless diamonds, each of which is a fortune. They are about to possess this untold pelf. They are dizzy and intoxicated with the thought of their good fortune. When horrors! the door closes and they are buried forever in a hopeless tomb, like mice in a trap. The force of this delineation is that while it is a bit of fiction with the author, it is an *awful and frequent occurrence in human life.*

Jesus saw clearly the danger of a heart set on earthly things and so warns against covetousness. But he does more; he comes offering true riches and unalloyed pleasure. I once heard a leading Ohio banker declare that the assignment of his life and eternal well-being to Jesus was immeasurably the best business venture and bargain of his career. True self-interest should lead a man to seek salvation. Ordinary business tact, quickened by the Spirit, ought to prompt a man to lay up treasure in heaven. Genuine human enterprise should lead a man on and up to partnership with the Son of God. For, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come."

5. Again the divine appeal comes to us as a call of duty, *a holy ought.* God is not only a benefactor and Father, he is a Divine Sovereign, the Heavenly King. He is the author of law and the ruler of the moral universe. He is a just Governor, his statutes are right and his kingdom true and righteous. This aspect of

the divine character is too often ignored or lost sight of, in these days of cant and sentiment. There is no bribing nor loose administration in God's tribunal, but perfect equity. And so the Lord appeals to the element of loyalty and patriotism in us, the instinct which loves order and reveres authority, which is a divinely implanted faculty. This principle prompts men to live well as citizens, to secure the punishment of evil-doers and their reform if possible, and to lay down their lives if need be for the triumph of moral principles and just laws. There are few men in whom this fire of national pride does not burn. Patriotism is one of the latest embers to die on the hearthstone of the soul. After these centuries we see its brilliant flashes amid the classic hills of Greece. The glory of our own land has been that its best defense was its citizen-patriots.

If it is natural and right to obey the imperfect laws of men and yield submission to earthly governments, how much more so to obey the King of Kings, whose statutes are right, rejoicing the heart? If there are reasons for my being a loyal subject of the United States, there are manifold more why I should be a good citizen of the "Republic of God." In fact, in proportion as I am a devoted citizen of the best possible human government, just in that ratio should I see clearly my duty to naturalize in the Kingdom of Jesus. For he is the rightful sovereign of all worlds and all hearts. All men are born into his kingdom, and if they are ever exiles, it is because they go out passively by abduction, or actively by their own wilful disobedience. But there is hope even when men wander into the thraldom of Satan. In Jesus we are ransomed and set free. Our chains are broken and our citizenship restored. And, blessed be the name of the Lord, there is no debt so heavy, no slavedom so abject, no exile so remote, but he can reach

and rescue us. He can make us free from sin and fellow-citizens with the saints, if we have good purposes enough left to abhor our bondage and cry for liberty. If you have hitherto been a rebel against God, the great reconstruction policy of the gospel is now ready and open to you. If you will throw off allegiance to Satan and pledge fidelity to Jesus, your spiritual naturalization may be consummated this very hour.

If time permitted, this list of forces impelling to religious life could be greatly extended. I might argue, that if obeyed, the laws of genuine civility, of ordinary etiquette, will help a man toward a Christian life; that the relation of the home and the powers of parental love and filial affection have most important religious functions both in their natural and spiritual applications. I could prove how the Lord would sanctify the laws of kinship and friendship to the healing of souls and the extension of his kingdom. How by a divine alchemy he turns even sin, sorrow and disappointment to service in the economy of grace. I could demonstrate how he enters the very citadel of being and proceeds, not arbitrarily but naturally, to woo and win the heart itself by the strongest moral and affectional appeal that the universe has ever witnessed; for the *greatest of all motives is love.*

But more; God appeals not only to gratitude, to reason, to taste, to business tact, and to our sense of righteousness, he utilizes our love of the wonderful as a religious force. He turns to good account the tragical element in human nature and appeals to the imagination through the startling and mysterious. He sets ajar the gates of Paradise and gives us bewitching glimpses of the Crown, the Harp, the Christ and all that goes to make up a blissful immortality.

Finally, as an added motive for all, and a special appeal to the great multitude of wilful and incorrigible

evil-doers, there is in this perfect law the *element of fear*. No law would be worth anything that had not the possibility of punishment attached. God not only promises and commands, he warns as well. He delineates the alternative of loss and ruin. He sets up red lights all along the pages of his Word and the epochs of history. "Be sure your sin will find you out." "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." These are the sentences of God which have never been annulled for any soul out of Christ. Not only the Bible and the chronicles of time, but personal observation and experience more or less confirm these truths. Some men are never moved by any gentle or high motive. It is only when remorse begins to sting, the fires of condemnation begin to burn and the thunders of judgment begin to roll that they listen and heed the warning. Thus fire, famine, cyclones, earthquakes and other terrors of nature and providence often move stolid souls to fear and penitence when all else fails. God's threatenings are just as gracious as his invitations. His retributions are as righteous as his rewards. Hell is the essential counterpart of heaven. "Depart" is the necessary echo of "come." The gloom of perdition is anywhere outside of the glory of Paradise. There is a crown and a chain. A gnashing of teeth and a hallelujah chorus.

If then the foregoing proposition be true and its proofs valid, if all the best motives and forces of the universe, human and divine, heavenly and earthly are prompting us to begin and continue a religious life, then indeed are we *without excuse*. Then is our cloak of indifference snatched away. Then are we left without a reason for our lethargy unless it be the reason of moral madness, of blind prejudice, of self-inflicted ignorance, of wilful and malicious suicide. If this be true then has the child of God all possible aids to grow

in grace and gain heaven. Though we must meet and vanquish terrible foes, still it is true that he that is for us is more than all that can be against us. For all things are yours and shall work together for good to those who love God.

We note that these spiritual forces are those most in use and most potent in other spheres of life; hence the very strength they attain here prepares them for increased efficiency as spiritual motors. Moreover, there is such a round of them that, through one or more sets of these appliances they reach all men, ply all minds, move all spirits. One class of natures is moved chiefly by this kind of influence and another by that. But where is the man or woman who has not been called to the new life by many and varying inflections?

Sane men and women should recognize their own temperaments and learn to use those instrumentalities that are most helpful to their religious growth and the deepening of the spiritual life. Again there is room and reason for the widest use of varied agencies in religious work in the different churches, in the same church and by the individual Christian. "I am become all things to all men that *by all means* I might save some."

It is the duty of the church then to keep on plying men with all legitimate motives to repentance, faith and holy living. More of scientific exactness and precision should be put into Christian work. There is too much blundering bush-whacking and too little of intelligent campaigning in Christian effort. The Psalmist declares, "Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven." If this be true, if it be established that healing virtue has been introduced into the race, why does it not hasten to a more pervasive and universal cure? The answer can be found in two particulars: First, in the perverse and unreasoning

madness of sin; "ye will not." And secondly in the failure of professed Christians truly to receive, genuinely exhibit, and properly wield the gospel.

If men spurn all these solicitations of the gospel, if they ignore all its alarms, if they reject its benefits, if they murder reason and crucify faith, they will have built for themselves a place of torment that will exhibit the full dimensions of an orthodox hell. A skeptical master teased the simple faith of his slave by asking quizzically, "Where do they get all the brimstone necessary to operate the lake that burns?" Quick and sure came the answer, "Why, massa, they take their brimstone with them." And so they do. Even here there are many checks to evil doing. "The way of the transgressor is hard." "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." "The stars in their course fight against Sisera." And added to all this is the universal law from which there is no escape, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." It is able to renew your soul and mine. Have you made the great surrender? Are you being changed into his image from glory unto glory? Beloved, be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind. "For it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, *we shall be like him*, for we shall see him as he is."

ROCK OF AGES.

BY REV. A. B. STORMS, M. A.,

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"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."—Psalm 61:2.

The Psalmist is like a shipwrecked man struggling and battling in the waves. His prayer is a cry. "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

> "For thou hast been a refuge for me,
> A strong tower from the enemy,
> I will dwell in thy tabernacle forever;
> I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings."

The word translated "higher" than I is very strong. It is rendered in the margin "too high" for me, as though he were unable to reach its shelter without help. Spurgeon tells us that on the iron bound coast of England where the chalk cliffs rise abrupt from the sea occurred many shipwrecks in past years, and that many sailors perished miserably there, unable to climb the steep rock, till a clergyman at great effort caused to be carved a stairway up from the water's edge to a chamber hewn out of the rock. After the waves had washed these stairs away they were replaced by chain ladders, and many lives were saved. Thus the Psalmist in a sea of troubles looks up to the Rock that is "too high" for him and prays for deliverance to its shelter.

ALBERT B. STORMS.

The sea has always filled men with dread, especially in primitive days. It seemed dark and foreboding and mysterious. The remains of the earliest English literature tell us, as in the oldest epic in English, "Beowulf," how dreadful the dark sea seemed, and how they peopled its deep caverns with monstrous beings who destroyed men and dragged them down to destruction. The sea seemed man's treacherous enemy. The English prayer book contains special prayers for those who go down to the sea in ships. The highest courage was displayed by those who ventured far out upon its waters, and the warriors who went to far off shores and returned were heroes, not more because they had faced a foreign foe than because they had braved the terrors of the deep. To these early times the rocks were like a sheltering refuge. The sea dashed in fury against the great cliffs, but in vain. It seemed like a furious conflict in which the rock was always victor. In the shadow of the high rocks the sailor found protection. Especially when ship-wrecked, his eyes turned with longing hope to the great boulders that rose up against the sea. In their caverns he would find shelter and salvation.

Life is like the sea. Man never "continueth in one stay." Things are in unstable equilibrium. Constant anxiety, constant danger, constant watchcare. Out of the very depths of the heart there comes the cry for the rock's shelter: "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

The old Bible is marvelous and blessed because it preserves the deep cry of humanity and corresponding to it the revelation of God's mercy.

The great question of life is whether we shall seek the help we need from the *Highest*, or from some lower source; whether we shall turn to *God* and seek the

throne of grace, or turn aside to some lesser shelter; whether *eternal* shall be our refuge, or somewhat less.

One of the first elements of faith is to believe in the greatness of our need; that it is so great that only God is adequate for it.

Carlyle declares that all the confectioners in Europe could not make one boot-black happy above an hour or so. This "clod," as Browning puts it, is "troubled by a spark." Angelo's "Creation" represents man as flaccid, content "untroubled," till the finger of the Almighty is reached out to him and a "spark" passes from the finger of God to the finger of man and he becomes "a living soul." If we would see the difference between man minus soul and man plus soul, we should compare this conception of the great artist with that other work of his, the "David," all aglow with spiritual aspiration and spiritual power. How deep the need of the human soul, how high its aspirations as revealed in these Psalms! A child cries because of a broken doll; but plaster paris is inadequate to meet the need. Nothing less or lower will suffice than the wealth and worth of mother-love.

It is one of the piteous things of life that men so frequently do not know what to do with their own deep need. Sorrow comes and sends its sharp shaft deep into the quick of the soul, and leaves it there; severs the heart-strings and leaves them bleeding; throws its dark shadow over the sky. What shall be done with sorrow? One consoler says: "Time will heal the hurt, forget thy grief." But the heart resents the thought of merely forgetting, it seems ignoble. Time does modify the sharp grief of sorrow, but the simple relief from sharp distress is not the deep need. We ought to be transformed into nobler character because of the sorrow. Our hold of God and heaven, and our re-

demption from the paltry and mean ought to be greater. Our natures ought to be deepened in sympathy and tenderness and affection and trust. We should be transformed by trial. Only thus can we come forth with the deeper need met. The heart rebels against the mere cessation of tears, as if the life were gradually to drift back again into the old channels and be what it was before. But if out of sorrow we may come to larger, richer life of hope and love and knowledge and trust, then the heart feels that it is not ignoble to wipe away tears. Time's gentle ministry is but one of God's angels. The larger, sweeter light is beyond.

> "I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

The heart would rather break than freeze.

> "Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
> That grief hath shaken into frost."

So as some one has said, our days of trial are our judgment days. What kind of help we seek is our inevitable judgment. What a judgment it is upon men when in sheer abandonment of all higher interests they seek to drown their disappointment or sorrow in the cup of intoxication. He who seeks solace in society of his fellows, or in earnest labor, or in contemplation of truth as in literature and art, has sought help and strength in ways legitimate in themselves and in their place, but they are not the highest. When man takes his weary and wounded spirit up to God and rests it in infinite love and wisdom, and then only, has he sought and found the highest and the adequate refuge. We may be

sure that he who has rightly done this will not cease to meet the duties of labor, but he will give to his labor the dignity of spiritual faith; he will not cease to meet his fellow men in social ways, but he will be more than a seeker for solace and sympathy, he will bring the wealth of a strong and rich soul to help others; he will not lose interest in higher ranges of truth, but will find in truth the thoughts of God. Fanny Crosby, the sweet singer, never complains. She finds compensations in her blindness. She says that revelations of God's mercy and of the worth of human love have been made to her because of her affliction that without it she could never have known.

God opens the soul that takes refuge in him to the larger and more varied interests of life, and thus saves us from intolerable monotony. The stoutest heart will break down in weariness under the monotony of ceaseless iteration of its grief. A bar of steel becomes disorganized, demoralized, "rotten," if suspended and monotonously jarred. Chains used in hoisting have to be re-annealed, by passing them through the fire, because the strain has made them brittle. For the same reason a vessel shaft will sometimes break without seeming reason; it has become weak through the monotony of constant motion in one direction. Nothing less than God himself can lift our lives out from the "tyranny of the instant." I have been astonished and edified many times to find the secret of some strong, rich characters that bless the world by their power, their wealth of sympathy and knowledge. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has told us at last in her "Chapters from a Life" how she, a girl of twenty years, could write a book of such pathos and power as "Gates Ajar." Her sensitive nature received one of the awful lessons of life when the "Pemberton Mills" fell near her home at Andover,

and she heard how the mill girls sang "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of my Soul," and "Shall we Gather at the River?" while pinioned in the wreck, and the flames were leaping forward to silence their voices. Then the long days of increasing sorrow as the war progressed and women's hearts broke in silence. All this terrible discipline prepared this girl's heart for a great utterance, a great sympathy, a great hope. I felt constrained to say to one who had written a story of the discipline of a life through sorrow to sympathy: Did your own heart bleed any when you wrote it? Such truth can not be easily seen nor easily spoken with power. It is a great salvation that brings the life through the deeps up to highest strength.

Sorrow is the guest of every soul. Sooner or later he enters either abruptly or gently, but never unkindly. What shall we do with sorrow? Keep it out as long as we can and be rid of its presence as soon as we can? That were to be exceedingly unwise. Sorrow has its use, its gracious ministry. "The Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" knows how to make us blessed through the ministry of sorrow. Lay thy heart open to *infinite love*, then, when sorrow comes, and you shall learn what it means to be rich as Christ was rich, through the presence and power of God. The sting, the hopelessness, the despair of sorrow is taken away when once we see that the Saviour will meet us there in the valley and let us know his heart there, as we never could know it on the hill tops and in the day. The marriage day has its own sweet bliss, but it is only after tears have mingled, patience been tested, faithfulness proven, that the deeper wealth of love can be revealed. Even so, Christ has revelation to make of infinite worth that only can be made through the deep and real experiences of life. Christ is the Divine Utilitarian. In

fellowship with him we learn to *use* this world, to be educated by its presence. What dull, plodding lives we often live when all things about us bristle with divine meaning if we only have eyes to see! Hugh Miller found in the very rocks which his hammer broke in the quarries of Scotland the silent records of the works of the Divine Toiler through past aeons. Henceforth his labor became luminous. The fact is, Christ takes *duty* up into the Mount of Transfiguration, and it becomes a medium through which we discover the Divine Presence. Christ said in his first sermon at Nazareth that he had come to set men free, to strike the shackles from their souls, to open the prison doors, to usher men into a larger, truer, richer *life*. Why should men let life remain a dull, dogged, treadmill of hard stone-breaking, when the doors of life are ready to swing open before them? Not to lift them out of their environment, but to give them power within it? Turn thine eyes to the light, Christ says, look upward to God, *live*.

Christianity is a life. It teaches us the greatest of all arts, the art of living. Nothing that comes to us in the course of life is without its high use. Press the cluster rightly and rich wine will flow. Hardship has its utility. The soul is invincible. Let the spirit of man breathe the atmosphere of God's love and it conquers all obstacles. Men cannot help breaking forth from bondage into liberty if they love God. Hindrances, obstacles, crosses, become luminous points for the victorious spirit.

The prism is an obstacle to the ray of light. And love like the light will wreak its expression in unusual and glorious ways when hindered and broken by life's prisms.

"Only the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jeweled bow from blankest white;
So may a glory from defect arise;
Only by deafness may the vexed love wreak
Its insuppressive sense on brow and cheek,
Only by dumbness adequately speak
As favored mouth could never, through the eyes."

I said a moment ago that things are in a state of unstable equilibrium in this life. But the soul craves stability. Men seek it in many ways,—in business, but how frequently the foundations that men thought were granite, crumble into dust;—in family life, but how few folds, however defended, but "one dead lamb is there." In monuments and buildings,—but the dust of ages covers whole Ninevehs out of sight. Stability is not to be found here. It is the soul that craves *God*, the *Eternal*, and *Eternal Life*. Nothing less will suffice. As I said, a great element of faith is belief in the greatness of our need. Nothing less than heaven and eternal life and infinite love is enough for one poor soul. Christ gauged rightly the need of the soul when he gave himself. Would anything less be adequate?

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children.
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

The history of the faith proves that faith leads to victory. The victor has ever been the

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

My brother, I want you to get the note of victory into your heart. Strike the hard stone of your fate and make it disclose its secret treasure; throw the might of your spirit against the obstacle that blocks your way to seeming happiness and make it luminous. "To him that overcometh" is the promise.

The distant music of the waterfall is lost to your ear in the hum of the day; learn to listen to its quiet music in the evening. The glory of the sunset escaped you because you were pre-occupied. Look up from thy task and feed upon its glory. Ah, look up into the face of God, love him, *live*. There is no defeat possible for your *soul* if you will claim your spiritual birthright.

EDWARD W. RYAN.

THE ATTRACTIVE AND EXPULSIVE FORCES OF THE CROSS.

BY REV. EDWARD W. RYAN, D. D.,

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"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32.

These are important words. They are important in themselves and their importance is increased when we consider that they are the words of him who spake as no other man had spoken.

Let us give brief attention to the circumstances which gave rise to the text. It is the time of the great annual feast of the Passover. The holy city Jerusalem is aglow with excitement. Here are present representatives from all parts of the world, Parthians, Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judea, in Cappadocia, in Pontius, etc. There is a deep undertone of interest among all these peoples, occasioned by the presence of Jesus of Nazareth. Among those present in the city at this time are certain Greeks, who are probably proselytes of the gate and are come to worship the Lord in the courts of the temple. Moved by a general interest they meet one of the disciples and said unto him: "Sir, we would see Jesus." This was Philip, who finds Andrew, and those two introduce the Greeks to their Master. Finding themselves in the presence of this great Teacher, they doubtless listened with rapt attention to what he had to say.

We can imagine they expected such a teacher should have the most favorable circumstances possible, under which to set forth his doctrine. It may be they were already evolving plans by which they might induce him to visit the classic land, and stand perchance upon Mars Hill and teach the very philosophers of that famed city Athens. Doubtless they did not question the triumph of such a teacher, but how surprised they must have been, when Jesus informed them that he must stoop to conquer, that his ascent to the throne must of necessity lead through the deepest humiliation. They learned that through death he would open the gates of death and bring life and immortality to light. How significant the figure he uses, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Here we present as a theme for discussion, "The attractive and expulsive forces consequent upon the presentation of Jesus Christ upon the Cross."

Before entering directly upon the discussion of the theme, we offer a few preliminary reflections. First: Society as at present organized, is in an imperfect and unsatisfactory condition. Without labored reflections we can imagine a much better state of things. What vast improvements in favor of ourselves and our friends we could produce, if we could only bring things into being simply at our will. How we could wipe the tears from sorrow's eyes, and smooth the furrows from the brow of care. What graceful palaces we could order into existence; what fascinating swards we could cause to blush and to bloom at our feet. We would cause crystalline fountains to flow out from curiously wrought statues of gem and gold. What waving shrub and swaying palm trees we would people with the sweet singers of Paradise. We would strike every sound into

harmony; we would form every object into beauty, and thrill every nerve with joy.

Reflection second: If the Creator who placed us here is a benevolent being, then he must of necessity desire the highest happiness for his creatures, for which they are capable. I think we could safely say further, that the power which placed us here, without any consent upon our part, does not desire our good, that power is a malevolent and not a benevolent power. But Jesus saw the imperfect and deplorable state of society, and his heart melted as he wept over it and said: "Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not; behold your home is left unto you desolate." And the halls of society, because of sin, have been bereft of peace from that hour until the present.

Now in the discussion of this theme, let us contrast man's method with God's method of saving society.

1. Man has been deeply conscious of his need, and has been ever and constantly endeavoring to supply that need. Ever and anon, individuals of brain and heart and conscience have come eagerly to the front, and have suggested processes by which the ideal state might be brought about.

Theory first: Civilization. This theory has been thoroughly tried with all its concomitants. Its friends have always been very sanguine as to the results. They say that what each individual needs is to be perfectly citizenized, teach each individual, as a factor in society, how to be properly adjusted to every other factor. This, they profess to believe, will result in the enactment and administration of such laws, that under their wise regulations, the highest good of which man is capable will be secured. Now, while it is true that civilization has

done much to relieve the race of suffering, yet it is also lamentably true, that it never has, and never can do, all that the race needs to have done, in order to lift it to the highest plane of which it is capable. A high state of civilization can, and has existed among men, without personal virtue. But man's highest good was never known to be divorced from this heaven-begotten principle. Many of the courts of Europe have been sad examples of this statement.

Theory second: Education. This is of course closely allied to civilization, but relates more to the individual, than to the mass of individuals. The friends of this theory ask the state to take the individual and train his mental faculties, and also develop his physical being. They say, specially, teach man to think correctly. Then he will arrive at proper conclusions, and thus you assist him to the attainment of the sum total of happiness. But we are very slow indeed to apprehend the facts in the case, if we have not discovered long since, that the trouble is not so much with man's head as with his heart. That the difficulty lies not so much in the realm of the intellectual, as with his affectional and moral nature. We may discover that an individual may be wrong in his head, and yet splendidly right at the core of his being. What the world needs to-day is not only education, but education saturated with the spirit of the gospel of the Son of God. One of the saddest tendencies of this age is the tendency to conduct the schools on the line of secular education, to the neglect of the essential moral qualities of the pupils. All education should receive its central impulse from the Cross of Christ.

Theory third: Communistic. It is claimed by these theorists, that the very structure of society is on a wrong basis, and that the result of the present organization is too much disparity between classes of persons.

It is insisted that we need a reconstruction of the whole matter. They say, "Strike down and tear away the barriers that stand in the way of individual success and achievement." It is said, give each person, at least for once, a fair chance with every other person. This would be about equal to the attempt to rear a new and beautiful building out of the inadequate and decayed materials of an old one. Indeed this theory brings us face to face with the whole herd of harpies, who are a detriment and menace to the good government under which they are permitted to live. We do not hesitate to say that the man who is industrious, economical and successful in business, and by the investment of his accumulated means giving employment to individuals at reasonable wages, has more wisdom and is more of a benefactor than if he divided up his assets equally among all the needy individuals by whom he is surrounded. The communistic theory is wrong in principle, false in practice and should be thoroughly denounced.

Theory fourth: Esthetic. This has to do with man's finer nature, and hence it is said, "Let us turn our attention to the cultivation of the finer sensibilities in the individual. Cultivate in each a love for and appreciation of the beautiful. Thrill them with music and charm them with art. Lead them to admire the grand and the imposing." But we ask, "has it been found that the sight of the beautiful in architecture, in painting and in stone has had a tendency to eradicate savagery from the human heart, and quell the rage of the infuriated mob?" Nay, verily.

Each and all these theories have been tried through the past centuries. And each and all of them have signally failed. They did not fail because most of them were wrong in themselves. Civilization is right.

Education is right. A love of the beautiful is also right. But they fail because they were inadequate to the great end in view. Where then is the difficulty? Why, simply this—all these appeal to the head and not to the heart. You must storm and utterly capture the citadel of man's affectional nature if you would bring him into harmony with his God. It is true that the perceptive powers will bring man in contact with minor interests, but these form only the outposts of the stronghold of being. It is with the heart God would deal, especially in saving humanity.

2. What the wisest of this world have failed to do by their best methods, Jesus Christ proposes to accomplish by the attractive and expulsive forces of the gospel. He proposes, in order to purify society, to draw its individuals to him, and expel the deadly element of sin by the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Now, it will be readily conceded that if this world were dominated with the spirit of Christ it would work marvelous improvements in favor of the good of the race. If Jesus Christ were permitted to rule in each human heart, what sweeping changes would immediately occur. There would be no more locks and bars against thieves, for there would be no thieves. No more prisons for the incarceration of criminals, for there would be no more criminals. All standing armies could be at once disbanded, for as there would be no more war there would be no need for armies. All policemen might abandon their weary midnight rounds and find their welcome beds, for the necessity of their employment would then have ceased forever. All prisons might be utilized for other purposes than detaining the miserable culprit against the day of doom. The infamous liquor traffic would be swept from the face of the earth, and this earth, purified from this

enormous curse, would look up in the face of its Redeemer without shame.

Now, for the accomplishment of these magnificent changes Jesus Christ proposes to make a common brotherhood of the human race by drawing them to him. Here, at the foot of the cross, let civilization and education and science and philosophy and all else involved in man's betterment bow. And the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, will cleanse from all sin, and hence man's emancipation is secured.

3. Here we come to inquire, how is this great work accomplished at the foot of the cross? And first, the cross reveals the true character, the heinousness of sin. We never can have an adequate concept of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, unless we take our stand beside the cross of the suffering Son of God. We must feel the unsteady ground beneath our feet shaken by the strong arm of the earthquake. We must feel the chilly darkness stealing over us at high noon, while the eye of the sun is dimmed with the tear, and sackcloth forms his robe of night. In the still of the gloom, that voice must fall upon our ears, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." God, the Father, never would have permitted wicked men to smite and spit upon his Son, crowning him with thorns, and nailing him to the rugged cross, in order to save men from sin, if sin had not been a dreadful thing. Here is God's estimate of the defilement of human souls which need to be cleansed.

Second: It is at the cross we learn the value of a single human soul. In looking at the dark picture of sin, we are too apt to depreciate the value of the sinner. Christ suffered the agonies of the cross not only to destroy sin, but specially that he might save the sinner. The expulsion of sin from the human heart, is the salvation of the human soul.

Once more. Here in sight of the Cross, we see the triumphs of suffering love. Jesus draws men to him by this marvelous manifestation of his love for the ungodly, by the power of unrequited affection. He is subduing a rebellious world unto himself. Force will never conquer the obdurate soul of man. Hate cannot do it; but what neither force nor hate can do, love is adequate to accomplish. Jesus Christ has been elevated to the Cross, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness. And it has come to pass that those who are drawn to him receive the impulse of an endless life. What the world needs to-day more than anything else, is that all Christians should elevate Jesus Christ in lives of consecration to his service. "Then shall the wilderness and solitary place be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

JAMES M. THOBURN, JR.

THE LAMB IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE.

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"And I saw in the midst of the throne a Lamb standing as though it had been slain."—Rev. 5-6.

Jesus Christ has been the Lamb of God ever since the foundations of the moral universe were laid. From the beginning to the end of the Scriptures which testified of him, his name, as well as his revealed character, suggested sentimentally an atonement for the possible sin which morally free beings might commit. The title here given him, "a Lamb," is full of redemptive meaning. We shall look into it presently. He has borne that name as long as any other. The "Lamb" has had a place in the past, present and future of both prophecy and promise. He is "the same" in this role or character "yesterday, to-day and forever." "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," that is the past, or yesterday's picture of him. Then he is "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," which is to-day's portrayal of him; and lastly, he is "The Lamb in the midst of the throne," the future's vision of him.

John is the only one of Bible mention who attempts to describe the things he saw within the veil of the unseen world. It is singular that among the many who were raised from the dead during those ages in which

the Holy Scriptures were written and compiled, none ever told their experience while out of the body. This fact differentiates them *in toto* from all ancient and modern retailers in spiritualistic phenomena. It may have been they were not allowed to speak of what they had seen. We read that Jesus commanded some of those who he healed and some to whom special revelation was made, "See thou tell no man." While to others his instructions were, "Go and tell what great things the Lord hath done for thee." And it may have been thus with those whose eyes were opened for a time upon the other world. For instance, Paul had visions of "things of which it is not lawful for man to speak," and so he was silent. But John was told to write down what he saw and heard and send it to the churches. He tried to obey, and the book of Revelations is the result. Sometimes we are at a loss to comprehend his figures and attempted descriptions, but he did the best he could with the vocabularies at his command. There were no idioms richer than the Greek, nor so reverent as the Hebrew. He made use of both, but for all that, human speech was unable to make intelligible such glory. His most telling descriptions are with negatives. He gives us a most wonderful portraiture of heaven, when he writes of it as a place where there is "no night, no curse, no sorrow, no death, no pain, no tears, no sea." We can well afford to wait to see ourselves the things he does not mention, since we are assured that naught that works for our woe here, is allowed to enter there.

Nothing, however, which the enraptured disciple saw within the folds of light, so impressed him as did the vision of the Lamb. His bosom friend and master of other years, who had redeemed Israel and become the Saviour of the world, was recognized in heaven as a Lamb. He saw the multitude which no man can num-

ber worshiping and heard them exclaim with a loud voice, "Worthy the lamb that was slain. Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and forever."

He saw the redeemed "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." He describes "the marriage supper of the Lamb." "There is no need of the sun, for the Lamb is the light thereof." "He feeds his own and leads them unto living fountains of waters." Of course this is highly symbolic language. We are not to suppose that Christ was literally represented in heaven in the form of a lamb any more than when on earth. John the Baptist had pointed him out to his disciples, saying: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Just remember, all the lamb stood for in the religious thought and practice of these days, and its significance becomes very forceful. The lamb was the sacrifice for sin, and all down through the centuries as repenting, believing souls had stood by those streaming altars, they had only thought of those white, innocent lambs as typical or prophetic of the Lamb whose atoning blood was to do away with sacrifices for sin forever. He had come at last. Mount Calvary was the altar of the world, where "he was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." The Cross became a greater monument of God than creation itself. The sacrifice of Calvary was the supreme effort of heaven. God will never be forgotten as Creator, but the most complete and enduring manifestation of the Godhead was made when in anguish and death he expiated the world's guilt on Golgotha's cruel tree. God is known in heaven as the Saviour of sinners, before he is recognized in any other character. The divinest fact of our God is not that he

fashioned a universe out of chaos and peopled it with life, but that he can sacrifice himself. That is the one great fact which is permanently set forth and commemorated in his appearance on the throne. "The Lamb in the midst of the throne," is the crowning glory of that bright home of the saved. Christ is so manifested to the inhabitants of heaven, as to set forth his redemptive work on earth. In other words that to which men are pointed in this life as most important and essential is the very object to which the attention of all heaven is turned. "The Lamb in the midst of the throne, standing as though it had been slain." The vision of the golden streets and walls of precious stones is dazzling, but the Lamb in the midst of the throne is comforting. There is no place in all this universe where we sinful mortals so much need Christ in that character as we do in the midst of the throne. Queen Esther's presence at the Persian court meant not so much to the Jews as does the Lamb in the midst of the throne for us, because "he ever liveth to make intercession for us." Hear it then as those who listen to live. He who had been seen when a child in the midst of the Sanhedrim doctors. He who had said, "Where two or three are gathered in my name there am I in the midst of them." He who died on the mid-most cross of the malefactors, when last seen was in the midst of the throne.

There are two words used in the Greek language for "Lamb." One of these words is termed a diminutive to distinguish it from the other. Its peculiar meaning is "little lamb." John always uses this diminutive form of the word when he designates the person of Christ. Why he does this we do not know, unless he desires to make more prominent the meekness, the innocence and the natural feebleness of the lamb. God has always "chosen the weak things of this world to

confound the mighty." Our sins were so many and so mighty that we were hopelessly lost when deliverance came. The helpless Babe of Bethlehem became "the mighty to save." He was so weak that he could not carry his cross to the place of death, yet he was strong enough to bear the sins of the whole world.

"In the midst of the throne," means the centre of heaven. It is the most conspicuous position, the key to the situation. Evidently there is nothing regarded in heaven as of greater importance. He stands there in that character that sinful man may draw near through him. Not one of us would be presentable at the throne did not our surety stand before it. God could not look upon any sinner and let him live, unless he saw him through the Lamb. There is a deal of truth in the old couplet,

> "Him, and then the sinner see
> Look through Jesus' wounds on me."

Let no one ever try to cheapen the blood of the Lamb of God. It speaketh better things than the best effort or all the efforts of men. Oh, wondrous vision of the Apocalypse! The despised one of earth is honored with the highest place that heaven affords. If the meek inherit the earth, and are blessed, it is because they resemble the Great Meek One, who has inherited the heathen and the uttermost parts of the world, and the throne of heaven. Thank God for that vision of the Lamb in the midst of the throne!

"The throne" is a term used to indicate sovereign power and authority. The throne of any kingdom is such a synonym. Let that be our understanding of the throne of heaven. It is the centre and source of all energies. It is the only spot in all the universe where

there is perpetual motion, and at the same time such perfect equilibrium of force that there is absolute repose. From thence went forth the word of power by which all that is, from atom to planet, came into being. "There is no power but of God." Upon his throne God "has taken his great power and has reigned." Think if you can, what a centre of terror must be the source of such mighty energies as are constantly on exhibition in the universe around us. Yet we never see their full display. It would be like looking upon the face of God; we could not do it and live. "The earth trembles and quakes at the presence of the Lord. Clouds and darkness are round about him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Out of the throne proceedeth lightnings and thunders." What majesty and power are conveyed to our minds by such descriptions! "But if that is heaven," you say, "then let me keep away from it. The sight is too terrible." Just here is where so many err. They forget that mind is before matter, and that God is the force in nature. Look at the fugitive Israelites at the base of Sinai, trembling and wailing in fear, as the judgment of God threatened them in lightning and earthquake. They have since been joined by other hosts. Alas, for the multitudes who can see only force and power and absolute sovereignty on the throne! It is true, the throne stands for such energies. But the Hebrew scribe had a special message for all such fear-inspired mortals when he said, "Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempest. But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant." This is a wondrous contrast between Sinai and Zion, which was made to emphasize one great truth, and that was,

that the same God who was a terror to the guilty could be appeased. In one we have the terrible side of God's character, in the other the peaceful tenderness of his love.

How blessedly true are these words of Isaac Watts:

"The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above."

In the very midst of that throne; in the very bosom of such power, the Lamb stands. What a fortunate conjunction. "The Lamb in the midst of the throne."

"Behold the Lamb in his own light
Whom Angels dimly see;
And gaze transported at the sight
Through all eternity."

He was once the incarnate Deity. He is the Sire of the Ages; the King of Kings; the Prince of Peace. Behold him there in the midst of the throne, and then remember the significance of the terms "Lamb" and "Throne;" we have a most suggestive illustration of *gentleness in the midst of power.*

The lamb is the synonym of gentleness, just as the throne is of power, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne means gentleness in the midst of power. The reason I mention this is because it was a prominent characteristic of our Saviour during all the days of his earthly ministry, and not only that, but in all of God's dealings with men he has evidenced gentleness in the

midst of power. When Jesus was here on earth, he was just as omnipotent as when he created the universe. He always carried with him "all power in heaven and earth," and yet of him the words of prophecy were ever true, "he shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets." While his own testimony concerning himself was, "I am meek and lowly in heart." As he went about his Father's business, working the works of him by whom he was sent, he illustrated the grandeur of a God and the gentleness of a lamb. He came from the throne to the altar; and then from the altar he went back to the throne. While he was on the altar he never forgot that he possessed a throne, and now that he has retaken his royal position, he never forgets that he has been on the altar. The sternness of the law has been bound with ties of blood to the sweetness of love. The "Song of Moses" has been harmonized with the "Song of the Lamb."

Jesus was always gentle in winning and mighty in saving. He was a constant exemplification of the forces of nature around him. Nothing is more gentle than gravitation, yet nothing is more resistless. It never jerks with its mighty potency, but it draws all things together. Even

> "The very law that moulds a tear
> And makes it trickle from its source,
> That law preserves the world a sphere
> And guides the planets in their course."

There stands Jesus at the grave of Lazarus. It is a wonderful instance of his gentleness and his power commingling. He has power to waken the dead, and he is going to exert that power presently. But before Omnipotence speaks, his heart must groan and hence

we have the shortest and most expressive verse of the Bible, "Jesus wept." Did we not know him, we could scarce distinguish the Lord of Glory among those bereaved mourners. It is gentleness in the midst of power. In the midst of those tears Lazarus heard the voice which will some day cause the earth and the sea to give up their dead. The entombed man was raised to life. Gentle Lamb, how humanity has been comforted in his tears at Bethany's grave. Mighty Saviour; what shadows the resurrection of Lazarus has banished!

Again, there is Jesus hanging upon the Cross. He bares his head to receive alone the awful thunderbolt of divine wrath. The law and justice which had been insulted and outraged by the wantonness of human sin, could not have been vindicated with anything less than the death and destruction of the guilty race. But the Law-giver loved the offenders so much that he adjusted the matter in person. He was not a helpless victim on Calvary. One single word from him would have brought the angels to his aid. One thought would have sufficed to destroy his enemies. He had power to save himself, as well as save a guilty world. He chose to do the latter. No biographer can ever do him justice. As the Saviour of men his suffering was more than mortal agony. It was the greatest effort of Deity. I speak it reverently, it was enough to engage his whole thought and strength, but standing by his cross was Mary, she who had been his highly favored mother; at her side was John, the beloved friend. At that supreme moment he forgot his unutterable agonies long enough to request John to give his mother a home while she lived on earth, until she was ready for the mansion in the skies which he was going to prepare for her. There was power on that cross to redeem earth's myriad sinners, and yet there was gentleness to care for the woman

who had borne him a helpless babe in Bethlehem's manger. It was gentleness in the midst of power.

It is no wonder that David exclaimed, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." God had bestowed a great many favors on David. He had reproved and counseled him. He had forgiven and helped him, until David had become so inspired with faith and hope, that he became great in the sight of all men and even God said unto him, "Thou art a man after my own heart." And thus God works to bring the good to the surface in all of us. In every marble block of sinful humanity God can see an angel, and sculptor-like he uses gentle means to bring out the heavenly lineaments and develop the better being which he knows is there. The God-fashioned man is a great man—no matter who or where he is, and his greatness is due to the gentleness employed in his reformation. I scarcely know whether is greater, the gentleness that wins, or the power that transforms. But of this I am sure, were it not for his gentleness, multitudes would never know anything of his power. "There are hearts so perilously fashioned, that for them God's touch alone hath gentleness enough to waken and not to break their thrilling strings."

It is hard for us fully to appreciate God's gentleness. We have a sense for his power that is passive in the presence of his gentleness. We live in the midst of warring elements. It would be the easiest thing possible for this earth on which we dwell to be destroyed by the convulsive earthquake, or to be swerved only a little out of its orbit, to be seized by new attractions and drawn into the sun and there consumed by its hungry flames, but God has all these dynamics in perfect control. He can stop anything in the universe. There is nothing mightier in existence than the Hand of Omnipotence. Let it be laid upon the mountains and

they would be removed; let it be stretched over the sea and the waters would be no more. Yet how often has that hand brushed away tears from human eyes; how often has it been lifted in benediction over earth's sorrows; how often has it corrected us in such love and tenderness that we have kissed the palm that smote. If God had suffered his hand to fall any heavier upon us at times than it did, we might have perished, but he knew just how to temper its force. Gentleness is the reserve force of power. How wonderfully combined they are in the Saviour!

The Emperor William of Germany once visited the great steel and gun making establishment of Herr Krupp in Essen. In one part of the factory there was a costly steam hammer, weighing fifty tons. It was in charge of a very skilful workman, named Fritz. Herr Krupp presented this machine to his Majesty and as he did so he said, "Fritz can handle his big machine so gently that he can bring down the hammer with all its might and stop it at a tenth part of an inch above the anvil." Without a word, the Emperor took out his diamond-studded watch, and placed it in the center of the anvil. Then he smiled and ordered the man to let the hammer fall and stop it just before it touched the watch. Fritz hesitated, but his master ordered him to make the trial. He did so, and down came the immense tool with all its force, and when it was so close to the watch that a child's hand could not have been inserted between it and the dial, it was checked as if it had been a feather. The Emperor was so pleased with the skill of the workman, that he exclaimed, "Well done! You may keep the watch, you deserve it after that." Jeremiah calls God's word "a hammer." It has, in the ages gone, fallen upon wicked nations and ground them to powder. How often have we invoked the descent of

the hammer of a righteous wrath, by our persistent sinning. There is scarcely one of us but hath deserved hell a thousand times. Men could not enter into judgment with God were he to appear in the midst of sin's carnivals and execute the penalty upon such offenders. God only knows how near to our guilty souls insulted justice has dropped, when love divine hath checked the descending force, and we have been saved by a hair's breadth. How can we doubt the claims Christ has upon us? Does he not own that which he has saved? If Fritz, the mechanic, earned the Emperor's watch, certainly Jesus has a right to us. "It is of the Lord's tender mercies we are not consumed." Oh, let him save by his power that which he hath rescued by his gentleness! See him, looking upon you, as he gazed upon recreant Peter and then exclaim—

"Nay; but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more.
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror."

But not only does the throne symbolize power and energy, it is also the habitation of justice and judgment. The King is the law-maker, and the administrator of justice. Sublimely awful as must the throne of power be, whence go forth all the forces of this universe, yet more to be dreaded than such a sight, is the throne which symbolizes justice. "All have sinned." There is no doubt as to that man's moral nature turns "State's evidence" against him. The soul of humanity is conscience stricken on account of sin. The negations of infidelity, the evasions of indifferentism, and the altars of paganism alike declare this fact. The thought of standing before the "Searcher of Hearts" is not a pleasing one, but this vision from the Apocalypse

throws out comfort and hope to the sinner. There, in the midst of the throne of justice, stands a Lamb as though it had been slain. The lamb was the sin-offering, the type and pledge of the atonement for sin which Christ should make in the fulness of time. So that this vision of mercy reveals to us the glorious truth of *an atonement in the midst of justice.*

Can justice be bought? No. But it can be propitiated and legally satisfied. The Lamb in the midst of the throne gives us more than a clue to Calvary. "There is forgiveness with God that he may be feared." God can be just, and still the justifier of the penitent sinner. That Lamb, bearing the marks of the altar, is the basis of the reconciliation. His merit covers our demerit. Pardon is secured through his offices. We never could have been saved without his death. Moral reconstruction was impossible until the majesty of the law was upheld. The sentence of death was on the race—moral and spiritual death. Jesus satisfied that legal claim by suffering in our stead. It was execution by proxy. Do not try to find a parallel in earthly jurisprudence. It cannot be found, but that does not invalidate the case. God was well pleased with the sacrifice. He accepted the substitute. There was no compromise about it. It was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Justice could not have been more completely preserved with the punishment in hell of all human beings, than it was in the death of the "Lamb of God." From that day righteousness by faith became possible to all who were willing to receive him as their Saviour. The Lamb in the midst of the throne means for us atonement in the midst of justice. There is still justice, there always will be justice, but for every human soul during his probationary years there stands the Lamb in the midst of the throne.

One of the keenest metaphysicians of this country said, "In all my experience I have found no other name than the one by which I must be saved." How can God be just and the justifier of the ungodly? Human reason can give no intelligent, no satisfactory answer to this question. All its investigations conduct into ever thickening darkness and gloom in which fear and doubt abide. The mind feels that it has nothing to rest on, no truth on which the understanding can rest and the heart repose, till such time as it sees "a Lamb as it had been slain in the midst of the throne of God."

In a certain town in Norway there is a church with a tower and on the tower is the carved figure of a lamb. It was put there for a purpose. It is sid tahat when the church was being erected a workman fell from the high scaffold. His companions supposed he had been killed on the stones of the street, and he could not have escaped had not a flock of sheep been passing at the time and he fell in their midst and on a lamb. The lamb was crushed to death, but the man was saved. To commemorate that event they put a carved figure of a lamb at the exact hight on the tower from which the man fell. But the Lamb in the midst of the throne yonder stands for more than that. He was the innocent one who was crushed to death by the fall of man. He stands in the midst of the throne, not only to show us the height from which we have fallen, but also to show us there is a possible recovery—yes, thank God, there is atonement in the midst of justice for guilty souls!

This is not a picture of the future, more than of the present. Look into the Bible and you find the Lamb near the flaming sword. Wrath and mercy are harmoniously resident in this "Book of books." I know the Bible is called the Law, but it is also called the Testament—Sinai is not higher than Calvary—Love as well

as Law is allowed her perfect work. A man and wife were under conviction for sin. Hoping to find peace, they began to read the Bible. Unfortunately they found the law before they did the gospel. When they read the "Thou shalts," and the "Thou shalt nots," and the fearful maledictions pronounced against evil doers, they were filled with terror, so that the husband said, "Wife, we are lost." But they read on. From the old they passed unto the new—they saw him of whom the prophets spake. They found promises which seemed to have been purposely for them. At last they reached Calvary and the man exclaimed, "Wife, after all, I do believe there is salvation for us." It was not long ere they found their atonement in the midst of justice.

But the same is true in daily life. Here is a man who insists on sinning. He justly suffers the consequences. He indulges until the hidden fires consume his manhood, shatter his will, destroy his respectability, and bring the once strong body to a premature grave. Justice pursues him at each fatal step. You know a violated law will always seek to discover its offender. The man is pronounced a "wreck." There is no place on earth for him but the grave. There is no place in the future for him but outside the gates of heaven. Oh, Justice, how unrelenting thou art! But in an hour of grace that poor sinner comes to himself just as the prodigal did; just as the thief on the cross did. No man is ever allowed to die till he has had such a waking up time—when there comes to him the conviction, "There is one chance more for me to amount to something." This poor fellow takes that chance. He makes one last resolve, as others have done, saying:

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

"Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace."

Justice has a claim on that sinner, but the Lamb stands between the two, with the full amount of the claim, stands as if newly slain for that very man. There is no eloquence comparable to the Saviour's wounds; listen to their pleadings:

"Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

Charles Wesley has told the result in one of his gospel hymns, when he describes the change in the Divine mind toward the sinner who pleads for mercy. He says:

"Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

"The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God."

Another soul has found atonement in the midst of justice.

One closing word. In the chapter following this vision of mercy, John saw the most frightful picture of human despair which was delineated. Lost sinners are calling upon "the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb." Can a lamb be wroth? Still in the midst of the throne, but no

longer gentle; no more an atoner for sin? The prophet is giving us glimpses from the world of realities. Human probation does not last forever. A day will yet dawn too late for repentance, when he who aforetime was your only hope will become, by the same necessity that took him to Calvary, your final Judge. There is no wrath more to be shunned than the wrath of love. I would save you from such a vision, by pointing you now to "The Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

THE PAULINE IDEAL OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

BY REV. ELIAS W. FRAZEE,

Pastor of the Tamarack M. E. Church, Calumet.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified."—I Cor. 2:2.

The evangelical orthodox pulpit was established at Jerusalem on the 28th day of May, A. D., 30, fifty-one days after the crucifixion. Peter stood up in the midst of a vast congregation, and "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" charged the shedding of that precious blood upon the conscience of his hearers by saying, "Him have ye taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain."

The nineteenth century gospel is not different from the first century gospel. We hear much of "the Christ of to-day," of "the preaching required by the times," of "up-to-date Christianity," but the words are without meaning. The Christ of to-day is the same Christ that ever was and the preaching required is the same preaching. The appearance of St. Paul in a modern pulpit might be quite a change. He might find it necessary, like his Master in the temple, "to make a whip of small cords and drive out the buyers and sellers and overthrow the tables of the money changers, and the seats of them that sell doves," but sinners would repent,

ELIAS W. FRAZEE.

believers would be justified and sanctified and Christians be filled with the Holy Ghost the same as then.

Yet a man of one idea is not always appreciated. It is supposed to be inconsistent with the broad and liberal culture demanded by the age. But if the idea is good and rich enough and large enough to take up all the room in the intellect, it is sometimes best to let it do so, and let the smaller and poorer ones go out. One idea, large and grand and strong like Paul's, is worth a troop, a whole multitude, any number of which cannot save their possessor from intellectual poverty. Where there is so much that is small and superficial it is a great thing to have even one large, strong idea. It is magnificent property, and no one need be ashamed of it.

And it is well to remember that about all that is worthy a place in history has been done by men of "one idea." Columbus had one idea and discovered America. Other men have many ideas and never discover anything. Luther had one idea. He found it in the chained Bible in his cell at Erfurt. Then he unchained the sacred book, unchained it for himself, for all Germany and Europe and the world. The Reformation came, and once more, after centuries of captivity and imprisonment, the preacher of Christian truth could say, "the word of God is not bound." Sir Isaac Newton had one idea. He got it when he saw the apple fall and held it fast, and by it explained the mysteries of natural philosophy as they had never been explained before. Alexander and Bonaparte had one idea, but it was a false and wicked ambition. It was personal aggrandizement. It brought untold miseries upon others and ruined themselves.

Sometimes it is a selfish greed of riches that makes the nature hard and sordid. Sometimes a wild but fascinating illusion like those of the old Alchemists, or

some soul-destroying error, like that of Mahomet, or some idea of cruel persecution like Nero had, or Paul himself before his conversion. Sometimes it is a mere purpose of worldliness or pleasure-seeking, and sometimes that of the murderer and the suicide.

Some one speaks of "a man with a devil in his head"; it is so when the idea is not good. On the other hand, take John Howard, and the most he could see in the world was a prison where men, sometimes guilty, sometimes innocent, were sick, neglected, starving, dying. In *his* head it was an *angel.* Take a missionary, like Dr. Judson, and the whole world was only a wide field where he might save the lost perishing and bring them to Christ. Great, strong, useful lives, that bless and save the world, ever have an idea and a purpose.

And it will strengthen our position to remember that Christ himself had one idea. It was that of the shepherd whose sheep had gone astray, to "go after it until he find it."

> "But none of the ransomed ever knew
> How deep were the waters crossed,
> Nor how dark was the night that the Lord went through
> Ere he found his sheep that was lost."

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might be rich." It was the purpose of an infinite love. And Paul is the best example of your "one-idea" man. The reason is, he has the best idea.

It is not a contraction, but an enlargement of the human intellect to have it filled with Christ. It is not anything narrow or repulsive, but the concentration of his mental forces that is indicated by this expression. Like Peter and John he "had been with Jesus," and the

purest and most unselfish conception of the Redeemer's own mind and heart had been transferred to the mind and heart of the disciple. And Paul had so absorbed it and surrendered himself to it that it became the dearest and strongest of all his intellectual perceptions, and the warmest and best emotion of his sanctified nature. Out of this grew his unwearied ministry, beginning at his conversion and coming down through years of persecution and suffering until he had sown the broad Roman Empire with the seeds of eternal life, and everywhere saying, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

A missionary to Japan was preaching at one of our conferences and announced the hymn,

> "My heart is full of Christ and longs
> Its glorious matter to declare."

A man who thought and felt that way was the one to be a missionary. And the strongest expressions of personal attachment to Jesus Christ found in the Bible are in the writings of St. Paul. Peter was not more intense and vehement, and even John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," and who certainly was not lacking in response to the special regard of his Master, has not spoken with a greater fervency or a deeper love. He "counts all things but loss" for Christ, and gives the best description of what cannot be described by saying,

> "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

But "to know" has two meanings. One is, to receive information, the other is to impart it to others. Paul had received information of Christ. He had received Christ. Converted after the ascension, so that

he could not see Christ personally, he is yet "not a whit behind the chiefest of the apostles." To be apostles it was necessary to have seen Jesus both before his death and after his resurrection so they could be "witnesses" in the proper sense of the word, and in allusion to this Paul speaks of his conversion as "one born out of due time." He probably had never seen the Lord Jesus Christ. But he saw him when on the way to Damascus. This and the ineffable mysteries of "the third heaven," into which Paul had been caught up about fourteen years previous to this writing, would certainly be a miraculous equivalent of knowing him in the flesh and would put him on the same standing as the other apostles. A pre-eminent faith and love had obtained further disclosures, so that he "*knew* Christ." To know as a teacher is to make him known, and "not to know anything among you save him" means that he will dwell so constantly and continuously on this as to make it appear that he was actually ignorant of all other subjects.

It seemed strange that he should make so little use of his extraordinary resources of learning and oratory; that one so capable as he of using them with masterly effect, should seem to disregard them; that he should make so little of what every one else made so much—made all they could. Their own orators *depended* upon these things. But the first verse states his manner of coming to them, "not with excellency of speech or of wisdom." Not that he could not speak well, or was not "wise." We can see no poverty of language or thought in anything he has written. There is no want of vividness in his description, no want of cogency in his reasoning. When he spoke in the Court of the Roman Governor, so far was he from any appearance of being inferior that the very opposite was assigned as the

cause of his enthusiasm; "much learning doth make thee mad."

Some do not use excellency of speech because they cannot. The reason they do not seem to know much is they do not know much. There is no voluntary hiding of themselves like we see in Paul. He could stand with any. He had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a distinguished instructor in philosophy and literature. Upon this broad foundation had been reared the special structure of the legal profession with its further training and development. He is a man of intellect and education, of unusual culture and refinement, of resources that would admit him among the highest and wisest, and we see him bowing down to Jesus Christ.

Man is a guilty sinner, and Paul has been sitting at the foot of the Cross studying the science of human salvation until brain and heart are overflowing with love and wonder. Philosophy, science, statesmanship and religion are all before him. In each are great themes and each theme seems itself a world. He singles out from all great ideas only the sublimest and the best, dropping each time those of lesser magnitude. As the process goes on the ideas become greater and fewer until only Jesus Christ and him crucified remains. He cannot drop that. He would sooner let go his hold on life.

And then Paul, the astute lawyer, the profound philosopher, the accomplished statesman, the man who has united the highest personal attainments with the prestige of a noble birth, and who stands as high in the church as he does in the state, comes out and declares an absolute devotion, both in life and ministry to Jesus Christ. Paul! You are narrow and contracted. No, Paul! You are not. You are broad and comprehensive. There is nothing in all the universe of human

thought so high, so deep, so wide, so worthy. Intellect, and culture, and rank and greatness, do not lose, but take on lustre, when devoted to him. "These are things the angels desire to look into."

But in determining upon this course he seemed to renounce many sources of power. "Excellency of speech" was a great thing in his day as well as ours. A rhetorical style was in great favor. The Greeks demanded it. No matter what was said, it would be listened to if only it was said well. But Paul's preaching was not an entertainment. He did not come as a popular orator. He came to tell lost sinners that they might come to Jesus Christ and be saved from their sins. He could not depend upon oratory to do this. He did not wish to impress himself upon them, but to impress Jesus upon them. If he had designed to draw people to himself, he would have set himself before them in the best light he could. When he designed to draw them to Jesus, it would be the very orator's own art to keep himself and all his powers and resources out of sight. But Paul had higher motives than those of the orator.

Pride of intellect is the last to be subdued. It is the tenderest part of reputation. Orators and great men like to be thought of as knowing a great deal, and to have people speak of their broad culture and elegant address, and profound learning, but when they heard Paul they would say, "this fellow doesn't know anything but Jesus Christ." And this is what Paul wanted them to say. He would disdain other knowledge and trample on wealth and pride, and hide all his resources and himself behind the Saviour of the Cross. And any knowledge that could not be so concealed and made subservient, he would expel from his perceptions this memory, that he might give all the room to Christ.

Much has been said about the *range and limitations of the pulpit*, and in disparagement of this apostolic fidelity, and in praise of a so-called larger and broader gospel. And the demand is made upon the pulpit to widen itself to meet the advancements of the age. As if anything could be wider or larger than the gospel of Christ.

And it is quite possible for the average preacher, and less than the average preacher, to gain notoriety by simply departing from Paul's method. A man of the world told me of a certain popular preacher, "it is not that he is such a great preacher that we run after him, but what he says is a little out of place in an orthodox pulpit." And it does not take much. Some platitudes about development, some florid apostrophies to liberalism; say as little as possible about any claims that God may have on this world, tell the people you don't believe in hell—yes, it doesn't matter much what you say if you say that. It is a great comfort to some people to know there is no hanging for stealing. You may talk about the good in man, but don't say anything about being a guilty rebel against God, or stir up the conscience by telling sinners of the nineteenth century they are the murderers of Jesus Christ, put in some small talk about benevolence and lifting up fallen humanity, and if you would be perfect a few side thrusts at creeds and churches, and your star has risen. It may not be greatly superior in literary merit to the common preaching; it may be greatly inferior in all kinds of merit, as it often is, but it has a ring and flavor that suit the carnal mind, and every scape-grace in town will catch up the notions, and applaud the preaching that doesn't trouble men about the consequences of forgeting God.

But sometimes an idea is comprehensive and

reaches out into and includes a whole science, and when properly amplified and illustrated grows into a volume. It is one tree, but it bears fruit on all its branches. So "the tree of life." The gospel is capable of a variety and wealth of illustration well nigh boundless, and of being presented and repeated in a manner that would strip any other subject of all its interest. That it can stand such *poor* preaching and yet survive is *proof that it is divine.* But Paul does not mean that he will not take any other text. He does not mean that he will confine himself even to the bodily pain, mental anguish, and spiritual sufferings of the Son of God. Great as this would be, it is only a part of his purpose. He preached on the majesty of God, on heaven, on hell, on conscience, on natural law, and on judgment. Nor does it mean that he will not mention anything of Christ besides his death. He preached on his birth, his pre-existence, his example, his resurrection and his coming to judgment. And a preacher must be pronounced upon every subject in social life. To be silent in the presence of a great wrong is to be incompetent and unworthy.

But Paul *did use his great powers* in preaching the gospel, and so used them as to make of them the greatest powers. He was not going back to Gamaliel to surrender his diploma, he was not going to banish from his mind all he knew of science, art, literature, statesmanship, poetry. He had ample use for them in preaching the gospel. They were the "gold, frankincense, and myrrh" he would offer at the feet of the new-born king. The advantage of having these resources has been often proved. When he stood on Mars' hill, in Athens, and preached his doctrine of the true God he gained an ascendency and a hearing by quoting certain of their own poets, and then proceeded to his own richer truths.

Caesar gained many victories and spoils in distant lands, but brought them all to Rome. It was said in the days of the empire, "All roads lead to Rome." So all lines of thought and intellect in God's great empire lead to Jesus Christ. And here there is no limit. The disciple says, "you will have need of all the sense and grace you have." The Christian preacher may lay his hand on all the resources of science, history and art. Anything that will make sermons belongs by right to him. Let him put on it the "image and superscription" of Christ. There is nothing "common or unclean." "All are yours." But keep them concealed behind the Cross, and use them to lift it up and push it forward upon the thought of the world.

There is a point of interest just here, in the selection and arrangement of topics in a gospel ministry. If Paul had a list of texts we would like to see it. In one place where he stayed his full term of three years, (that was before the time limit was extended,) he tells us he "had not shunned to declare all the counsel of God." The proper limitations of the pulpit are the boundaries of saving truth. There is no need of going outside. The gospel is broad as the love of God and the wants of man. Whatever may be the local necessity for bringing out some particular Bible truth, both the love of God and the wants of man require the constant and urgent presentation of "Christ crucified."

In John's dream of heaven, "the Lamb as it had been slain was standing in the midst of the throne." It is so in earth. In the midst of the church, in the midst of the pulpit, in the midst of the sermon. In Joseph's dream, "the sheaves of his brethren bowed before his sheaf." So the sheaves of other thoughts heavily and richly laden from the treasures of the world, bow themselves when they come in the presence of the

Cross. "The sun, moon and eleven stars bowed before him." So the greater and lesser lights of all the ages bow before "the light of the world." In every circle there must be a center. In every painted landscape there must be a foreground figure. If you were to construct a universe, you would need to put everything in motion. To do that you must have a central world around which the others can revolve, and it must have magnitude and attraction more than all the rest to keep them together. The young student of astronomy has seen what is called an orrery. The sun is a large globe in the center on the end of a wire, the planets are smaller ones on wires, to represent as nearly as can be their size and distance, and when in motion they describe the orbits of the heavenly bodies. So every planet of truth is to be set in its divine orbit, and when the "Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings" rises on any congregation, they must come up too, like planets, primary and secondary revolving around him.

And if you want to imagine what kind of a preacher Paul was, think of some earnest evangelist or pastor, who warns sinners with an iron strength, who exhorts and comforts believers, and administers, when needed, a kind and severe rebuke, but who, perhaps more than his brethren, makes a specialty of the Cross; one who takes his text from some spot near Calvary, and "repeats the story o'er and o'er." Paul's best sermons were ever on the text, "What must I do to be saved?" And his own description of his ministry is in the words, "Before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you." So vivid that it was as if the scenes of Calvary had been re-enacted in every congregation, and the people made eye-witnesses of his sufferings and death. It is

"Him first, him last, him midst, him without end."

And to add still more to the fervency of his determination, it is "*Christ, and him crucified.*"

This was still less agreeable to the carnal mind. If Paul had said he would "not know anything save Jesus Christ," it would not be so very objectionable. Christ was wise. He was wiser than the Greeks. He was a great teacher. He lived a blameless life. He taught a high grade of morality, rather severe, it is true, for a sinful world, but it was beautiful and had reason and conscience on its side, and the world will always approve virtue, if it does not practice it. Leaving out the Cross, Paul could present the moral philosophers of his day with the loveliest character, with a character in actual life far above their highest ideal of human attainments. The Greeks would have been glad to have such a teacher as Christ, and would have made him one of themselves, as after his death they wanted to enroll him among the gods of Rome. Add the Cross, and all is lost. The obscurity and ingloriousness of his birth might be forgiven, for great characters have risen from a lowly state, but a God that on Calvary died could never be forgiven. The Son of God had not been on the Cross a single hour, when the world began to call him down. The world has been doing it ever since and asking for a gospel without a Saviour, or at least, without any wounds in his hands, or any thorns on his brow. But Paul cannot keep out the Cross. These dear disfigurings of Calvary give him his greatest beauty in a sinner's eye. His death is precious, and the pulpit of to-day must show its Pauline character by resisting the demand.

And it is in the Cross the power lies. It would seem to seal the doom of Christianity, for its principal character to meet such an end, but he had said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

For one that would have believed on him had he come down from the Cross, there are millions who believe on him because he stayed on it and died. That is the reason we believe on him to-day. Had he come down from the Cross, there would have been *nothing to believe.*

When the missionaries went to Greenland, they supposed the people could not understand the sufferings and death of Christ without some previous teaching. There was little progress. The arctic mind was not literary. It was very slow. At last the missionaries began to tell of a dying Saviour. It reached their hearts. They said, "Why didn't you tell us this before?" An enthusiast in Paris came to Talleyrand and asked his advice about starting a new religion. The stalwart statesman answered, "if you will be crucified, and buried, and rise from the dead the third day, I think you can do it." The verdict of the ages agrees. The foolishness of God is wiser than men. The features of the gospel that are most repulsive to human pride are the very ones that draw men to admire and love it.

Take this Bible and wherever you find the name Jesus or Christ, cut it out, and you will have a ragged book with ragged pages. But it will not be more mutilated than will be your religion and your preaching if you leave out Christ. You will have a ragged theology, a ragged religion. No church is evangelical or Christian that does not teach the atonement of Christ.

Another thought is the incessant demand for variety made upon all who address the public ear. Whether that demand is greater than formerly, I cannot tell. It is very great. And it comes to the pulpit. How to present a single theme so that it will ever seem fresh and new, is a great question. It is the problem of the pulpit in every age. It can be done only by the

nature of the subject, and not by the preacher's art. There is little variety in bread. It is made in the same manner and cut in the same kind of pieces with an awful monotony; and you encounter it three times a day for seventy years. It is *bread.* Cake has variety, but you cannot live on it.

An ingenious student contracted for a certain sum to board with a family of six persons as long as he could seat himself in a different relation to the company each day at dinner. He paid a month's board. It was almost years before the contract was ended. The table, also, may be spread with a variety of taste. There is no need of being dull, or dry, or stupid. If a preacher carries his congregation on his heart it will insure all needed variety. He can preach for as many years as a man can live without needing a new Bible. It has been said the best way to refute Robert G. Ingersoll is to have him repeat what he says. But the Christian preacher does it, and the theme doesn't wear out. When he doesn't do it the preacher wears out. One of the best things Mr. Spurgeon ever said was, "The monotony of Christ is sweeter than the sweetest variety."

Once, at a camp-meeting, I took up the Bible to find a text and some one had written on the book-board, "Preach Christ." It was a true reminder. There is nothing else to preach—nothing else for dying men to listen to. I once picked up a hymn-book in the church of which I was pastor. Some one had written in it, "How did Socrates and the Greeks get along without Mr. Frazee's Jesus?" It was the finest compliment ever paid a preacher. What if it was a hostile criticism. When your poor name is put in the possessive and followed by the name of your Master, you need no higher praise and no better defence. You can sing

"Blessed Assurance," and go on your own way rejoicing.

But the Greeks! It was a poor "getting along." Socrates was the best of them, but he was blind and dark. When about to die he did not know which was better off, himself or the judges that condemned him. When Stephen was about to die he "saw heaven open and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

But they were not *wholly* without Jesus. The atonement of their unknown Saviour reaches all the race. If they know not the Saviour he knows them, and every sincere soul struggling toward the light, no matter how far away, shall find a hand to help him, the hand that made the world. When Flaminius brought liberty into Greece they raised the exulting shout, "Soter, Soter, a Saviour, a Saviour." And certain Greeks did come to the disciples, saying, "Sirs, we would see Jesus." How the noble spirit like Socrates and others would have cried, "Hosanna to the son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

And one thought more on this great theme: *This is what the people want.* With all the demand for variety and new ideas, the real demand of the world to-day, the real cry of human hearts everywhere is

"Tell me the old, old story."

You may at times find one who will not hear the gospel for its own sake, but only for the charms that set it off; some one who is foolish enough to admire the diamond for its setting, but the real mind and culture of the age demand a simple and a pure gospel. Business and professional men and literary workers who have been plunged in care and thought all the week, when they come to church on Sunday will not thank the

preacher for playing off before them some tricks of oratory. They do not want him to offer them his speculations, and evolutions, and processes. They do not want to see you. When they look up at you from their pews, they are saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus." If you want to win the world to Jesus, you must show Jesus to the world. And then the conscience and heart of the world want to be spoken to, and nothing so speaks to a sinner's conscience as the suffering and death of Jesus Christ. Then come hours of darkness and trouble and old age and death and all want comfort. A man often told me he wanted variety in preaching. I saw him on his death-bed. He wanted no variety then. He wanted Christ. A lawyer repeats the appeal to the jury and says the same thing over and over again until he gets a verdict. A very successful lawyer is reported to have made the same point forty-nine times in one address. If you were so persistent in presenting Jesus you would oftener get a verdict and win a heart for him. If a physician had but one remedy which he always used, people might hesitate to employ him, his resources are so limited, but if that remedy always cured he would be just the one they want. If he proposed a new remedy they would refuse it. They want the old that always cures.

A part of the great science of preaching is to adapt the subject to the hearer. "Christ and him crucified" is always adapted. And, while lectures on preaching are abundant, and chairs in Homiletics and Divinity are heavily endowed to tell the preacher what to say, the pew is making its appeal to the pulpit in its own behalf and saying,

"Tell me the story simply
With earnest tones and grave.
Remember, I'm the sinner
That Jesus came to save.

"Tell me the story always
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me."

Pliny, the historian, suffered a great bereavement and wrote to Seneca, the philosopher, asking for some higher comfort than was usually granted by the gods. Seneca could do nothing. Had he written to St. Paul, who was co-temporary, he would have given him comfort the gods of Rome had never known. He would have told him of Jesus, who is "the resurrection and the life." And then it says,

"Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear."

And that is what I fear now. It is a universal folly, a universal sin. *You* are in the very act of doing it *now*. This world is not worth what you are giving for it. You are paying too much for the empty shadows of gain and pleasure and sinful gratification, when you sacrifice your soul, your heaven, your Saviour. I would be a true friend to you, and would comfort you in your trouble, and warn you in folly and danger, and intercept your downward course, by coming to you in the fatal moment and telling you

"Of Jesus and his love."

If you listen the charm and spell of this world will be broken. And the pulpit answers back the pew and thanks it for its appeal, and says,

"I love to tell the story,
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.

"I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest."

And these are the ones that do hunger. "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." "It does not take an eloquent tongue to give a pleasant sound to good news."

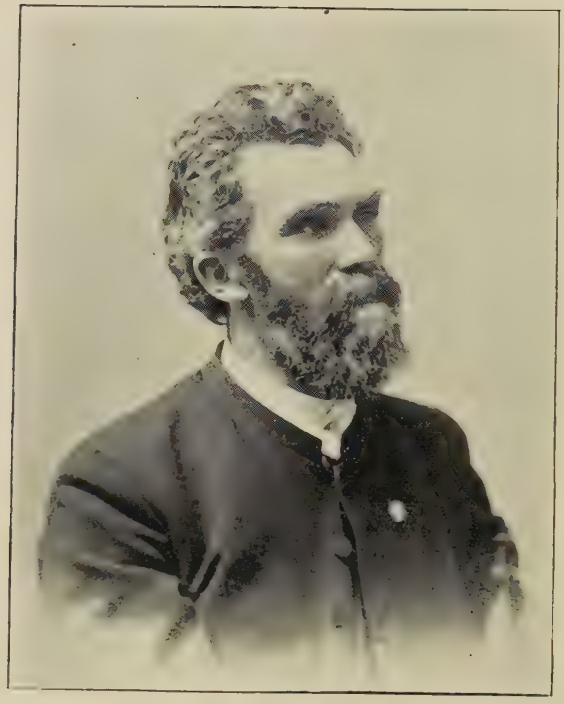
And the world never needed this gospel and this preaching more than it does to-day. The world is not dying for "higher criticism," or lower criticism, or lateral criticism, but it is dying for the gospel of Christ. "Never ought the cry 'Repent' ring out more clearly and with greater authority than now. Never ought the appeal 'believe,' be uttered more entreatingly than now. Never ought the assurance of immediate pardon be given with greater confidence, never ought we to look for the witness of the Spirit and better understand and better preach the sanctification and holiness of believers than now." Let the pulpit be voluntarily ignorant of other themes. Let there be nailed like the theses of Martin Luther to every church door, and let there be emblazoned over every pulpit the words, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." There is for us all that an Infinite God, a Divine Saviour and an all-purifying sanctifier can do, and it is all included in "Jesus Christ and him crucified." In heaven they have but one theme, but one immortal song, which they sing forever and never tire. It is, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his blood."

And now,

"Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross.
Let every Christian come and sing
'Round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand
Proclaim the triumph of the Lamb
On the cross."

And, believe it, my brother, the time will surely come when you will want to hear only of Christ, and, no matter how greatly you have admired his life, it will be his *death* you most think of. Of all that you have ever had in this world, or hoped for, there will be nothing left you but heaven, and prayer, and Jesus. Like the helpless king you will say: "From the ends of the earth will I cry unto thee when my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

"*That Rock is Christ.*"



WILLIAM C. CLEMO.

PAUL'S DEFINITION OF FAITH.

BY REV. WILLIAM C. CLEMO,

Pastor of the First M. E. Church, Ishpeming.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—Heb. 11:1.

Christianity is responsible for many wonderful sayings. Its votaries speak of being "sorrowful," yet always rejoicing; "poor," even to utter destitution, yet enriching others; having nothing, literally nothing, yet possessing all things; of being weak, utterly helpless, yet endowed with more than finite strength. They even hint that the weakness is, in some way, the source or condition of wonderful strength. They talk of "rejoicing in tribulation," not in spite of it, but because of it. Paradoxes? Yes, but here in our text is a bolder paradox yet. Here we speak of the thing we call faith, which men of the world have regarded the most imaginary, the most chimerical of all entities, the revealings of which have been called delusions, and the results of which have been styled fanaticism; we speak, I say, of faith as the solid rock on which to build eternal hopes, and the key that unlocks the hiding place of knowledge. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Our theme is then,

"PAUL'S DEFINITION OF FAITH."

It is not a double definition, but two phases of one

definition. Not the substance of things hoped for equals faith, and the evidence of things unseen equals faith; but: The evidence of the unseen which is also the basis of hope, equals faith. Let us consider these two phases of this definition, inverting the order of the text.

1. Faith the Evidence of the Unseen. It is just here we encounter difficulty, just at this point we find men stumbling. "I do not know about the unseen," say they, "and as to depending on faith to prove its existence, that is too intangible for me." Yet, it is only with reference to things spiritual that men talk so. In matters temporal we hold ourselves, and hold each other, responsible for a very vivid recognition of the unseen. For example: The red man of the forest sees the print of a foot in the sod: looking closely he makes out a man's track. Then he notices another. He observes further that the tracks are not parallel. He says, "Ugh! White man. Injun's foot goes straight." He sees more tracks, many more, observes equal length of step, the measured tread of the trained foot. Then he sees horse tracks, carefully observing how many. Then he puts up a signal for his tribe, whose scout he is, that an army of white men has passed that way with so many mounted officers, and all observed particulars. No. He never saw them, does not know when they passed, but by indubitable signs he knows they were there and have gone. That is the evidence of the unseen, the clear seeing of the invisible. *That is Faith.*

You all know the story of the Arab and the camel. He was sure the camel was astray by its meandering path; that it was lame by the slighter depression made by one foot; that it had lost a tooth by the mark of its wanting where a tuft of grass was bitten; that it was

laden with honey on one side and grain on the other, by seeing the bees and birds gathering what was spilled. So when he met another Arab, walking hurriedly and looking everywhere, he knew he must be the owner of the stray camel; yet he never saw the camel and never saw the owner till now. That is clear vision of the unseen. *That is Faith.*

It is so in science. Even in mathematics is it so. Take the "binomial formula." I suppose no one living ever multiplied a binomial to the seventh power; yet, observing the law of its formation, he uses the seventh or seventeenth of any other power he desires with equal confidence because he has faith in the persistence of mathematical law. That is an unwavering trust.

What is the meaning of this word "evidence?" In common parlance it is often confounded with "testimony"; yet no two words in our language differ much more widely in meaning. We may get a fair idea of its sense from its cognate adjective "evident." Evident means clear, obvious, unquestionably true. Evidence means just what the word it is used to translate meant, viz.: "A certain persuasion," "an irresistible conviction." It is seeing out, or seeing through.

Here is a man about to be tried by a jury of his peers, for a crime of which he is accused. They never saw the culprit till now, never saw his victim, nor the place where the foul deed was done. The tears of his aged mother sitting by him added to his own subdued look, excite their sympathy. They would like to find him "Not guilty." They hear the testimony pro and con. Direct statement is confirmed by concurrent circumstance; subterfuges are exposed, until it becomes evident that he cannot be other than guilty. That evidence, that "irresistible conclusion," that "certain persuasion" which we, when conjointly expressed, call a

verdict, the apostle says is faith. Suppose, now, we apply this method in investigating the great verities of our holy religion, then shall we find that Christian faith is not a chimerical fantasy, but the legitimate outcome of the keenest logic.

The truth and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures are in question. You and I are the jury before whom the case is to be tried. Honest jurors reach their verdict not from choice, but from necessity. The true verdict is unavoidable and irresistible. What testimony have we on which to base our verdict? There are several distinct and independent lines of testimony bearing upon and converging to this point, "The Scriptures came not by the will of man, but holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Let us glance, briefly, at some of them.

1. The high tone of thought originating in an age when men's ideas were exceeding low. How can we account for it? Who can imagine the bright, flashing, sparkling light of the Decalogue being evolved out of Egyptian darkness! The idea of holiness, unsullied and infinite, whence did it arise? The meditative Hindu, the philosophic Greek, the progressive Roman, all alike, failed to think out any thought akin to it. It is as far above Egyptian thought of the age of Rameses the Great, or any other age prior to the burning bush, as the east is from the west. Whence, then, cometh the doctrine of holiness? Greece saith it is not in me. Rome saith it is not in me. All the record of human thought, except this one Book, is utterly destitute of any knowledge on this subject. They have not even heard thereof with their ears. Whence, then, cometh the notion of holiness? God, ah, there is the secret, God knoweth. By examining the literature of the past it is readily seen that, whatever great thought has been

evolved out of the human mind, has developed out of hazy indistinctness; requiring ages to clarify into transparency. This, however, flashes forth like the rainbow, bright and perfect in Moses as in John sixteen centuries later; always the same because it is divine.

2. Substantial agreement among various writers so dissimilar in time, place and environment. This is unique as it is wonderful. Take any writer of to-day and compare with any other writer on the same theme of a century ago; or even a tenth of a century ago and see how they differ. Here men differing most widely in every conceivable way, the king upon his throne, the peasant in his hovel, the priest before the altar, the prisoner in his cell, the rich, the poor, the learned and unlearned; all write on a theme the most exalted and the most abstruse that the mind of man can grasp, living many centuries apart, and never a single clash of thought or contradiction of statement. Unity of authorship, only, can explain unity of plan and harmony in execution.

3. Agreement of Biblical records with monumental records of other ancient prophets. Space forbids even naming of instances. They reach into thousands upon thousands, growing more numerous daily, without break or disparity. How shall the fact be accounted for?

4. The Scriptures are in accord with discoveries of science subsequent to their writing. Read Genesis I in the light of modern geology. Sir William Dawson says they substantially agree. Read Gen. X. in the light of the most recent utterances of the science of ethnology. Sir H. Rawlinson, prince of ethnologists, says Moses is right. Read Job 38-40 and see how the great discoveries of this nineteenth century were foreshadowed. Isaiah spoke of "the sphere of the earth"

more than two thousand years before Copernicus was born.

5. After all the deductions are made that can be made we still have prophecy. Read Isaiah and Ezekiel and then read the history of Tyre. "Tyre shall be like the top of a rock;" and it is bare like the top of a rock. Read how and for what purpose Alexander made it so centuries after Ezekiel was dead. Compare Isaiah 53 with the record of the crucifixion of Jesus. Never mind about the Deutero-Isaiah. It is no easier to write of events four centuries before they happen than seven. Read a hundred other instances equally clear and conclusive. When all the facts are gathered, all the data collated, when all the testimony is weighed, the conclusion is irresistible, the verdict unavoidable. "The Scriptures came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the *Holy Ghost.*" That irresistible conclusion, that evidence of things unseen is faith.

So then, faith is not a visionary, indefinable illusion, it is not a blind acceptance of a formulated creed; it is an irresistible persuasion, an unavoidable conviction, a clearing away of the mists of doubt and uncertainty, and opening to view vistas of the invisible filled with the effulgent brightness of divine assurance.

Suppose, again, we are questioned as to the faith that is in us, concerning the divine nature of Jesus of Nazareth, what testimony have we? He was always desirous of being tried by the test of fact. "I have greater witness," says he, "than that of John; the works that I do they bear witness." "Go and show the things that ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed" is his triumphant challenge. In the last analysis, testimony is a

plain, unvarnished statement of fact. What are the facts?

Thirteen men step into a boat and launch out upon a lake. One of them seems very weary and lies down to sleep. While he sleeps a storm arises; but he sleeps amid the storm. The men managing the boat are no novices, they are fishers and accustomed to that lake and its storms. This, though, is more than a match for their skill. They mount into the heavens, they go down into the depths and are at their wit's end. There is real distress in that cry: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" With calm, dignified mien he rises, looks out upon the raging tempest, and says: "Peace, be still." "The wind and waves obey his will." There is calm. Ever since that hour a wondering world has echoed the surprised exclamation of his disciples: "What manner of *man* is this!"

He comes another day to a little inland village, is met by some friends, very dear friends they are. They are weeping. Loving them intensely, he weeps with them, saying, "where have ye laid him?" They take up the mournful march to the tomb, weeping as they go, he weeping too, in a grief apparently as helpless as theirs. But listen! Those strange thunder tones: "Lazarus, come forth!" What does it mean? Is it frenzy begotten of grief? No, there is a look of quiet expectancy in his eye. Those tones have pierced the rocky chambers of the dead, that putrid tissue has resumed its normal condition of vitality, those nerves again quiver with vivifying energy, the blood is already coursing through artery and vein, and, "he that was dead comes forth." That was the voice of a God. Since then, standing with breaking hearts at the open grave, men have heard the echo of that life-giving word, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and have been thrilled

with the assurance of hope. The narrator continues with scene upon scene, instance after instance, scores of them, equally marvelous, startling his contemporaries into saying: "We never saw it on this fashion." No end is there to the marvels of his wonder working till on Calvary he "dies like a God," and then at the tomb of Joseph, most wonderful of all, he is "declared to be the son of God with power in that he raised him from the dead."

Take the facts. They are indubitable. The witnesses are unimpeachable. Concurrent and subsequent events wonderfully corroborate their statements. On the facts we rest the case without argument. Because we cannot otherwise account for him we are driven to the verdict of the beloved disciple: "The word was God,—and the word was made flesh and dwelt among us." That verdict, conclusive, irresistible, is faith.

Do you desire still clearer evidence, more absolute certainty of our Lord's divinity? Let me call your attention to an episode in your own experience. You remember when you first felt the bruising of the chain that held you in thraldom to sin; when the agony of divine condemnation weighed down with crushing heaviness upon your conscience, when from out the troubled waters of that tempest of divine wrath you cried, "All thy billows and thy waves have gone over me." "Oh! the wormwood and the gall!" Oh! the unutterable anguish of that hour which wrung from you the despairing cry: "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" Then, you remember in the midst of that darkness there appeared a dawning and as it brightened the center of its brightness was "One like unto the Son of Man." His face was wet with tears of compassion and the sweat of Gethsemane. You remember with what tenderness he spoke, as holding

forth hands nail-pierced and dripping with the blood of the atonement, he said to your breaking heart this gracious word: "Thy sins be forgiven thee." What transformation! Anguish gave place to rapture. You went forth singing:

"My God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear."

Now, what but a divine Christ could have done that? What was the storm of Gallilee's sea compared to the tempest in your soul? What was the cleansing of a leper of old, to purifying a soul polluted with sin? What was the raising of Lazarus compared with raising a soul, dead in trespasses and sins to a life of righteousness? Ah, in the presence of such Almighty, soul-renewing power we fall down with Thomas and adore, crying: "My Lord and my God." That conviction, firm as truth, immovable as the Rock of Ages, is faith.

II. Let us now consider, briefly, the other side of this definition, viz.: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for." What is the meaning of the word "substance?" Words change in their meaning. Three centuries ago the word "let" meant to hinder, as "I will work, and who shall let it?" Now it means permit. The word "prevent" meant to go before, as "I prevented the dawning of the morning." This word "substance," whatever it may signify to people now,—solidity, body, essential quality, durability,—or what not, it meant no such thing to our translators. It comes of two Latin words which, taken together, mean "under-structure." This, too, is the exact meaning of the word it is used to translate in our text. We have the same word in our English dictionaries, transliterated from the Greek—hypostasis, literally "standing

under." "Evidence" is a forensic term; "substance" is an architectural term. "Substance" means underbuilding, not foundation. The foundation of both faith and hope is fact observed or revealed. Faith built on nothing is credulity, and hope built on such faith, is desire run wild.

Hope is an inherent attribute of man. "Springs eternal in the human breast." One great expectancy pervades the thought of the race, that of immortality. It is the same great thought in all, notwithstanding the form of the conception varies as much as modes of expressing it. The Greeks expressed their sublimest thoughts in art. Did they not express this so? Phidias made three statues of Minerva, one of soft wood, another of bronze and the other of ivory and gold. They represented, it is said, three stages in human life; childhood, by the impressible wood; fixed manhood by bronze; the ivory and gold, what? Old age? Do the symbols of beauty and indistructibility represent old age with its feebleness and decrepitude? Oh no, Phidias caught the hope of perennial beauty in a future of glorified humanity. The hope is real, though it may be dimly conceived, and, perhaps, tentatively expressed.

But we have a more sure word of prophecy. Faith, built upon the solid rock of fact, observed fact, revealed fact, conscious fact, the masonry being laid with the cement of keenest logic, standing on the solid masonry of the indubitable verities of our holy religion, the evidence of the unseen, we may with unwavering confidence build a tower of unfaltering hope. Here are the mighty granites for the structure, prepared to our hand. Let us build, brethren. Take as your cornerstone this blessed word of the Master: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Then lay along there this: "I will raise him up at the last day." Then lay on

those: "In my Father's house are many mansions,—I go to prepare a place for you,—I will come again and receive you unto myself," and, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am," etc. Then upon those: "Where I am there shall also my servant be." Pile them up there, brethren: "This corruptible shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality." "O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?" "Shall change our vile bodies that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." "Now ready to be offered, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me." "Light afflictions, but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "So shall we ever be with the Lord." You know the rest, brethren, lay them all up there. What a mighty tower! Now finish it with the "overcometh" of the Apocalypse: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree which is in the midst of the paradise of God." "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, he shall be clothed in white raiment." "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." For a capital put on this all-inclusive word: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

Here is a tower that accomplishes what Babel failed to do; it reaches beyond the floods of suffering and sorrow and sin, "entering into that within the veil." Ossa on Pelion cannot reach within telescopic range of the summit of this tower. This, of a truth, scales the mount of God, and reaches the Olympus of the Most High. The pennant floating from its summit is: "For-

ever with the Lord" and our exultant souls exclaim: "Amen, so let it be."

Let us mount to its top. Is it firm, did you ask? Why, bless you, there is nothing in all the universe of God so firm as this. The mountains shall melt away before the everlasting beating of the elements. The earth itself shall perish. The stars of heaven shall tremble in their spheres, and, in their disordered flight, shall meet with a crash that shall crumble all material things to nothingness; but this "shall stand unmoved amidst them all;" "For the word of our God shall stand forever." Let us go up. How the horizon widens as we ascend! Standing on this eminence of hope, holding aloft the lamp of truth, even the dark valley itself is dark no more. Its beams illumine the great "to come" with a glory that is divine. From the height of this Beulah land "we look away across the sea" and can discern the hills of paradise dotted over with the "many mansions," radiant with the brightness emanating from the face of the glorified Christ. We catch glimpses of the innumerable company of the bloodwashed, and hear the echoes of the new, new song. There amid those splendors are "those we loved and lost awhile." Those eyes that looked into yours with such intensity of love until they faded into expressionless fixity, are now radiant with a lustre "almost divine." That hand that held yours until it relaxed in lifelessness, now waves the palm of victory and strikes the harp of exultant joy.

But from the height of this tower of hope we discover in the distance an undefined vision of glory. What is it? Is there still greater glory awaiting the redeemed? Ah, there is John. He is looking this way while he points to the incomprehensible brightness. He wants to tell us about it. His face is all aglow as he points

with the other hand to him who sitteth in the midst of the throne, and in tones of thunder he speaks across the chasm: "We shall be like him!" Hear it roll and echo and reverberate among the hills about Mount Zion; every hilltop and every turret takes up the strain and echoes forth and back again: "Like him!" "Like him!" "Like him."

Faith is the substance of things hoped for.

PAUL'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

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"But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles, and Kings, and the children of Israel."—Acts 9:15.

It will be our endeavor to view the great apostle Paul not as he appears in the familiar setting of the Scriptures, of theology, or of the history of the church, but in the perspective of the entire life of the race. It is only in our own day that such a point of view has become possible. The first and best result to the present of the intense and long continued critical study, directed upon the Biblical domain, is that which makes the men of the Bible members of our common humanity, standing side by side with the other characters of history. What an almost immeasurable distance from the Samuel, the Isaiah, the Paul of our apprehension a generation ago and the same characters as apprehended to-day. With perhaps no loss of a true divine inspiration, what a gain has come to these and other Bible characters in our new sense of their reality, their humanness, their place in the nexus of events, and so of their nearness to us.

But the actuality of a life in the remote past or the present does not necessarily give that life any large or vital place in history. Whether we regard the essential

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principle of history, with Augustine, as the city or kingdom of God, with Bossuet as Divine Providence, with Hegel as liberty, or with Fergot as the elevation of man's nature as a whole there is no history where there is no movement or progress.

The limits of our discourse do not permit an attempt to explain the factors of this movement or progress, except to point out that personality holds a central place. Whatever be the other causes, such as the conditions of nature, the growth and migrations of peoples, the diversity and clash of interests, the trend of ideas and institutions, and even the purpose and working of God, they all seem to gather, especially in the great crisis of the historic movement, into some more or less representative personality, who again sends them onward modified by his own spirit and life. It would be interesting to ask how it comes that these actors appear on the world-stage at the right moment. Are they raised up immediately of God? Are they created or called out by the urgency of the events? Or do they largely shape and lead events up to the climax in which they appear? Who has ever answered or can answer these questions conclusively?

It will now be seen what is meant by, "Place in History." Only those who supply a true and living force to the historic movement can be said, in the full sense, to have such a place. If they bring to the progress of mankind in one or more spheres, great and enduring forces, they are entitled to a foremost place; if they bring lesser forces, they are entitled to a secondary or minor place. Judged by this standard we may say that Caesar and Napoleon among commanders, Bismarck and Lincoln among statesmen, Plato and Bacon among thinkers, and Moses and Mohammed among religious leaders, may be taken as examples of

those who hold the first place in history. Hannibal, Cromwell and Sherman, Pericles, Cicero, and Gladstone, Aristotle, Galileo and Darwin, Augustine, Loyola and George Fox, may similarly be selected from those who stand in rank next to the first. Of others, such as Wellington and Grant, Queen Elizabeth and Washington, Pope Gregory VII and Wesley, there may ever be difference of opinion as to whether they occupy a place in the first or second rank. In the case of the greatest names in art and literature, such as Michelangelo and Shakespeare, while their genius is of the first order the sphere of their work is less vitally related to the historic movement. They will, therefore, probably be assigned historically to the second rank.

Our proposition now is that Paul, aside from his inspiration and apostolic authority, is worthy, by the qualities of his nature and the reach of his world- influence, to rank with the foremost characters of all history.

First, let us take the measure of Paul's greatness from the domain of the Scriptures. With the Divine Master there is, of course, no comparison, but when we pass in review all the other great Biblical characters, is it not apparent that if any one of them is to be counted worthy of a place among the first world-actors, it is Paul? The only other names which might be suggested would be Abraham and Moses. But of Abraham it may be said that his greatness is potential rather than actual. He stands at the source of the stream. He is the father of the faithful. His is the greatness that belongs to beginnings, rather than the greatness that wrestles with affairs and shapes the course of history in "the fulness of the times." The aspect in which Paul is greater than Moses is his universality. Moses influenced chiefly a single race through a limited period.

Paul will influence many and mighty races through millenniums, till the end of time.

Let us now turn to the Biblical passages which indicate Paul's exalted providential place and mission. When the glorified Christ sent his disciple Ananias to Paul in Damascus, it was with the words, "Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel." Acts 9:15. Paul's own conception of his divine calling and place is given in several of his epistles: Romans 1:4-5, "Jesus Christ our Lord, through whom we received grace and apostleship, unto obedience of faith among all the nations." Ephesians 3:8-9, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this grace given, to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the dispensation of the mystery which from all ages hath been hid in God." Colossians 1:24-25. "Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church; whereof I was made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which was given to me to you-ward, to fulfill the word of God." I Tim. 1:15-16. "Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief; howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy that in me as chief might Jesus Christ show forth all his long suffering, for an example of them which should hereafter believe on him unto eternal life." 2 Tim. 1:8-11. "God, who saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before times eternal, but hath now been manifested by the appearing of our Saviour Christ Jesus, who abolish-

ed death, and brought life and incorruption to light through the gospel, whereunto I was appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher." No one can read these and other passages of like import occurring in the epistles without feeling that the apostle lived under a profound sense that there had been entrusted to him a service on behalf of the race such as belonged to none other among the sons of men.

We may pass, in the second place, to observe how the judgments of men unite with the indications of the Scriptures as to the apostle's exalted rank among leaders of the race.

Says Dr. Philip Schaff: "That the apostle Paul was one of the greatest men, if not the greatest, in the spiritual history of our race is universally admitted. The empires of Alexander and Napoleon have long since crumbled into dust, but St. Paul still remains the great moral teacher of victorious faith, of Christian freedom and progress; and the pulses of his mighty heart are beating with even greater force now than ever before, throughout the civilized world." "Should any one ask me," says Adolphe Monod, "to name the man who of all others has been the greatest benefactor of our race, I should say without hesitation, the apostle Paul. His name is the type of human activity the most endless, and at the same time the most useful that history has cared to preserve." It is needless to multiply such testimonies which might be selected by the score from men of eminence in various departments of study. Dr. John Lord has passed in review perhaps more thoroughly than any one else in recent times all the illustrious names of history, and with his words concerning the apostle we will leave this division of our subject. He says: "Paul is the most prominent figure of all the great men who have adorned or advanced the interest

of the Christian church. Great pulpit orators, renowned theologians, profound philosophers, immortal poets, successful reformers, and enlightened monarchs have never disputed his intellectual ascendency; to all alike he has been a model and a marvel. * * * No more favored mortal is ever likely to appear. Paul will stand out the most illustrious of all Christian teachers."

Thirdly, Paul's claim to the highest place historically is greatly strengthened when we duly consider the three-fold character of his influence, as springing from his *activity*, his *thought* and his *personality*. It is given to very few to be great in all these respects. The only Christian leaders of later times deserving to be compared with the apostle in this triune quality of their powers are Luther and Wesley. These like Paul were both great actors, great thinkers, great men. But when we consider their spheres of action we see that Paul rises superior to each of them. The field of activity for both Wesley and Luther was comparatively limited and homogeneous. Wesley almost wholly failed when he sought to carry his movement into Scotland; and as soon as the Lutheran reformation passed out of Germany it took new directions and required different leadership. But Paul was able to reach alike and effectively the fervid and volatile Galatians, the boastful and self-sufficient Ephesians, the polished and sensual Corinthians, the imperious and aristocratic Romans, and even the brawny and brutal types of men gathered from all peoples and tribes to form the Praetorian Guard. We get some idea of the apostle's marvelous range of action and power of adaptation when we read in the epistle to the Romans, "From Jerusalem and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the gospel of Christ. Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon

another man's foundation, but as it is written, to whom he was not spoken of, they shall see; and they that have not heard shall understand. * * * Whensoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you." Rom. 15:19-21, 24. And again in the first epistle to the Corinthians, "To the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save them." 1 Cor. 9:20-22.

More fully than any other man that has ever lived, Paul was naturally or providentially fitted by birth, lineage, and training for a world-wide work. He combined Semitic fervor, Greek versatility and Roman energy. A Hebrew of the Hebrews of the school of Gamaliel, a native of Tarsus, and thus master of the Greek life and language, and by birth a Roman citizen, he linked together in his own person the three great peoples among whom he was to work out his matchless career. In considering Paul's activity the thought may be in the minds of some that he was lifted out of ordinary human conditions by his apostolic authority and miraculous endowments. While there is a measure of force in this as an explanation of his life-work, it still remains true that the chief factor was his own individuality. "I labored more abundantly than they all," he says with reference to the other apostles, or, if he adds a qualification, "yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It involves an element which every Christian worker may possess in common with himself.

We pass, fourthly, to consider Paul's place in history as determined by his thought or his writings.

Here again, at the outset the point may be raised that Paul's power as a writer is due to his divine inspiration. And, without question, the supernatural in Paul's writings or thought is relatively altogether larger than in his activities. We would not minify in the slightest degree the fact of Paul's immediate divine inspiration, nor would we try to find the line of cleavage between the revealed in his thought and that which is his own. For our present purpose it is sufficient to call attention to that which every student concedes,—that the form, the intellectual web, the atmosphere of these writings is of Paul. Simply judging by the law impressed upon all the Biblical writings, we can say that this Pauline section of the Bible would have been vastly different had it come from any other than him who, under God, was its author. For, on the one hand, it is evident that the great deposit of truth or revelation committed to the apostle receives through the channel of his nature, experience and mission an unusual personal stamp. Only Paul, of all the Biblical writers, uses such an expression as "My gospel." Then, on the other hand, the very form of Paul's writings identifies them most closely with himself. They are wholly epistles or letters. And not only are letters more personal than any other species of Bible literature, but Paul's letters, instead of being catholic or general, like those of Peter, James, John and Jude, are particular and in almost every line alive and aglow with the personal element. His calling and standing as an apostle, his preaching and teaching, his views and rulings upon numerous questions of church life are constantly involved. Casaubon said of Paul that "he alone of writers seems to have written, not with fingers and pen and ink, but with his very heart and vitals, and the very throb of his inmost being." Jerome calls his words

"so many thunders," and Luther compares them to "living creatures with hands and feet." So intense does the personal element become in some of his epistles that those to the Galatians and Corinthians might be called Paul's autobiography, or *apologia pro vita sica*. Therefore, while not in an absolute, yet in a large sense, we feel justified in calling this body of truth Paul's thought.

But when we now turn from the precise relation of this truth to the apostle, to consider its power and influence, we are overwhelmed at the prospect opening before us. Who can adequately portray all that the writings of Paul have accomplished? They have nourished the faith of Christendom for more than eighteen hundred years. They have largely shaped all its creeds and confessions. They have inspired the long line of systems of theology from Origen to Miley. They have fought and conquered the foes and heretics of Christianity upon a thousand battle-fields. They have upbuilt great ecclesiastical structures and then smitten them with ruin when men have perverted them from the simplicity of the gospel. What men they have made! What Titanic minds they have fed! None so great but they have been willing to come to these writings as learners. We see here Augustine and Anselm, Luther and Melanchthon, Calvin and Arminius, Wesley and Toplady, often giant over against giant, but all seeming to find power in the realm of Paul's thought.

We may turn for a few moments to particulars. It would be impossible to measure the historic effects of the great Pauline doctrine of justification by faith. Take, again, the idea "In Christ," as unfolded by Paul, and who can trace its orbit? Follow it only through the first chapter of Ephesians. First, as to the Divine purpose: "An eternal purpose pur-

posed in him." "That we should be holy and without blemish before God in love, we were chosen before the foundation of the world in him." "We have been made a heritage in him." "In the ages to come God is to show the exceeding riches of his grace in kindness toward us in him." Thus past, present and future are united in the Divine purpose. Then, second, as to the actual Divine provision and work. "We have our redemption in him." "God's grace fully bestowed on us in him." "We had before hoped in him." "Once far off made nigh in him." "Once darkness, now light in him." "God forgives us in him." "We are sealed in him." "Created for good works in him." "Raised up and made to sit together in the heavenlies in him." "Blessed with every spiritual blessing in the heavenlies in him." "All things in the heavens and upon the earth to be summed up in him." The whole sweep of the scheme of redemption from eternity past to eternity future is made in these few chapters of a brief epistle, to pour its riches into the conception of what we have in Christ. Who can picture the power of a writer who deals in such thoughts as these?

Take, once more, the idea of liberty. Hegel has made the growth of liberty the key which interprets the whole historic movement from the beginning to the present time. If this be a true conception, what a world-mover is Paul. Never was a document issued that meant more for the universal liberty of man than the epistle to the Galatians. At the great crises of liberty men have turned to this epistle as to their very life. We see further the greatest protagonist of liberty since St. Paul, clasping it to his heart and crying, "The epistle to the Galatians is my epistle, I have betrothed myself to it. It is my wife, my Catherine von Bora."

Before concluding our estimate of Paul's place in

history as determined by his writings, it is proper to recall that his letters, not including Hebrews, occupy more pages than the first three gospels, that they were among the very earliest books of the New Testament, and were known to Christians before the gospels, and that the four greater epistles of Paul stand to-day as the impregnable rock of the New Testament Scriptures against the assaults of modern rationalistic criticism. Says Dean Howson, "In the wide waste of waters which modern criticism believes itself to have spread over the firm and fruitful ground of divine revelation there stands an island, the solid foundation and clear surface of which are not questioned. This is the portion of the New Testament which consists of the epistles written to *the Corinthians*, *the Galatians* and *the Romans*. These documents are viewed by the most advanced of the critics as authentic, and as having been really written by St. Paul in the course of his third missionary journey." His writings, therefore, have great evidential value, and may be said to form the citadel of the whole body of revelation in the wide-rolling battle with radical criticism which is still going on. From their early origin they have come down to the present. They were never in more fresh and living touch with the world than to-day. Says Boyd, "How every word Paul wrote has been scanned and sifted, as if men were sure it must contain something that would repay the toil! Show us the philosopher whose words of wisdom have sunk so deep, and have been remembered so well. Show us one man who can say he is seeking to practice in his daily life the precepts and advices of Plato, for every thousand that are praying to live mindful of the words of Paul. Show us the beloved friend whose letters have been read and re-read by those dearest to him half so often and half so earnestly as St. Paul's

have been by multitudes beyond number. From his tent-maker's shed, from his Roman prison, from his unknown grave he exercises a sway over the minds of men, the best minds of the race, to which the empire of Alexander was narrow indeed. Not a day shines on the world but his name is in the thoughts and his words on the lips of millions."

But the greatest triumphs of Paul's thought are probably yet to come. There are signs that the perversions of Calvinism will yet yield, and even the Roman pageant of Peter at last pass by and leave the field to the great free spirituality of Paul. Prof. Swing has pointed out how the early tendency of the church toward temporal power drew away the minds of men from the simplicity of Christ and Paul. The fact that Peter was represented as having the keys and being the rock on which the church was founded, attracted the attention of the early, half-barbarous peoples toward that one apostle, and for fifteen hundred years Peter was the ideal genius of Christendom. The prevalence of despotism and monarchy everywhere in government added to this tendency; so that in the Christian world Moses, David and Peter were the favorites, and Paul was left in shadow. He was so independent of forms, so instinct with the spirit of human equality and liberty that he must wait till an era should arrive in harmony with these ideas. But when at last it seemed to be at hand and Luther again unveiled the image of Paul, it was soon seen that Calvinism, seizing upon and distorting a minor part of his teaching and missing his larger meaning, had only taken the absolute and despotic power which had belonged to pope and priest and projected it into the heavens. Other centuries have gone by, and now that the continuous growth of liberty seems to be moving even the Calvinistic churches to bury the

body of a system from which the soul has some time ago departed, we may feel sure that Paul's thought is but just entering upon its golden age. Henceforward, not the ninth of Romans but the thirteenth of First Corinthians will everywhere be recognized to be the heart of Paul's teaching.

We come, fifthly and finally, to note Paul's place in history as determined by his personality. But few words are required. Not only the religious world, but other circles of life have at length fully awakened to the fact that no merely human personality and character in all history rises superior to Paul. In breadth and nobility of nature, in strength, flexibility and force of intellect, in largeness of heart, in generosity, sympathy and devotion, in courage, endurance and hopefulness, in originality and freshness, in delicacy and courtesy, in the reach of his plans and the tenacity of his purpose Paul stands forth before the world a resplendent personality. Nothing more is required than the impress now being made by Paul's life and character upon the race to disprove the amazing claim of Henry Thomas Buckle in his History of Civilization that moral forces are doomed to failure as compared with intellectual; because, while the latter are gathered up and preserved in books, the former are dependent upon fleeting individual lives for a merely transient embodiment. How shallow and baseless appears such reasoning when we remember that the moral excellence of personality is preserved in biography, and may reach through and affect continuously all the generations of mankind; and that unlike the larger part of all scientific formulas it is not invalidated by later discoveries. The moral and spiritual character of Paul never affected so vast a multitude so vitally as it does at this hour, and

its influence will sweep out in ever-widening circles till the end of time.

An idea of Godet, the great Swiss exegete and theologian, may well crown our long study. At the close of the sketch of Paul's life, prefaced to his Commentary on Romans, he says, "How are we to account for the institution of this extraordinary apostleship side by side with the regular apostleship of the twelve? The time had come in the progress of the kingdom of God, when the particularistic work founded in Abraham was at length to pass into the great current of humanity from which it had been kept apart. Now the normal mode of this unparalleled revolution would have been this: Israel itself, with the work of the Messiah before it, really and joyfully proclaiming throughout the whole world the completion of salvation, and the end of the theocratic economy. It was to prepare Israel for this task, the glorious crown of its history, that Jesus had especially chosen the twelve. Apostles to the elect nation, they were to make it the apostle to the world. But man seldom answers completely to the task which God has destined for him. Instead of accepting this part, the part of love, in the humility of which it would have found its real greatness, Israel strove to maintain its theocratic prerogative. It rejected the Redeemer of the world rather than abandon its privileged position. It wished to save its life, and it lost it. In order to replace it, God was required to call an exceptional instrument and found a special apostleship. Paul was neither the substitute of Judas, whom the twelve had prematurely replaced, (Acts 2) as has been thought, nor of James the son of Zebedee, whose martyrdom is related Acts 12. He is the substitute for a converted Israel, the man who had, single-handed, to execute the task which fell to his whole nation. And so the hour of

his call was precisely that when the blood of the two martyrs, Stephen and James, sealed the hardening of Israel and decided its rejection. The calling of Paul is nothing less than the counterpart of Abraham's, and his life is summed up in a word, "a unique man for a unique task."

This view though marvelous and even audacious in its suggestiveness is very different from that of Pfleiderer and others who would make Paul the real founder of Christianity. However great the apostle and however wide-reaching his work, he is still the servant of Jesus Christ. The greater Paul becomes in our true thought by a study of his real historic place, the greater glory he brings to his and our adorable Master. For it is manifest that only the atoning, risen and reigning Christ made Paul the apostle, the writer, the man, a possibility. Standing upon the summit of his splendid manhood, declaring with all the fiery vehemence of his kingly soul his direct apostolic commission and prerogatives, as he writes to the Galatians, he at the same time avers that which is the humble yet joyful and unwavering testimony of his whole renewed life, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

EDWARD B. BANCROFT.

COMPLETENESS IN CHRIST.

BY REV. EDWARD B. BANCROFT, D. D.,

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"What lack I yet."—Matt. 19:20.

These are the words of the notorious rich young man who came to Jesus, asking, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" I think this man was sincere. Mark says he came "*running* and *kneeled*," which shows a spirit of earnestness and reverence. He had also an apparent willingness to be taught and a desire to do. This is implied in the question, "What shall I do?" He was evidently a respectable and lovable person. "Jesus, beholding him, loved him." He was pious and devoted to his religion. He had formally kept all the commandments. We believe that in all sincerity he asked the question, "What lack I yet?" The trouble was that he did not understand his own heart. He did not realize that there might be pride arising from even a devotedly religious life, especially if the religion contained much of ceremony.

There was doubtless not only a feeling of his own merit, but also an idea that by some extra good deed he might obtain especial favors in the life beyond. The Saviour put to him one supreme test as to his real preparation for eternity. It was simply the matter of his entire surrender to God. Would he give up all at

the plain command of the Saviour and thus show submission and allegiance? Jesus said unto him, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow me." The test was substantially this: "Do you think more of *earthly* than you do of *heavenly* treasures?" The real condition of his heart was thus made manifest. What a terrible picture. "But when the young man heard that saying he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." There was something which he lacked. When that lack was shown he did not make himself, as he might have done, equal to the demand, and of course perished unless he afterwards repented.

Now, while there are a great many lessons that might be derived from a study of this story, I desire to use merely this one question, "What lack I yet?" for the purpose of a sincere, earnest heart examination.

Two principles should guide us. We should ask the Holy Spirit to send his light into our hearts and show them to us. There may be a great deal of wrong of which we are not conscious. He will reveal our condition to us if we really ask him to do so. He may not, and probably will not, unless we seek it. Let us each now implore him to show us ourselves as we actually are in his sight. Again, there must be with us a *willingness* to improve upon the revelations that he makes to our minds and hearts. We must be ready to give up any wrong, though it be the dearest idol. We must agree to be led along the line of any duty that comes to us. Refusal is rebellion which means a just forfeiture of all claims for divine blessing.

Let us proceed by stages as we ask the question, "What lack I yet?"

The first condition of grace into which one comes is

that of *conviction for sin*. The Holy Spirit moves upon the heart, making it feel its sinful condition, its need of a Saviour. The ways in which the Spirit operates are as varied as are human souls. To one he speaks at the evening hour of quiet meditation with a voice sweet and wooing, saying "Come unto me and I will show you rest and peace and satisfaction." To another at his work, or upon the street, while perhaps indulging sinful thoughts, on the verge of some dishonest, disgraceful act, the Holy Spirit comes with lightning flash and trumpet tones, crying, "Prepare to meet thy God." While listening to the word of truth, or busy with temporal cares, or rollicking in worldly pleasures, or absorbed in dissipations—in youth, middle age and old age the spirit approaches and pleads, "Son, daughter, give me thy heart." The conviction may not produce much or any emotion, but no one passes the first day of responsibility without the spirit operating in some way upon the heart. From that moment one is responsible before God for salvation. The resisting of that conviction is a rejection of eternal life, and brings a constant state of condemnation. Lacks any reader this spirit of conviction? Probably not one. Each has felt his sinfulness and need of a Saviour.

The next condition in grace is when one yields to the promptings of this spirit of conviction and turns to God. It is *repentance*, sorrow for sin, and complete forsaking of wrong. We call it *godly* sorrow, because it is not simply a regret that one must suffer consequences of wrong doing, nor a sorrow that comes merely from the thought that one has injured his fellow man, but because there is a deep conviction that the soul has sinned against God. In true repentance there is the feeling of the Psalmist as he exclaims, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned." *God has been wronged;* his

kind commandments broken; his holy name dishonored; his righteous authority most grievously outraged. With such a sense of one's wretched condition he turns away from sin and in his sorrow turns to God, and pleads for mercy at any cost. He takes Christ as Supreme Lord of his life, for no soul ever entered into the Christian way unless such was his heart feeling. Do you yet lack this Christian grace of repentance? Every true Christian must say *no*. He has passed through this door.

The next step in the process of salvation is that of *acceptance* of Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour. One realizes that he alone is able to save. By an act of faith he is received. By true repentance and a willingness to surrender one has placed himself upon such ground that he can exercise the power of his faith. This act of faith is the exercise of a free human will, simply taking Christ at his word. This is the connecting link between the creature and his salvation. God has made provision for the redemption of every lost soul. The question as to whether one will exercise faith is the one that determines destiny. "He that believeth shall be saved, he that disbelieveth shall be condemned." The responsibility of our salvation is left with us right here at the point of our faith. We have sufficient evidence. Shall we exercise faith and receive the blessing? I believe many have stumbled at this point, waiting for God to give them faith to be saved. This is man's part. You believe and you shall be saved. By believing one enters into the experience of a Christian. He is forgiven, pardoned. The divine life has entered. He is regenerated, born again, born from above. He is *justified*, that is, in virtue of the atoning power of Christ, he is treated as though he were just, as though he had not sinned, his sins are blotted out of the book of re-

membrance. He is *adopted* into the family of God and is now one of God's children by the redemption purchased through Christ his Son. He has a realizing sense of the Scripture which says, "The spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God."

No two brought into this condition in the same way, there is yet the same spirit bearing testimony to the same glorious fact that we are "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away." Does your memory go back to this experience with yourself? What sacred associations, what hallowed recollections, what blessed inspiration gather around the moment when you first knew you were a child of God. Some cannot tell the exact time of their conversion. The fact is of course much more important than the time. What lack you yet? Do you lack the experience of regeneration, the new birth, that marvel of Nicodemus? No, this mystery of grace has become to you a blessed fact, you have entered upon a truly Christian life. Your ideas of things have changed. Your affections are differently enlisted. Hated things are now loved. Your will is exerted in the performance of higher, nobler deeds.

Now you will agree with me that the main feature of this new birth is the divine nature which is imparted. This life which is bestowed is represented in the word of God as a seed. St. John says, "The seed of God remaineth in him." With this divine germ in the soul we would all say *there certainly ought to be a constant steady growth.* Vegetable life shows such growth. The human body develops until it is full grown. The mind expands to its zenith of power. In all these realms, however, there are certain conditions to be met. The vegetable must have light, heat, moisture; the body

food aud exercise; the mind truth and discipline. Without these life in these varied forms would be retarded or become extinct. What are the conditions for the development of the divine life? It must have food. The Word of God supplies this requisite. The atmosphere must be that of prayer and communion. There must be exercise, activity. Do you see a Christian progressing rapidly? The explanation is easy. He is meeting the conditions, appropriating grace. Likewise the reason is clear in regard to retarded life. The necessary conditions for growth are not met. The more nearly they are reached the stronger and better the spiritual life. Some do not seem to make very much progress in Christian experience. Have you not seen those at the end of twenty, thirty, or fifty years who are not much more advanced than at the beginning? What lack you yet, my Christian friend? An experience of constant steady growth?

But let us follow the lives of even the better growing Christians and see if there is anything yet that they lack? I will try to describe the average Christian. His life is one of severe, frequent temptation. As one listens to the testimonies of the prayer meetings how they seem burdened with trials and troubles. There are some victories related, but is not the general sound of the camp too often one of defeat? Some make more of a success in their warfare with Satan. Their outward life is especially worthy. They are admired and loved. They delight in being helpful. They do not often give way to anger and say cutting things to others. They do not very frequently allow their pride, or envy, or ambition, or uncharitableness to make broad demonstrations to the general injury of others. But at times their passions do entrap them most woefully and to their sorrow, or if they do succeed in overcoming these pro-

pensities as far as the outward manifestation is concerned they become aware by the influence of the Spirit and by heart examination that they are still in the heart. They exclaim, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It may be that they are also led to see that in some sense (lesser or greater) their Christian life has been or is becoming formal. They do duty because it is duty—a grand principle on which to act. But one asks—ought there not to be a pleasurable, impelling inspiration in doing duty? Ought "duty to seem a load and worship prove a task?" The reading of the Bible may be regularly pursued, a certain number of verses or chapters each day. Much time may be spent in preparing the Sabbath School lesson. But is the word voraciously received and digested? In his law, like the Psalmist, do they meditate day and night? How many Christian people betake themselves to the Word of God as naturally, eagerly, joyfully as to the newspaper or the work of fiction? Is it real manna, food, to their hungry souls? Likewise how is it with reference to the closet of communion? Morning and evening they may attend regularly to the family devotions. But in the midst of business and labor do they instinctively fly to their greatest friend in moments of praise and prayer? Or again is their life one of anxiety and worry? Do temporal or other matters create murmur, discontent, dissatisfaction? Is there unwillingness, if providence seems to appoint, to lead a humble, quiet life, while others rise to opulence, position, power? To sum up the matter, when the Christian sees exactly his condition, does he not find that Paul's description fits him pretty well? "For that which I do I allow not, for what I would that do I not, but what I hate that I do. The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do. I delight in the law of God after-

ward the inward man, but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

The Christian then begins to ask, must this ever be? Is there no rest? In his extremity he exclaims with the apostle, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" Is there no better, higher life? If deeply concerned he goes to the Bible for an answer to his questions, determined to accept the promises in all their fulness. He reads, "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Also, "If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." He reflects thus—the Lord has promised to cleanse as much as to forgive, and on the same terms, in fact in the same passage. The statement is certainly simple and clear. If it means anything it means what it says. He claims the promise because the Master has made it. With or without emotion, he stands by faith on the sure word, he trusts, he enters into a blessed rest of soul, he has a peace of God which passeth understanding. The Comforter abides; obedience is prompt; service is supremely sweet; fellowship with God's children, love for enemies and the lost are greatly enlarged. Taking no anxious thought, duty is performed moment by moment as it falls due; advance is made a step at a time; burdens are cast on the Lord who will sustain. Such a life after all is found to be easiest and simplest. It is the one intended for the Christian. It certainly will honor the Saviour most. One great beauty of it is that it is possible to the humblest.

What lackest thou yet, my Christian friend? Do you lack cleansing and soul rest? If so, let me beseech you in the name of your able and blessed Master, in the interests of your own peace and faith, to renounce every idol, and, letting go your self-will, drop by faith into the arms of Jesus who is "able to save to the uttermost," and come into the consciousness of a sweet, blessed, full salvation that will enable you to sit with Jesus in heavenly places.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF MAN.

BY REV. JOSHUA STANSFIELD,

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"What is man? Thou crownedst him with glory and honor—thou hast put all things under his feet. We see not yet all things put under him—but we see Jesus."—Hebrews 2:6-9.

A fair portion of our text is a quotation from the Psalms, and to the observant mind of the Psalmist God was seen on earth and sky and sea. "How excellent is thy name on all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens." But in view of such majesty and power, what is man that thou art mindful of him? The intent of the question in the Psalmist's mind is two-fold; first, the feebleness and indignity of man, and second man's glory and power. He passes from one conception to the other in the inspiring presence of the Infinite God, for no man can long think unworthily of himself or of others in the Divine presence. This is one of the true glories of Divine Revelation that it discovers to man, not alone his weakness and his sin—other systems of religion may do that—but also, and alone, makes known to him the possibilities of his nature, the grandeur of his destiny. No person shall retain unworthy thoughts of himself or his fellows in the conscious presence of God. Moses, in an hour of meditation may see nature aflame with the glory of God's presence, and stepping aside to know its meaning, though he may hide his face and fear, yet he shall learn the nobility of his ancestry and

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the purpose of God touching himself and his people, and go from God's presence to be a nation's deliverer and a world's law-giver. Isaiah, while in the Temple may rightly get a view of God's majesty—"High and lifted up and his train filled the temple"—and he may also naturally feel his own littleness, nay sinfulness. "Woe is me for I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips," but God will not leave him thus. The Revelation shall continue until in answer to Heaven's inquiry and earth's need he shall cry, "Here am I, send me." Ezekiel, by the lonely banks of the Chebar, may have views of God and life which so emphasize his weakness, as compared with the majesty of God and the forces of life around him, that he falls on his face, but God soon recalls him to a consciousness of his manhood. "Son of Man stand upon thy feet and I will speak unto thee. And the spirit of God entered into me, when he spake unto me, and set me upon my feet." Peter may get a view of Christ's glory on Genneseret which shall so discover to him his sinfulness that he cries, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man," but the revelation is not complete until Christ assures him he shall become a fisher of men. St. John on Patmos, deprived of communion with the church on earth, has a nearness to God and views of heaven which enrich the world for all ages, but such is the majesty of the risen Jesus that when John turns to see the voice which spake to him, "he fell at his feet as one dead," but he must not remain thus; strengthened, raised, commissioned, he gives to the world that remarkable Apocalypse without which Revelation would be incomplete. So here the Psalmist, first sensible of man's littleness and unworthiness, he revolves his problem in the presence of God until, under Divine enlightenment, he sees man "a little lower than the

angels, crowned with glory and honor, all things put in subjection under him,"—the climax of creation, nature's king.

Wherein, then, does the glory and power of man consist? He touches nature and life around him at many points, wherein does he exceed it? Made in the image of God, what is that image? We answer spiritual, for God is a spirit and could only impress the image of himself upon a nature resembling his own. It is this spiritual or moral nature of man which differentiates him from all creation around and beneath him. His capacities speak of high origin and wonderful power. "Thou crownedst him with glory and honor." While many seem most anxious to establish man's relation to that which is beneath him, we prefer to think of him in Biblical terms as one who is "the son of Adam who was the son of God." By paws and claws and teeth and stomach we know man is related to earth, but by the higher powers of his life we know him as above all nature around him. He stands before us, and in our own consciousness—the highest testimony of fact—a being of rich emotional nature and extraordinary powers of love. Think of the love he sustains to his own, say *maternal* affection and care. Motherhood has its price; a price which many refuse to pay; rather than pay it they will incriminate themselves before God and man and thus deepen one of the darkest blots on our American civilization. Motherhood is discounted to-day, and yet when God touched this earth of ours he touched it through motherhood; for he who was never Joseph's son was the son of Mary. Yes, God reached earth through motherhood; and human love—maternal rather—holding to its own not for a year, or two, or ten, or thirty, or fifty, or seventy, but always, aye, and be-

yond time, the tenacity and persistence of such love is a prophecy of immortality.

But again, man not alone loves his own but others. He has only to see or hear of sorrow and suffering, to pity and to help. This surely is born not of earth but of heaven. This is more than nature around him, this is God in him. "Made in the image of God." The love of the philanthropist, the reformer, the missionary has surely a heavenly, rather than an earthly origin, it is from above not beneath.

Further, in man as we now find him, injured and crushed by sin, glory and honor are seen in the wonderful faculties of the soul. Think of them for a moment:

(*a*) *Understanding*, the surveyor of the secrets of nature and grace; understanding, which looks into the heavens above and seeing a small light fixes its vision, and then enlarges it by telescope and lens until the small light becomes 14,000 suns and Hercules is known. Understanding, which looks into the earth beneath and pens the history of ages, and down into the depths of the sea to disclose its secrets and describe and use its life. Understanding, which looks scrutinously into all surrounding life and asks, with specifically human persistence, the *why* of all phenomena. Understanding, which looks into the revealed will of God in the written word and in the "Word made flesh" and learns the mystery of Godliness. Understanding, surely, shows man as crowned with glory and honor and but a little lower than the angels.

(*b*) *Genius*, the power of invention, well called the "Master of the Works." The conqueror of all opposition, the horseman of nature's forces, making the crooked straight and the rough places plain. Surely, "thou hast put all things under his feet;" these powers

and attainments at last indicate that all is to be subject to man.

(*c*) *Memory*, "the master and keeper of the rolls of the soul," a power which robs hurried time of his prey and keeps for man's use the truest part of that which has been.

(*d*) *Will*, perhaps the sublimest power of the soul. Here is the climax of man's power and glory. Man finds himself strangely and grandly environed. By the laws of heredity there is a tremendous pressure at his back, four or perhaps forty generations may weigh upon him; on either side the world and the flesh allure and tempt; before and beneath him are the opposing powers of evil under the generalship of his arch enemy, the devil; above and within him is the gracious influence of omnipotent power and love; yet by the sublime power of the *will* he may say yes or no to each and any of these; he may respond to his complex environment by resistance or aggression. Such is the power of the human will; as Byron says: "Lord of himself that heritage of woe;" well it may be to such as he, but is it not rather a divine heritage for beneficent ends?

(*e*) *Conscience*, the voice of God in the soul always approving the right and condemning the wrong according to one's light and judgment as to what is right and wrong. Conscience is not a standard of right, but rather the power within us which approves the right. Judgment shows what is right, conscience says do it.

(*f*) *Affections*, which are the servants of both judgment and will. Many seem to be instinct in our nature, as pity, mercy, tenderness, love. They are, however, at their best under reason, judgment and will, as self-denial, self-abnegation and true chivalry.

(*g*) *A body*, to carry out, through eyes, and hands, and lips, and feet, life's emotions and purpose.

"God is a Spirit," but must be "manifest in the flesh" to be fully known. It was in the Incarnation that man "beheld the glory as of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth." So also must the intellectual, moral and emotional nature of man be known.

Such then is man. A being of noble birth, divine origin, high powers, immortal destiny. This is man as we get glimpses of him. This is man as God knows him. This is man as he knows himself in his deepest consciousness, notwithstanding all the debris of sin and crime by which he is covered. Man as we now find him has had a tremendous fall, there has been somewhere a terrible catastrophe, but bruised and broken as he is we find him a being of wonderful parts. Man is a wreck rather than a corrupt mass. We hear much of total depravity, thank God we know so little of it. Where is there a case? There would have been but for the intercepting grace of God; but now, find man where you will, you will find him with some good in him, something capable of responding to God and the offers of the gospel. "A measure of God's spirit is given to every man that he may profit withal."

> "Down in the human heart, hid by the tempter
> Feelings lie buried which grace can restore;
> Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
> Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

Total depravity, what is it? Let me borrow an illustration: "This watch is made on a plan, so is my soul. The watch may be out of order, so may my soul. But when I say it is out of order, I do not say that the wheels are useless and cannot be put in order again. They may be of gold or silver and set in jewels. Disarrangedness in the watch implies its arrangeability; disarrangedness in my soul implies its arrangeability.

Total depravity means the moral disarrangedness of man and the evil character of his choices. Man is out of order when he does not keep time to the divine '*Aught*' of God in his soul. It implies man's arrangeability, however, under the Master Workman, Jesus Christ. It does not mean total corruption, that has no arrangeability." So writes Joseph Cook.

I have read of ancient temples crushed and fallen, the beautiful parts covered by debris for centuries, being unearthed and a new structure built out of the wreck; so in salvation Christ is the *foundation*, the *corner stone* and the *builder* of the new life; indeed, whatever figure we use, Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God for the salvation of man. But though the divine purpose, clearly evidenced in man's nature and constitution, is for man's supremacy in all things, "We see not yet all things put under him." We see man's mastery over nature in earth and sky and sea, in animate and inanimate creation. The key that unlocks the secrets of nature is on the girdle of man, and he who has harnessed the lightning, the wind, water and heat; he who has broken the rocks and tapped the secret springs of nature will still make further conquests by the sweat of his brow, i. e., his brain—until all things are subdued by him. But we see not yet all things subdued. He has changed the face of nature oft, made "the desert and the solitary place to blossom as the rose," made servants of all the forces of nature, tamed the lion, the serpent, the bear; the dread germs of disease have been driven before him and the miasma of many a swamp is forgotten in the growth of his cities; but we see not yet all things put under him. Man has subdued more outside him than within him; in his own sad life there is the disease of sin, the miasma of selfishness, the wild beasts of

passion, the untamed serpents of vice. "We see not yet all things brought under him," but "we see Jesus," the ideal, the actual, the perfect man, the measure of the stature of man, the prophecy of man, the example, the elder brother, the second Adam, and as we have borne the image of the earthy we may also bear the image of the heavenly."

No, we see not yet all things under him. Civilization is but the onward and upward march of man, and oh, how much has been brought under him could we but briefly trace the history of our race. The concensus of opinion to-day seems to be that the Saxon will rule the world. Who is he? What is his pedigree and history? Only a few centuries ago and our fathers were naked barbarians. Speaking of missionary work in Fiji the Rev. James Calvert said: "When I arrived at the Fiji group my first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet and heads of eighty victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see the men who had taken part in that inhuman feast gathered about the Lord's table. This is one brief lifetime. Our advance is the work of a few Christian centuries of effort. Oh, the grand results of the lives of Christian philanthropists, reformers, missionaries and teachers in what we call our Christian civilization! We often talk glibly of liberty, fraternity, equality and charity, but they are words which are to be found in the vocabulary of Christian lands only. "But we see not yet all things under him." Slavery has gone—black slavery—but now sociology nauseates us with terrible records of white slavery. Many forms of despotism have disappeared, but we still see social, industrial, national, and international wrongs. We see our own great republic under the painful dominance of a lawless liquor power; we see industrial and commercial tyran-

ny in systems of political economy which glory in the absence and ignoring of *ethical* considerations. We see Romish ignorance, superstition and political intrigue. We see an uneducated South; an injured Indian; a stupendous missionary problem at home and abroad; only one fourth of our race have the gospel, there are yet 1,000 million heathen and Mohammedans; "we see not yet all things brought under him," but "we see Jesus," and he is the pledge and the prophecy of world-wide victory. "We see Jesus," the conqueror of death and hell, and we know that the "kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ." "We see Jesus for," and through "the sufferings of death crowned with glory and honor, in that he tasted death for every man;" and herein we see the divine principle at work which is to win this world for God. We see it at its best; self-sacrifice, self-giving, love and interest in others; this it is in the Christ and the Christian, which shall subdue sin, ennoble life, redeem and sanctify men. (Christ's mediatorial work we do not now consider.) Christ, for such sufferings, is crowned now and will be increasingly; not alone in heaven, where they crown him with many crowns, but also on earth he is crowned as Lord. Victoria, peerless Queen of England and Empress of India; William McKinley, President of the United States; William, Emperor of Germany; Humbolt, King of Italy; the King of Spain; the Czar of all the Russias, and almost every leading modern power crowns Jesus as "Lord of Lords." Not merely the balance, but the bulk of power in modern civilization bows before the imperial Christ. He is also crowned in the hearts of the meek and the pure, and in every charitable and benevolent institution of our times, while the greatest living statesmen of the age, Gladstone and Bismarck, confess him as "God over

all, blessed for evermore." Surely the coronation song ascends from the most advanced of the earth to-day :

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all."

Not yet do we see all things under man, but "we see Jesus," the ideal of manhood, the conqueror of sin, the savior of men, the maker of civilizations, the overcomer of sin, the prophecy and pledge of complete redemption for man. He is the hope, the ideal, the inspiration of our life. "We shall be like him." "We shall be like him." And "every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he is pure." Yes, we see Jesus, our elder brother, our example, our savior; and *under* him, and *by* him, and *through* him we will grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, until we come to the fulness of the measure of the stature of men in Christ. Amen.

MAN'S BASIS OF JUDGMENT, NOT GOD'S BASIS.

BY REV. HENRY E. WOLFE, A. M., S. T. B.,

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"But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first."—Matthew 19:30.

When the poet wrote:—

> "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
> I can tarry, I can tarry but a night,"

—he wrote the truth. For this world is a transitory world, its marching orders are ever "forward, forward." No matter howsoever much we may desire at times to tarry a while by the wayside, it is not allowed us; Time's policeman constantly stands by our side and his command is "move on, move on," and we are compelled to obey whether we would or would not. To-day we have upon our cheeks the bloom of young manhood, of young womanhood, to-morrow upon our heads the gray hair of old age; to-day we are children playing by our home fireside, to-morrow we are in the prime of life, busy with farm and shop and store; to-day we are born, to-morrow we die. All are moving in the same direction, childhood, manhood, old age—all moving from cradle to grave. But that which seems to the natural eye to be the end is not the end. Man is too great to die. It was never intended that he should die.

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He is made on a plane so high that he can not die. If God had intended him for a mere butterfly he would never have had the divine attention which he now receives. There is another world, another life for man; that which to us seems to be death is only a change of surroundings, only stepping from one state of existence into another. The step is short but the change is great. Requirements will be different, government will be different, judgments will be so different. The change need in no case be from a higher to a lower, but always from a lower to a higher. God intended it should be that way. He does not begin at the top and go to the bottom, but always leads upward. His method of dealing with vegetable life shows this and his dealing with the animal kingdom teaches the same lesson. Thus God would lead us continually upward. Man has to-day a more tender heart than he had a thousand years ago. There is less of brutality in war, less of brutality out of war than there was then. The commandment no longer says, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but "love your enemies," "pray for them which despitefully use you," and that kind of spirit will always lead men upward. Every new day brings us to a higher plane of life. The man of this day may profit by the follies of yesterday, by the wisdom of yesterday. We are living in the best age of all the ages, the best moment of all the moments. It took all the ages and moments of the past to make this moment possible.

But what of the life beyond the grave? Will life there be still better than here? Will ideals be higher? Will fellowship be sweeter? Will judgments be more correct? Revelation only has the answer, and allows us most emphatically to say yes. At present we only consider the one phase of the question as mentioned in the

text, viz.: that many who are first here will be last there, and many who are now considered last will there be first.

Jesus used a parable to illustrate the teaching. He said, "the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard." He agreed with the laborers for a penny a day and sent them to work. He went out again at the third hour and at the sixth hour and the ninth, and finding unemployed laborers sent them into the field. He went again at the eleventh hour and found other laborers idle who said they were not unemployed because they had been unwilling to work, but because no one had hired them. They are also sent into the field and are told that whatsoever is right he will pay them. When pay time comes each man gets a penny, regardless of the hours worked. The first class murmur, but are informed that they have received the penny bargained for and therefore should not complain, "for many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

We constantly see this principle illustrated in every life. The person who is first in one kind of surroundings is last amid other surroundings; when certain conditions change his standing changes also. Take as an example the life of an uncivilized savage. He is great according to his savagery. He is not great because of the purity of his speech and his sober, virtuous life, but because of the oaths he utters and the amount of rum he can drink; not because of freedom from the blood of his fellow men, but because of the number of lives he has taken, because of the accuracy with which he can send the rifle ball to the heart of his fellow man. Bring such a man out of his uncivilized state, place him in a community of schools and churches and Bibles, and

he who was first amid the former surroundings is now the very last, indeed has no standing at all until his whole life is changed. Take an example in the musical world. Here is a girl in a rural town where musical ability is rare; she has learned a few pieces and plays and sings them well. Her accomplishment is praised by all, she is considered first as a musician. But let her enter a musical conservatory with its trained teachers and students, and she finds she knows almost nothing of music; she was first before, she is last now.

Wealth illustrates the same truth. Here is a man in a small town with a few thousand dollars and the people think him immensely rich. He becomes arrogant and proud and stingy, for he feels he has more property than almost any other man; but change his surroundings, let him try to live on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, or Fifth Avenue, New York, where wealth is measured not by thousands, but by millions, and he finds he can only buy a few feet of ground, that the house he can erect is the poorest on the street. He was first before, he is last of all now. The educational world so often shows us this truth. The young man who has had a few years in the academy or high school sometimes thinks he knows about all there is to know, but when he reaches the advanced schools and meets men who have completed the university course, and then have spent years in post-graduate study, and, sometimes, almost a life-time in a single branch of study and investigation, then he begins to see that he is not the first as he had supposed, but is at the very foot of the ladder.

The spiritual life brings us the same lesson. Immediately after conversion the soul is apt to feel it has measured all the possibilities of spiritual peace and joy. But let growth in grace begin, let there be a continuous

broadening and deepening of religious experience, the peace becomes deeper and more steady, the rest is heavenly, the joy unspeakable. The latter state as much surpasses the former as the sunshine exceeds the borrowed light of the moon. That which was first to him has come to be last.

Thus a change of surroundings in this life makes the first last and the last first, so in the other life, we will find many who we had supposed would be first will be last, and many who we had supposed would be saved as by fire will be first. Jesus very forcibly illustrates this in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. In this life the rich man had fared sumptuously every day, while poor Lazarus had been compelled to eat the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. The rich man was clothed in purple and fine linen, while Lazarus lay at his gate in rags. The rich man drove with fine horses and chariots, while Lazarus limped about with his cane or was carried by sympathizing friends. The one had servants by the score to do his bidding, the other had no servants. At the least indication of disease on the part of the rich man, physicians were ready to administer relief. Lazarus had no physicians except the kindly dogs which came and licked his sores. Finally the rich man died and Lazarus died also. The funeral services for the former were imposing and grand, no money was spared to make a pompous display, thousands of people attended, floral tributes were many and beautiful, a noted orator pronounces a most eloquent eulogy, and the earthly career of Dives is ended. For Lazarus there is no such funeral display. Without procession or eulogy the body is buried in the potter's field. Few people know that he has died except as they see that he is no longer at the gate where he had formerly taken alms. But the scene changes

and we see Lazarus carried by angels to the bosom of Abraham; our Lord himself stands to welcome him and honors him with "well done, good and faithful servant." Then there crowd forward to greet him the noblest and purest spirits whom this world has known,—there is Abraham, and Moses, and Samuel, David, Isaiah and Jeremiah. They all know how Lazarus has come through great tribulations and has washed his robe and made it white through the blood of the Lamb. As we turn to Dives we find him in hell lifting up his eyes in torment and asking that Lazarus may come and bring to him a drop of cooling water, but he is reminded that his time of good things is past. In this life Lazarus had been looked upon as a poor beggarly outcast, but the rich man had been courted and honored. In the other world, the standards of judgment being different, the surroundings which made one a beggar and the other a rich man are not recognized. There they do not judge by wealth, but by character, not by natural or acquired ability, but by the use made of ability. Nearly all the distinctions we make in this life are done away in the other. Here we look up to the man who has wealth and money even though he has acquired it by crowding to the wall his weaker neighbor, but to God the thousand acres mean no more than the one owned by the weaker neighbor, and if the latter has the purer heart then heaven will look upon him with the greatest approval. This world is apt to crown the learned man, while the more ignorant man by his side receives but little attention, but in the sight of the omniscient God both know but little, and if the ignorant man has the purer heart and holier character he stands first with the Almighty Judge and the learned man is last. We think those who can control senates or become presidents or kings are unusually great persons, but with God they stand

not above the man in the humblest cottage who has never dreamed of public office, unless the heart and life be better. We admire the general who is able to lead to victory great armies, but with God he is no more than the lowest private, and not so much if his heart is not so clean. In the other world the general may be last and the private first.

Good works is as high as we can go in the measurement of man in this life, and even in this we often fail to make the correct estimate. There are at least three things which must always be considered before we can justly estimate a man, viz.: *motive*, *ability* and *quantity*. The last we may usually know, the first and second we very seldom know. God knows them all, and therefore his judgment often makes him last who we had supposed would be first. To illustrate the second and third, Jesus gave us the parables of the talents and the pounds. In the latter the ability is the same, each receiving one pound, but the quantity done varies. One had with his pound gained ten other pounds, and the master says, "well done, thou good servant, because thou hast been faithful in a very little be thou over ten cities." The second has gained with his pound five pounds and is placed over five cities, but he does not receive the words of commendation given to the other, no "well done," no "good and faithful servant," only the answer, "be thou over five cities." If he had done well he would have gained as many pounds as the first; he had the ability but had not used it. The motive is not made known, the ability was the same, but the quantity of work done was different, hence the rewards could not be the same. In the parable of the talents the conditions are different, the amount accomplished varies as in the parable of the pounds, but the ability varies in the same proportion, so the ratio is the same.

The rewards are the same in each case, for they had been equally faithful; each receives also the same words of commendation, "well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Our judgments are usually upon quantity only, not considering the motive nor the ability. The quantity may have appeared to us exceedingly large, while if we had known the ability it would have been exceedingly small. The motive was not known at all. Had it been we might have seen a selfish, mercenary spirit seeking only personal gain or personal glory. Here is a man who gives a large sum toward a church building enterprise; everybody praises him for it. By his side lives a poor laboring woman, who, out of her small earnings, is able to give but little. What she gave was hardly noticed and very little was said about it. But to him who looks upon motive and ability as well as quantity, the woman's gift was far the larger. The man gave because he felt sure that in his line of business it would come back to him an hundred fold. His wealth was so great that he made no sacrifice to give what he did. With the woman both motive and ability were quite different; she had only before her the good her mite would do, and expected no personal return from it. In ability it was more than she ought to have given, but love for the cause constrained her, and she made severe sacrifice that the offering might be made. To him who is to be the judge of all men, the woman's gift was immeasurably the larger, and when eternal rewards are meted out the woman will be first and the man last.

Sometimes there are persons who are exceedingly active in visible service for the church. Their good deeds are lauded by all, but that laudation is just what they have done the work for, and they have their reward. There are others who are able to do but very

little; physical disability, home cares and other duties have made it impossible for them to do much, but what they have been able to do has been done for Christ's sake and not for popular applause, and hence, to him who knows motives when he judges, they will be first and the others last.

The text does not say that all who have been first here will be last there. There are many who have been first in giving and first in doing, whose motive has been pure and who have given and worked according to their ability, who will also be first in eternity. There are others who have been last here, giving but little, doing nothing for Christ and his church, if they could possibly avoid it, who will also be last there.

What a lesson these words of Jesus ought to be to us every one. We are so apt to form severe judgments of others when it is utterly impossible for us to have all the data necessary to know the real merits. We laud "those who sound the trumpet before them," and are able to make a big display, while the quiet, unpretentious one receives little attention and no words of appreciation. Too often our own service is rendered with selfish and worldly motives rather than in the spirit which would please the Master. If we are so true that we finally reach heaven, what surprises will meet us there! Some of whom we had never thought as getting inside the gate will be among those nearest the throne. Others who we had supposed would have first place will scarcely be saved at all. Some who out of their scanty store have given mites will be nearer the throne than others who have given millions. Some who have received much public applause for service rendered here will not have the abundant salvation which will come to those who out of a heart of love have rendered unknown service to the Master's kingdom.

O God, thou dost not see as man sees! For thou knowest motive, ability and quantity, and with thee many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first! Help us to know this that we may be charitable in all our judgments.

THE BIBLE AND ITS CREDENTIALS.

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"God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son."—Heb. 1:1-2.

What is the Bible?

It is a book, yet it has been called such only since the 12th century. It was called "Biblia" before, signifying "The Books." Gradually it comes to be thought of, not so much as a collection of books as one Book, hence "Biblion, or Bible." It consists of 66 books, written all the way from 1500 years B. C., to 95, A. D. It is generally believed that Moses wrote the first five books—the Pentateuch. It is at least reasonably certain that he wrote most of the documents which compose them. It is probable that Daniel was the last Old Testament book written, although it is possible that that place belongs to Malachi. The first New Testament book was Paul's first epistle to the Thessalonians, written by him at Corinth about 52, A. D. The Gospel of John was doubtless the last written, about 95, A. D. If we had the privilege of keeping but one of all the books of the Bible I suspect that the majority of us would decide on the book of John as the one to be retained. And that is true because it, as has been said, reveals the heart of Christ. It seems peculiarly fitting

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and a matter for real thanksgiving that the last book of all should be the consummate blossom, the perfect out-flowering of all Revelation. It is probable that the serene and sweet tone found in John's gospel arises in part from the new and broader outlook for Christianity, developed by the fall of Jerusalem, fulfillment of Christ's prophecies and success of the gospel.

But the Bible is more than a collection of ancient books. The German Nibelungen Lied is a collection of old writings. So is the Koran. So are the Indian Vedas. The Bible is a collection of books claiming to carry a divine message to men. "Search the Scriptures," said Jesus, "for in them ye think ye find eternal life. And they are they which testify of me." All Scriptures (is) given by inspiration of God (and) is profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect. "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Hence it appears that in the Bible we have a human-divine and divine-human book. To be more specific :

First, It is the record and interpretation of the revelation of God to men. God did not hand the book down ready-made from heaven, nor did he give it *verbatim et literatim* to men. It is not the revelation of God, but the *record* of God's revelation, and its interpretation. The revelation was made at sundry times and in divers manners. Revelation means God manifesting himself in a supernatural way and for a special purpose—a purpose of grace. All history is in a measure a revelation of God. It reveals "a power that makes for righteousness" in the world. As Matthew Arnold says : "It intimates, if it does not quite prove, that this world has a moral Governor." Dr. Wm. Butler thinks he "has traced God's hand in Mexican history." We think we

can trace him in American history, e. g., he held back this continent from discovery and colonization until the darkness of the Middle Ages was past. He held the land, the best of it, for a Protestant, Anglo-Saxon people, in order that a pure, instead of a half-pagan Christianity might hold the new world. Yet these are faint revelations as compared with the supernatural manifestations of his person and will which he made to chosen individuals of old: Abraham, Moses and the prophets. These revelations were made by visions, dreams and angelic appearances. The recipients were also supernaturally aided in the interpretation of these revelations to their fellow men. The Bible is the record of those revelations and the interpretation of the revelations, together with the historical setting of it all.

Second. The revelation contained in the Bible is of moral and spiritual truth. Incidentally the Scriptures bring in much history, biography, astronomy, etc. But they were not written to teach these, nor were the sacred writers inspired to understand these, but they were inspired to teach moral and spiritual truth. If it could be shown that the sacred writers' ideas of science conflict with the ascertained results of modern science that would not invalidate the Bible's moral and spiritual authority; because it was the latter and not the former that these men were raised up to teach. Even the historical writers, I dare say, were much less concerned as to accuracy of historical detail than to draw the moral and spiritual lesson from the things narrated, e. g., they were much more careful to discover whether this king or that king did that which was right or wrong in the sight of the Lord than they were whether it was 50,000 or 150,000 men of war that the king had in his army. Indeed the history seems to have been given for the same purpose that the Saviour told parables—to

illustrate moral and spiritual truth. This is indicated by the fact that long stretches of history are passed over without a word, and much more is touched on very lightly indeed.

Third. This revelation was a *progressive* one. We shall be always confused in our understanding of Scripture if we do not keep this in mind. God's revelation to his chosen people proceeded from faint, fragmentary and sometimes faulty conceptions of moral and spiritual truth to a complete and perfected revelation. Yet many skeptics attack bitterly the Bible because of the deeds enacted and laws enforced in the childhood of the race. They forget that the very moral eyesight which enables them to see these early defects is the result of God's revelation. They turn the powers with which the Bible has furnished them against their source. They forget that these laws were given in the race's childhood. In dealing with men God took them as he found them and accommodated his revelation to their understanding. There is no other rational method of education. A race of Jewish slaves was not to be transformed into angelhood in a day. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." God was compelled to say to those early Israelites as Jesus said to the disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Washington Gladden has well illustrated this by this figure: "If you would seize a running horse by the reins and stop him, you must run with him a little way." Hence it was that in the early legislation and practice of the Hebrews you find some things which Jesus afterward condemned, in order to lead them to a higher standard, e. g., their divorce law, given by Moses; the law of blood revenge, etc.

Fourth. The revelation had its culmination in Jesus Christ. His was the perfect revelation, for he

was the eternal word made flesh. All the interpreters of divine manifestations before him were good men, and great men—the salt of their age. Their writings were "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness." But they were not infallible. They gave gold, but mixed with some alloy. Theirs was a marvelous record and interpretation of the divine manifestations, but not an infallible record and interpretation. But Jesus was infallible, both in his life and teachings; and he only was. To him therefore we bring all other lives and judge them by his life. So also we bring all other teachings to his teachings and measure them by his teachings; square their words by his words. We do this unconsciously, e. g., we read the beautiful 137th psalm. With the children of Israel we weep in a strange land. We hang our harps beside theirs on the willows of Babylon's river; we cry with them: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning, and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." But we quietly drop out the last three verses, particularly the 9th: "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." I say we drop out these imprecatory verses, impelled by the invisible and unconscious pressure of the ethics of Jesus.

Jesus was the perfect and infallible revelation. "In him all fulness dwelt." "In him was life and that life was the light of men." In the degree that his disciples caught the meaning and glory of that revelation, as they were supernaturally aided in doing, they have transmitted it to us in the gospels and epistles. And in order that we of later generations might be sure that it was no one-sided, Matthew-colored, or John-colored reflection that was handed down to us, he inspired four of his followers to give a record of his manifestation to

men; and yet others of his followers to give in epistolary form the revelation they had received from him, or rather, had seen in him. So that altogether we may well believe we have an entirely adequate record of the teachings and life of Jesus Christ, who was the supreme and perfect revelation of God to men. As the sun's rays are refracted and reflected from drops of water, thereby forming the rainbow, so the light of our glorious sun of righteousness, refracted and reflected by the men associated with him, forms that rainbow of God's revelation which we call the New Testament Scriptures.

We may liken the progress of revelation to light breaking in upon a vast and dark cathedral. As man enters he has but little light, barely enough to worship by. He discerns but dimly the shapes of holy things; and those the nearest by. It is the time of Noah. Then the shadows deepen. All the building is shrouded in gloom, but yonder comes a pencil of light. It is God's revelation to Abraham. Yonder another ray; God's revelation to Jacob. Yonder another gleam; God's revealing himself to Joseph. At length a broad band—yea a windowfull—it is God's revelation to Moses. Clearly the shapes of holy things begin to appear now. Nave and altar are smitten with light. But still the gloom remains on transepts and galleries and lofty dome and cloistered recess. Then another and another pencil and broadening ray, as Elijah, and Elisha, and Isaiah, and Daniel receive their tokens from God. And then a pause. The light that was is dimmed by the dripping centuries. A solemn silence as of holy expectancy holds the temple, when suddenly there is a burst of light like an Alpine sunrise, not faintly spreading, but full-fledged from the heights of the morning, and Jesus Christ floods with perfect light nave and transepts, altar

and architrave, recess and gallery, tessellated floor and majestic dome. The Lord whom we sought has suddenly come to his temple and brought life and immortality to light in the gospel. It is the revelation of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Having examined into the origin and character of the Bible let us next inquire into the sources of its influence and power. What are the Bible's credentials to its claim as a religious guide?

First credential, tradition. It has been handed down to us as the book containing God's revelation. It has for many centuries held an entirely unique place among books. We have seen it cherished in our homes and throughout Christendom as the Guide Book to heaven. And as Mr. Gladstone has well stated (in his "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture,") "When this book is so universally received as the revelation of God, it rests upon the doubter to show justifying reasons for his doubts." When it can be shown that this tradition of the Bible being man's spiritual guide extends back to the time of the apostles the strength of that credential is vastly increased. Such is the case. Tertullian, who lived at Carthage 160-230, A. D., quotes about 3000 passages from the New Testament as an authority in spiritual things. Irenaeus, of Lyons, about 140-200, A. D., quotes 767 passages with the same reverence, and Polycarp, 79-165, quotes 36 passages from the New Testament. Polycarp was the disciple of St. John, so that we have an unbroken chain of testimony from the time of the apostle John to the present to the authority of the Scriptures.

If the number of enthusiastic students and the total circulation of the Bible are fair criteria, never has the hold of this Book on mankind been so great as now. "In the year 1881 there issued from the press a book

called the Revised New Testament. That book was the re-issue of a book which skeptics have long claimed was out of date, gone by, exploded, demolished. Nevertheless, although it was not issued until May, 1881, the publishers had orders in advance as early as April for 1,000,000 copies. Surely that must be a remarkable book. No other book was ever written or printed of which 1,000,000 copies were ordered in advance of its issue. When it was issued in New York on the 21st of May, 1881, the streets were blocked with vans and wagons waiting for copies of that dead book. That book, as far as Romans,—about 118,000 words—was telegraphed from New York to Chicago, and by the aid of 92 compositors and five correctors was printed entire in the Chicago Times and Tribune for Sunday morning, May 22. A single publishing house in New York sold 365,000 copies of the English edition before the end of 1881. Fifty American editions were issued from the press, one of them having a sale of 65,000; others being scattered through the length and breadth of the land." (H. L. Hastings.) Voltaire, sneeringly, said in the 18th century that it had taken thirteen Jews to found Christianity, but that it would take but one Frenchman to destroy it. Yet the very printing press on which Voltaire's writings were printed, afterwards fell into the hands of a Bible society and continued to print thousands of Bibles after Voltaire was dead and buried. While the same year that Voltaire, the boastful would-be destroyer of Christianity, was born, 1703, there were also born two men, one in America, Jonathan Edwards, and one in England, John Wesley, who were destined to win to Christianity manifold more adherents than Voltaire drove from it. The vast number of those who accept the Scriptures as containing the word of God is a credential of no small value.

Second credential. The Bible teaches the purest morality to be found in any writings the world has known. Even so pronounced a skeptic as Prof. Huxley says: "The pagan moralists lack life and color * * Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized?"

The God of the Bible differs from all other gods, in that he is a God exalted in righteousness. He calls for "worship in the beauty of holiness." He cannot "look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." The sins of the Bible's heroes are delineated and reprobated with unsparing hand. When we remember that these pure teachings were given in an age when corruption and impurity flourished—when the most shameless immoralities were baptized with the name of worship—the conviction that the book is more than human grows deeper and stronger.

Third credential. The Bible has been the world's great civilizer. It has been well said that "there is not a spot ten miles square on earth where the rights of property, the virtue of woman and the sacredness of human life are respected unless there is in it an open Bible." The Bible has been the great promoter of law, mutual respect, education, philanthropy and mercy. By it woman has been lifted from man's feet to his side, and childhood has been guaranteed legal protection and loving care. By it the unfortunates have been raised from their place under the hoof beats of cruelty and neglect to be the objects of brotherly ministrations. The slave has been freed from his chains and the poorest man has been recognized as having all the rights of the richest. Savages have under the benign influ-

ence of this Book become saints, and cannibal orgies have been turned into feasts of love. An English skeptic was sneering at the Bible in the presence of a Fiji chief a few years ago. The chief's eyes flashed. "Sir," said he, "do you see yonder stone and that great oven? On that stone forty years ago our people slew such strangers as you, and in that oven roasted them for their feasts. That is where you would be but for the Bible which you despise."

Almost every college of the civilized world has been founded by Christian men. The Universities of Prague, Vienna, Heidelburg, Leipzig, Leyden, Utrecht, Jena, Holle, Tiihingen, Gottingen, Berlin, Bonn, Salamanca, Oviedo, Valladolid, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburg, Glasgow, Aberdeen and our own Harvard, Yale and other universities by the score were founded by Christian men, and were supported by those whose inspiration to education came from the Book. And if teachers are now found in any of these schools who are against the Book, they are parasites and not branches of the parent stock. The teacher of this century who rejects the Bible is kicking down the ladder by which he has climbed to his present elevation.

Fourth credential. The principles of sacred Scripture have laid hold of and regenerated human nature in a way unknown to any other book.

The proud and sensual young Numidian, at once the hope and despair of his noble mother, Monica, is changed by the Bible's influence into the meek, pure and saintly Augustine, who breathed out his gratitude in words like these:

> "I loved thee late, too late I loved thee, Lord,
> Yet not so late but thou dost still afford
> The proof that thou wilt bear with winning art

One sinner more upon thy loving heart.
And may I prove when all of life is past,
Though late I loved, I loved thee to the last."

A drunken young mechanic in a New Hampshire jail is transformed into that prince of temperance orators, "a passionate man tormented with the truth,"—John B. Gough. A thieving, murderous thug of New York City, many times a convict, is changed into the flaming evangel and soul-winner,—Jerry McAuley. The reeling prostitute, Delia Loughlin, of the Mott street opium den, New York, becomes the humble, pure-hearted Christian worker, leading over a hundred of her kind to Christ in her one short year of life after her redemption. The intellectual journalist and explorer, but skeptic in religion, becomes the earnest Christian disciple and friend of the church,—Henry M. Stanley. An innumerable multitude from the forums and markets of the living present, from the tombs of the shadowy past—men and women whose broken chains and healed wounds are matters of history,—rise to testify to the saving truths—the character-transforming principles found in the Bible.

Finally, as a fifth credential, let us notice that the Bible is a book of infinite hope. Its message is that of redemption, hence it holds out infinite hope to the individual.

Nature has no message of forgiveness for a breaker of laws. It can tell him only that "whatsoever he sows he must reap." Pagan religions teach propitiation, but not conscious forgiveness. It is Christianity and it alone that can sing:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

"Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power;
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more."

The Bible alone holds out infinite hope to the world. Nature has only a succession of lives and deaths. Evolution, even, cannot forecast its own good, while the best that paganism can do is to locate its golden age in a dim and shadowy past. But the Bible predicts a "new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." It has a goal, infinitely blessed, and back of the evolution, which is hastening us toward it, standeth an infinitely good, powerful and loving God, "keeping watch above his own." Nature has no answer to tremulous questionings concerning those who die. The best she can do is to weave her emerald mantles over the mounds that hide their slow decay.

The greatest of pagan teachers, the immortal Buddha, was once approached by a follower—a woman who had lost a child. She asked for comfort. "Go," said he, "to every home till you come to that which death hath never entered. Then shall your sorrow cease." She went. But every home had its vacant chair. And she knew that what the great Buddha would teach her was to bear her grief in silence, since she suffered only what all others suffered.

But the Bible comes with no such wretched comfort as this. It comes to the weeping mother and sweetly says: "Why weepest thou? He is not here. He is risen. Lo, he goeth before you." And in that hour of grief and darkness the hope of immortality bursts like a star upon her view and the listening ears of mother love catch the rustlings of angelic wings.

And so it is that the sorrowing sons and daughters of men turn to this Book of Infinite Hope for comfort,

and they will continue to turn to it and to be comforted by it as long as the heart has woes, the soul fears, or the eye tears to be wiped away.

C. W. BLODGETT.

AN OPTIMIST SURVEY.

BY REV. C. W. BLODGETT, D. D.,

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"Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."—Eccl. 8:10.

Sometimes it seems useless to hold up the necessity of aggressiveness in religious movements. To many, the olden days were the best, the present are degenerate. If the church should be stripped of its missionary robe, and its missionary arm paralyzed there would be little left but glittering generalities and social organization. The church is God's army for conquest. The question is already asked: "Is not Christianity a failure?" "What shall be substituted in its place?" In youth we wonder at old men talking of brighter days in the past; in old age we wonder at youth talking of brighter days in the future. But did the sun really shine brighter, were the flowers more fragrant, was the church more active, the preachers more eloquent and devoted, the inward life of the laity more vital in the yesterday than to-day? The text is an argument *per se*. Some discredit it. It becomes us to ask: "Is the world better than it was in the days of Abraham?" "Have we improved the methods of Moses?" "Has the evolutionary theory of Jesus been at work?" "Has Christian ethics a firmer hold on the people than in the

days of Luther and Wesley? Is the practical Christian life better than when Jesse Lee preached under the elm in Boston commons?"

It is well for any nation or church or system of philosophy, like the mariner, to watch the chart and take observations. Bishop Foster gave as one of the reasons why we think the former days better than these, that we remember the joys of the past and forget the sorrows. The fathers of Michigan Methodism, who blazed the way through the woods, and buried possibly some of their dear ones hard by the humble itinerant's home, remember not the small salaries, the sacrifices of comfort and books, the immolation of self on the altar of consecration, but the shouts of new born souls, the crowded altar in the winter time, and the echoing hosannas of the summer camp meeting. God has so mercifully constituted the majority of men that the bitter is forgotten and the sweet remembered. The enmities are buried, the friendships immortalized.

It is possibly true that no age has had the seeming signs of decay that this closing decade of the 19th century has. If the signs are real, if the philosophy of Christian regeneration is a false one, if, decaying in its life with the Veda and the Shusta and the writings of Confucius, stand the Christian Scriptures, then our age is a degenerate one, *then Christianity is a failure.*

Is it not true that every age and generation has had an ideal best? For Homer the age in which he wrote his Iliad was the best for him. For Socrates the age in which he made his noted speech before the judges in answer to Miletus was the best for him. We doubtless are living in the age best constituted to develop our characters. The needs of man ever have been and are to-day three-fold, physical, intellectual, spiritual. Progression is written on man. The old prophets and

seers lived in a glorious time, but they saw through the rift in the cloud "One who was to come from Edom with his garments dyed in atoning blood." What a joy it would have been to have lived in the Apostolic age and mingled our voices with those of John and Paul, Andrew and Peter, Stephen and Nicodemus, but who would say that for the man of to-day that was a better age than the present one. Channing, in commenting on man and his needs said, "That the ideal best world for physical man is the subdued earth filled with teeming populations, with cultivated lands, beautified cities, highways over seas and continents, saving machinery, rich returns for honest toil, all the means for material comfort, a world in which there is a minimum of physical suffering for man and beast and a maximum of possible physical well being. The ideal intellectual world is one where the broadest knowledge prevails to the largest extent, and the means of justifying the intellectual cravings, and ministering to the intellectual tastes, exist in the fullest measure. The ideal spiritual world is one in which purity and love have supreme sway and the great moral and spiritual affections find their highest expression."

If Christianity is a failure, we are not to be condemned for being pessimists. To be optimistic we must see bright pathways. Songs of cheer must gladden the ear. The world has nothing to hope from heathenism. Judaism is nearly dead. If Christianity has no magic power and winsome voice and purifying influence, then we have no gospel of peace or hope or law. Then the former days were better than these. But, thank God, the religion of Jesus has peace and hope and love, aye, inspiration, and is constantly pointing to the to-morrow that is to be better than to-day, and the next that is to be brighter than to-morrow.

But note some facts that force us to be optimistic rather than pessimistic:

The average Christian life of to-day is better than yesterday. In some religious circles there is a proneness to concede that the Christian life and spirit has not kept pace with commerce, that in enterprise and aggressive force it has fallen behind. The church is pointed at sneeringly and accused of limping behind science and commerce. There are some conservatives that advance the theory that Christianity should not indicate activity and enterprise. When dogmatically stating that the Christian life is superior to former days, the entire body of disciples must be taken into consideration without any reference to denominations or the part they have taken in accelerating or retarding the progress of the kingdom of God. Possibly the integrity of our business men is not as high as formerly, but this even is with reason questioned. In the advocacy of temperance in all things we are superior to our fathers. The drinking of liquors within the memory of the octogenarian was nearly as reputable as breathing. To-day the saloon keeper in polite society is looked upon as an outlaw, and the moderate or immoderate user of alcoholic liquor is refused a policy by our best insurance companies, refused employment by many corporations and minified in his influence among the better classes.

It is true that there is a weak side. To-day we have but little time or opportunity for quiet and meditation. We, however, live in a different age from our fathers and this lack of time is not a reproach. Theirs was the age of imperfect means of transportation and communication, ours one of fire and lightning, telephones and steamships, airships and telegraphs.

Our theology is better than our fathers.' Theology is what we think of God and what God says to us. We have to-day in our theology more vitality and symmetry. It is true we have not gone deeper, for giants like Knox, Howe, Bunyan, Baxter, Mather, Wesley and Edwards, of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, and their co-adjutors, gave their best thought to theology and with magnificent results. In stating that our theology is more symmetrical, there is no disparagement of the theologians of the church. Symmetry is power. The theology of our fathers was angular, jagged, developing according to denominational peculiarities and personal idiosyncracies. The extremes in theology are meeting to-day. Nearly every doctrinal difference has come of half views. To-day, as never before, we see truth in its entirety. Is it not a hopeful omen, this flowing together of theological extremes? Is not the harmonious mingling of theological extremes into a symmetrical system the coming of the universal Christian mind into the fulness and balance of the Bible?

But what cannot be said in commendation of the activity of Christianity of to-day as compared with the past? The old schoolmen were constantly engaged in splitting hairs. Even in the 18th century there was an element of abstraction in religious study and a dryness in the unfolding of the results. The vitality of to-day has made exceedingly prominent some of the vital doctrines of Christianity. "What think ye of Christ?" we ask with intensity of urgency. Christ's divinity, Christ's humanity, Christ's vicarious sacrifice, Christ's brotherliness, the fatherhood of God, the retributive justice of the eternal, the fixedness of character by time for eternity, are all emphasized to-day. Go where you will, in semi-christian or Christian lands, in lands hoary with the superstitions of thousands of years, or

on the new, virgin soil of America, you find nearly every movement saturated with feelings born of the gospel. Infidelity even is no longer rough and uncouth. *View it as you may, with all of its defects, the church of Jesus is the strongest institution in the world.*

We have a better fellowship than our fathers had. The Saviour prayed that his followers might be one, one in spirit, one in unity of work. Christian experience has always, to some extent, made Christian fellowship. One can hardly read of persecutors and persecutions in the middle ages or during the Reformation without believing that Christian fellowship existed in the bad, sad times of the past. Many a man is better than the system which forces him along, or the deed which at the time seemed a painful necessity. Conscience is at liberty to-day. Where, outside of strictly pagan and papal lands, are men persecuted for conscience' sake? No pilgrims are embarking or sailing vessels like the Mayflower to find a new land where they can, unmolested, bend the knees in adoration to the Man of Galilee. The age of the inquisition is gone. Gibbets have been razed to the foundations, daylight has flooded dungeons, wild beasts have been tamed. Liberty, God-given, Christ-purchased liberty, is the birthright of the child born in these closing years of this wonderful century.

We have, also, as our fathers never had, charity in judgment. We are no longer, as denominations of the one church of the one Master, quarreling with each other. The acrimonious spirit of the past is gone. Discussion has not ceased, and it will be a calamity when it does. The Baptist is still a Baptist, the Presbyterian a Presbyterian, the Methodist a Methodist, but no longer do they go for each other as they did in the past, with an energy that was worthy of a better

cause. We have a unity of spirit in these golden days that is simply phenomenal to the enemies of our common Christianity. The middle walls have been broken down. Saying one to another, "If thy heart be as my heart give me thy hand," we find ourselves as members of one church but of different denominations, *one* in aspiration, argument and expectation. Everywhere around the world, except where the dry rot of formalism has paralyzed Christian zeal, God's people are holding love feasts.

Look also at the activity of the church. The chief characteristic of this age is push. Has the church this? Wherever the people go the church goes. Wherever a soul is to be saved the church is on the search. Bishop Fowler meant a good deal when he said, "the church is on a soul hunt." Look at the vantage ground the church occupies to-day. Less than a century ago infidelity had Christianity by the throat, Christianity this hour has her knee on the neck of infidelity. Skepticism used to charge openly with chariots and horses, now it mounts a monkey and retreats into the dim shadows of the primordial past.

But dare we look at the equipments of the church? We are hearing much of the decline of the pulpit. We are told that the Christian ministry is fast losing its power. It is true that there is a change in ministerial influence. The preacher is no longer the head center of the community—a preacher, teacher and politician in one. He is to-day but one among many factors. With boldness and a good show of reason the statement may be made that the piety and consecration of the present ministry has never been surpassed. The minister of the 19th century pulpit has culture both of head and heart. The future historian of the Methodist denomination will write up the Simpsons, the Pecks, the

Nindes and Fosters of the present as not only the equal but, in general culture, the superior of the Bigelows, the Asburys and Summerfields of the past. The same may be said of other denominations.

If we look at the laity of the church as compared with our fathers the past seems but a farthing rush light. The time is coming when every lay member will be an illuminating, constant flash light. We are certainly nearer that time than was Barbara Heck or Captain Webb or Lady Huntington.

The moving force, even in ratio of membership of God's church, is a hundred fold greater than it was when Cox planted a mission in Africa, and there would be no danger in saying, or when the Revs. Alfred Brunson and Samuel Baker were appointed to the Detroit Circuit in 1822. The proclamation of the gospel in these days of seeming doubt and dread, is like the sound of many waters, a sea whose expanse we have not taken in, and whose tides, moved by a stronger power than the moon are breaking on every shore. When one is tempted to say that the former days were better than these, let him look at the better place the Bible has—see how it is studied. The Sunday school may have too many cogs in the wheel, but, put all the facts in one great sheet, there can be no other conclusion than that the wide-spread dissemination of the Scriptures and the systematic study of the same is a bright omen for the future.

We hear a great deal of the revivals of the past. The preacher's eyes shot fire. Under the sword of the Spirit sinners were moved down in platoons. With due credit given to the splendid revivalists of not later than fifty years ago, and their work under the blessing of God, the class of persons reached, and the continuance of interest in this generation will more than compare

favorably. The time will never come when the emotions will cease to be utilized in religious work, but the time is coming when there will be no dearths, and then a great shower or tornado.

May we not also look at our missionary work? The present work for God and humanity augurs and promises well for the future. As we look abroad at the work and workers not only in Christian, but semi-Christian and heathen or pagan lands the Pauline age seems to have come again. Churches are being established in modern Ephesus, Thessalonica, Athens and Rome. Canton, China, feels the throb of the gospel. Bombay, India, is asking, "What shall I do with this Jesus of the West who was born in the East?" Jerusalem is connected with Joppa by a Christian railroad and the foothills echo with the song:

> "Awake, awake! the Master now is calling us,
> Arise, arise and trusting in his word,
> Go forth, go forth, proclaim the year of jubilee
> And take the cross, the blessed cross of Christ our Lord,"

as sung by a band of Epworth League pilgrims. St. Paul de Loanda hears the call to a better civilization and even amidst the awful massacres along the Euphrates God's little ones are singing with the hope of defiance as they dream of coming liberation:

> "Look up, look up, the promised day is drawing nigh,
> When all shall hail, shall hail the Saviour King,
> When peace and joy shall fold their wings in every clime,
> And glory, hallelujah, o'er the earth in every clime shall ring."

If Fannie Crosby had lived in the days of Savonarola she never would have written the words just quoted. The inspiration would not have been there.

These times better than others? If they were not, if the missionary spirit was not infusing the church, decay and extinction of Christian life and thought would be the record of this closing century. When Paul met the brethren at Appii forum he thanked God and took courage. If *he* could, more can *we*. Our fathers wrought well. We inherited from them a treasury full of good things. We must never minify their work. Their mistakes were many, but they were of the head, not of the heart. If the theologians of the church of the past had conflicts with the scientists and cruelly misjudged as well as mistreated them, it was not because advance in theological or scientific truth was feared, but love for the truth whose freedom they interpreted to be servile mental slavery.

Nothing has been said of the humanitarian side of life as compared with our fathers. The trained nurses, the angels of Jesus in the black bonnet and white tie of the deaconness, the endowed schools of science, art, theology and industry, the hospitals, homes, and havens of healing and rest, speak louder than any word of man can that Jesus, in all the fulness of his gospel, has finally come to this earth. The world has much of wickedness in it. Men are still selling their characters for gain. Homes are hourly robbed of all light and joy by the licensed saloon, brothels in our great cities are winked at by officers of the law. Vice controls the politician. The red blood of our brothers is flowing on battle fields. The Sabbath is desecrated by thousands. Incest, murder, divorce for minor causes, robbery and deception are the daily crimes of the criminal classes, and these classes are daily recruited from children conceived in crime and born in the poverty of iniquity, also from the avenues of wealth and culture. We see more of vice, because through the telephone, telegraph

and steam car we can see further. But in ratio to population and opportunity there is less vice than yesterday. This world is a better one this year than it was last year. Next year it will be better than this. The spirit of the hour is one of liberty, a liberty born of a Christ-purified conscience and heart. It is one of aggressive, evangelical, Christian work. It is one of regeneration. Before it thrones of iniquity and error shall crumble. Before it shackles shall fall. With its help, humanity shall come up out of degradation and bondage and put on coronation robes. The time *is* coming when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together and a little child shall lead them."

GOLDEN FEATHERS AND SILVER WINGS.

BY REV. JOHN B. WHITFORD,

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"Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."—Psalm 68:13.

In one of the famous galleries of Europe there is a very suggestive painting of David, the poet, the singer and warrior king of Israel. He is sitting on the roof of his palace, while the sun is dyeing the hills in soft and beauteous colors. Care has wrinkled his cheeks, silvered his locks, dimmed the luster of his eye and made him sad and melancholy. He is reviewing the past. And what a blood-stained past it is. The ghost of Uriah haunts him. He is no longer the idol of the people. There is trouble in his home and a tempest in his brain. He has lost control of his family. His crown is at his feet. But the sky above him is serene and cloudless. Away in the distance are some doves ascending and descending like the white-winged swans and falcons in the Purgatorio of Dante. They are gathering bits of bread from heaps of rubbish and debris. But as they plume their wings for a flight they shake off the dust, and in the clear light of Palestine they quiver for a time like morning or evening stars, and then their feathers turn to gold and their wings to silver.

We shall never know all the waspish thoughts of David on that eventful evening. Was he thinking how

JOHN B. WHITFORD.

he had robbed a home of the little ewe lamb and ruined it forever? Was he murmuring in elegiac strain what another formulated into words many centuries later?

> "All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
> The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
> Is left this vault to brag of."

Was he contrasting the rich and splendid noonday of his reign with its dark and tragic ending? In his youth he was winsome, in his manhood chivalrous and great, but in old age he is a glimmering decay. Contrasting his inward state with the hallowed stillness of that summer eve he longs for peace. And what does he say? "Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest." And as he turns to his polluted life, his wanderings from God, his great sin and also God's forgiveness, his cleansing and purifying grace, he says: "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold." How full of meaning are these words of David! Beneath the oriental imagery are vital truths. If the dove moving among soiled and smoky fragments can keep its plumage clean, so God has made it possible for you to keep your souls lustrously and immaculately white in sin-stained places and in the midst of dark surroundings. Large numbers of Christian men are coerced by circumstances to do business and to work with others unclean in heart and impure in life. They touch each other mechanically. There is no bond of fellowship. They inhabit different zones and climates. They see the dark forms of iniquity and hear soul-shuddering oaths and imprecations. And yet these Christians return to their homes clean as doves. Doves reveal their beauty in the sunlight. It is only when the sun is painting frescoes on the clouds

that they have the gleam of silver and the luster of gold. And how luminous the Christian when transfigured by the Sun of Righteousness? He is changed into the same image from glory unto glory. What is comparable to the beauty of holiness! The morning cloud and early dew are beautiful. The exquisite tinting of the fruit is beautiful. But virtues and graces surpass the brightest specimens of material beauty. It is said the opal unites in itself the glory of all precious stones. It has the gentle fire of the ruby, the brilliant purple of the amethyst, the sea green of the emerald, the yellow of the jasper, the lustrous blue of the sapphire and the symphonic colors of the diamond. It has not only the perfection of beauty, but the beauty of perfection. It is inimitable. But what is a stone, though flashing with all the hues of the rainbow, to a holy life? Higher than any beauty in nature or in art is the transparent beauty of a finished life. A statue, white and pure, chiseled into serene perfection, a poem full of wandering melodies, but held together by a great harmony, a cathedral, broad-based, domed and spired, appeal to the eye and heart; but they cannot, for a moment, compare with a life serving Jesus out of pure and passionate love.

There is no dress, however elegant, no plumage, however fine, no regalia, however royal, comparable to a meek and quiet spirit. Spiritual religion is not adorned, but itself *is* adornment. You might heap color on color with harmony, or shape on shape with grace, or gather and array soft fabrics and golden hangings in which rainbows and sunbeams seem woven, and yet lovelier than all is spirituality. We admire the stalwart man, the man of rugged and heroic type, the man of spreading branches like the cedar, but he increases his power and usefulness when he takes on the beauty of the olive. The rugged man is like a massive wall. He stands de-

fiant. His foundation is secure. But it adds to the wall to see it covered with blossoming vines. The virtues are the wall, the graces are the vines. We want to see strength, courage and honor in a man. But he is incomplete without gentleness. A man may be honest and faithful in the discharge of duty, but he must be winsome while doing it.

A certain artist revealed great insight and foresight in chiseling a certain statue to be placed on a very high pedestal in a city. He made it coarse in outline. He did not give to it anything like delicacy of finish. The features were grand but coarse. But when it was lifted into its place, the roughness all disappeared. The atmosphere and distance softened and smoothed every feature and gave to the whole statue a beautiful finish. Gentleness is the atmosphere that softens and smooths away all roughness.

The ivy climbing over a castle or cathedral will turn it into picturesque beauty, and spirituality will give to life grace as well as strength. When the Psalmist saw the gleams of verdant gold playing o'er the burnished plumes of the dove he saw a vision of beauty, and when we see a life gentle as it is strong, tender as it is brave, blending the lion and the lamb, we see a finer, richer beauty. Religion in the life, spreading its sheen over the face like sunbeams on waves of amber, is a spectacle of superlative loveliness. Then our text not only teaches that religion is an ornament unspeakably richer than any jewelry on the finger or crown on the head, but that we can keep it in commercial life. If the dove kept itself clean in the alleys, among broken urns and vessels, so can the Christian keep himself clean in any honorable sphere of life. The collier, blackened with the dust of the pit, may return to his home in the evening with his soul white as milk, pure as snow and

ruddy as a ruby. There may be dirt on the face, but the heart may be as unblemished as chastity. Some inform us that things are so corrupt, that in order to conduct a prosperous business one must run counter to the ten commandments and the beatitudes of Jesus. Sad indeed would be the outlook were this true. The social, political and religious life of the people would decay. Chaos would ensue. No country could longer endure the strain of universal corruption. It is an exaggerated statement to say that men cannot be honorable and just in business. No business that has for its object the enrichment and betterment of the race brings the slightest stain upon the soul. And is it not a grand sight to see a business man going through the day amid the pots of temptation, the annoyances of customers, clean as a dove and beautiful as its golden feathers. There is no business or occupation without these pots. They abound everywhere. The man digging a ditch, or thumping a lapstone, or carrying a hod of bricks up the ladder, or handling jewelry, or selling goods over the counter is surrounded by these pots. They are not always the same. The pots of the lawyer are not the same as those of the minister, and the pots of the journalist are different from the pots of the artist. But whatever they are, it is a noble thing after moving about among them to fly home at sundown clean and white and pure.

But a man must not think because he keeps within the statutory law that he is dove-like in his cleanness. The gospel is higher than any statutory law. A man may live a whole life time within its limits and yet break into pieces every beatitude of Jesus. A man must be just, clear down to the sockets of his soul. By slipping through the knot-hole of legal technicality men have turned widows and orphans out of doors to shiver in the

arctic blasts of an inhospitable world. What a caricature of justice! Between human enactments and God's requirements there is a great gulf. You are fully aware that there are men occupying elevated positions who are guilty of dishonesty on no small scale. They have come into possession of property which they never earned, inherited or paid any equivalent for. In subdued tones we call it theft. But we have not been able to control the gigantic thief. We can take care of the panel thief, or the hungry boy who appropriates a loaf of bread to quiet the wolf of hunger, but we are unable to capture the brilliant and accomplished thief. The little thieves we put behind the bars, the big ones we exalt to positions of trust where they can have a wider field for the display of their talents. But, is it not time to dissipate this factitious brilliancy? If to steal is a crime, to steal much cannot be a virtue. Christian civilization upon the complaint of sad and suffering millions draws up the criminal indictment of usurious bankers, heartless corporations and vicious millionaires.

There is more or less of savagery about the competitive system. It fosters greed and avarice, sharpens impish cunning and benumbs as with the touch of a torpedo the finer feelings of the soul. The essence of the gospel, which is love, includes and comprehends perfect justice between man and man. The universal practice of good-will would wipe out all the existing evils of the world. There would be no strife between the rich and poor. Such words as "plutocrat," "gold bug," "money-baron," "robber," "extortioner," and others equally offensive would remain in our vocabularies as linguistic and literary curiosities. There would be no starving mendicants and gorging millionaires, no squalid poverty and ostentatious luxury, no sullen dis-

content and terrible unrest, but peace, friendliness and plenty. The terms "capital" and "labor" would be dropped. For men would be laborers and capitalists alike. We shall come to this in the industrial progress of the world. We have risen from slavery into feudalism, from feudalism into the contract system and the payment of wages. We shall yet rise into the capitalization of labor, and this will mean better opportunities for the cultivation of the mind and soul.

For a man to keep himself clean as a dove and be just and honorable to his fellow men he must have great elements of strength. He must be a master of the lower in his nature. And only Christ in the life will impart this kingship, this spiritual chieftaincy. Business honorably conducted is an essential part of religion, and the men who are doing it are contributing to the universal harmony of the world's civilization. No divorce must be recognized as existing between business and Christianity. He who measures an honest yard, or weighs out an honest pound to a customer does a sacred thing. It is as much in harmony with the duty of the hour as a Bible reading or prayer meeting. Business righteously conducted will make our homes as holy as Sinai and as glorious as the mystical ladder of gold in the vision of Dante. Let us diffuse the grandeur and holiness of life over every day in the year.

2. The text suggests the possibility of shining with radiant saintliness in social life. The sparkle and effervescence, the glamour and witchery, the Siren song and Circean spell of social life have flung men from their high estate into the abyss. How shuddering the fact

> "That spirits so august, shrined so fair,
> Will from the starry session of their peers,
> Consent to quench so bright a brilliance
> In hell's sick spume!"

Many a man disowned his upper nature while attending an evening party as Rosseau disowned his children. It takes a strong man to be the master of his social pleasures.

A certain young man left his home for a distant field. On reaching his destination he was warmly welcomed. An elaborate reception was tendered him. The rarest and richest wines were served, but the young man turned down his glass. It caused a ripple of excitement, but ere the evening passed all admired the heroism of the chaste young man. He left clean as a dove with wings covered with silver and feathers enameled with gold. We cannot destroy society without destroying the soul. The social instinct is seen all the way from the nadir to the zenith of humanity. It is seen flowering into art clubs, literary and ethical societies, scientific associations, music festivals, up to the public worship of religion. But it does not stop here. It drops golden fruit into the other world. For did not Dante with true moral insight behold in the heavenly country two wreaths of blessed spirits like garlands of eternal roses responding to each other as rainbow is from rainbow reflected. And do we not read of the beatific hosts breaking forth into passionate and triumphant exultation: "Our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

We cannot destroy the social instinct, but we can educate it until society dominated by it, will stand, not for vulgar display and fossilized conventionalities, but for ideal manliness and womanliness. That which goes by the name of "society" is not controlled by the spiritual leadership of Christ. Its customs, its practices are at variance with the great standards of justice and righteousness. No breezes from the summits of the soul sweep through its gatherings. No odors

wafted from the beds of amaranth ever touch its members. No visions come and go to lure them up and on the heavenly way. They are smoked out by the glamour of sensual illusion. The life of a fashionable and ardent devotee of society is an ever narrowing and spindling life. It is like the moon narrowing to a crescent and dwindling into a shadow. To go into social life and touch it only to transform it, and then brighten and adorn it as the sun glorifies a cloud, is to be clean as a dove, wise as a serpent and strong as a lion.

3. The dove is a clean bird. It is the symbol of innocence. And in the Bible and in all high art it is made the typical emblem of the Holy Ghost. The true Christian is clean in heart and life. In commercial, literary, social and religious life he preserves the whiteness of his soul. Without purity of heart there can be no single eye or luminous body. The evil eye goes with the evil heart. The evil eye disenchants the light, rubs the bloom from every flower, reverses the order of the universe and hangs the rainbow up-side down. But the single eye with its softened gaze of reverence, and the guileless mind with its pure and open vision belong to the cleansed and sanctified heart. How essential then to have the clean heart and the right spirit.

But in closing let me point to the incomparable Nazarene, "the holiest among the mighty and the mightiest among the holy," standing as the head and center of Christendom in radiant and immaculate whiteness!

> "No mortal can with him compare
> Among the sons of men;
> Fairer is he than all the fair
> That fill the heavenly train."

Moving among the pots varied in shape and character he finished his life without a flaw or spot or

stain. No golden-hearted lily can be greater in its purity. No morning star ascending from the sea can be fresher in its beauty. No Sharon's rose can be sweeter in its fragrance. No ineffable Mozart symphony can be richer in its harmony.

Napoleon dreamed of gathering all the masterpieces of art into one magnificent building. It was a colossal dream, but never realized. But in the beautiful temple of Christ's soul all the virtues that crown ideal men, and all the graces that make ideal women met in harmonious union. One of the most beautiful scenes in the Purgatorio of Dante is contained in canto seven. In his ascent he reached the Valley of the Princes. The astonishing richness of the valley abounding in "refulgent gold and silver thrice refined," in "Indian wood of lucid dye serene," in "fresh emeralds" and in "the sweetness of a thousand smells," filled him with wonder, love and praise. Not only was the atmosphere saturated with pungent odors, but the garments of the kings as well. Lingering in the presence of the Saviour a rich fragrance will fill our lives. And with his spirit shining in our souls as shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew we shall be more than victors over the pots of temptation and sin. "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

THE MISSION OF SONG.

BY REV. J. GEORGE HALLER,

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"Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord."—Psalms 168:5.

Singing was born in heaven. As M. G. Brainard says:

> "God is its author and not man; he laid
> The keynote of all harmonies; he planned
> All perfect combinations and he made
> Us capable to hear and understand."

Heavenly minstrelsy, then, was before any earthly song. Job tells us how the morning stars sang together in creation, and that the sons of God then shouted for joy. The law of harmonious sounds operates perfectly only in heaven, but it is revealed to man in order to enhance his joy, stimulate his devotion and encourage him in the struggle against wrong. Carlyle says that music is the speech of angels, and Longfellow adds, "It is the language of us all." I can not imagine Satan or the lost in the other world singing, but if Satan does not sing himself he gets many to do it for him in this life. It is sad indeed that so much splendid musical talent is devoted to sinful enterprises. Years ago I was asked by the friends of a deceased lady to attend her funeral with some of my young people and sing a few hymns she had learned to love when attending our Sabbath

J. GEORGE HALLER.

school. It was her dying request that we should sing a hymn that ends with these words:

"She sleeps in the valley so sweet—
So peacefully passed she away,
And soon in bright Canaan we'll meet,
Rejoicing in eternal day."

After we were through a number of German singers pushed us aside, surrounded the casket and sang a skeptical harangue against God and immortality that was truly painful. I felt then that inferior talent, consecrated to God, is of greater value than better talent dedicated to infidelity, but I also felt, as never before, that our Christ and his holy Christianity deserve the very best musical talent in the highest possible degree of development. How sad it is to hear good music in a saloon. The sweetest music I remember ever hearing was in the night time. Eager to know the instruments that produced it, I hurried to the window, but was too late. I shall never forget the charm of those sweet strains as they melted away upon the soft night air. A few weeks later, returning home from prayer-meeting at the Simpson M. E. Church, of Detroit, I heard that same music coming toward me in the distance. I soon saw that it was made by eight young men upon various stringed instruments. My delight in the music gave way to a sorrow I can not express when I noticed that they were marching up and down the streets serenading saloons. After playing a selection the proprietor would invite them in to "have something." I stood there on the sidewalk till the last young man had gone in and then walked on wondering why such music must be in the service of Satan, why Christian young men do not go up and down the streets serenading respectable business houses and passing by

the saloons, and then I prayed that the time might speedily come when all music will be given back to God to whom it belongs. We need not wonder, however, that Satan seeks to draw music into his service, he does that with all things good. Strength is degraded into brutality, cleanliness into pride, beauty into vanity, will-power into stubbornness, the faculty of worship into cursing and blasphemy, and music, as the poet says, "oft has such a charm to make bad good and good provoke to harm." But our text says: "They shall sing in the ways of the Lord." Here is indicated the true purpose of music and song:

> "God has sent singing upon earth,
> That it might touch the hearts of men
> And bring them back to heaven again."

What a difference, whether it is used to sweeten the morsels of carnal pleasure, to allure the innocent into evil ways, to inspire frivolity, and to charm into slumber the sacred monitor within; or to sweeten sorrow, to inspire the worship of God, the study of things divine and deeds of true heroism! What a difference! The one is singing in the ways of evil, it is sirens' music, luring to destruction whomsoever will listen to it, while the other is "singing in the ways of the Lord" that breaks the siren charm.

The effects of music and song upon man are truly marvelous. All nations have found it helpful in war, since it fosters patriotism. Israel was inspired to deeds of valor by the songs of Moses and Deborah and Solomon. Even Indians sing a sort of accompaniment to their war dances. How much the English "God Save the Queen," the French "Marseilles," the German "Die Wacht am Rhein," and our own "My Country, 'tis

of Thee," have done to foster patriotic fervor, and thus to make these nations great, can not be estimated or expressed in words. They are more eloquent than tongue or pen. At a critical moment during the battle of Waterloo Wellington discovered that the forty-second regiment of Highlanders was beginning to waver, and also that the band had ceased playing. He commanded that they play with all their might immediately. The result was magical. Once more closing the ranks Highlander stood to Highlander, and with bloody sword and tattered colors they plunged into the battle and conquered. When in one of his campaigns Napoleon's army reached the Alpine passes, all attempts to get the troops and ammunition wagons over the almost perpendicular walls of rock seemed futile. Even Napoleon's ingenuity was all but exhausted. He could think of but one thing more. Riding up to the band-leader, he requested his book and turning to an inspiring tune he requested that it be played at once. In a very short time wagon after wagon had scaled the summits that before had baffled their efforts. When frozen in at the North pole regions Dr. Kane relates that in the awful hopelessness of their condition his crew was repeatedly saved from desperation and mutiny by the playing of an old violin which one of their number had brought with him. "Ah, that music was a godsend to us," says Mr. Kane.

Music not only inspires patriotism, silences grief, drives away despondency, but *also disarms revenge.* After the siege of Bagdad, 30,000 Persians surrendered to Amurath, who commanded that they be decapitated forthwith. Among them was a musician and singer who begged to be introduced to the sultan. He took up his harp, and in the royal presence began to play and sing, and strange enough, the subject of his song

was the siege of Bagdad and the victory of Amurath. Gradually the sultan became interested, then delighted, then moved with pity, and before the divine singer was through, the sultan was weeping aloud and commanded that every surviving Persian should be set free.

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks and bend a knotted oak.
I've learned that things inanimate have moved
By magic numbers and persuasive sound."

Pope says:

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease
And make despair and madness please.
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate our joys above."

Then, too, what a blessing is singing to man in his daily toils. The Scottish Highlander makes his native hills re-echo with merry melodies; the Spanish mule-driver cares not who sits upon the throne, so long as he can lighten his daily task in song; the Sicilian fruit-grower's vineyard is located upon a volcano, yet unalarmed his morning and evening hymn peals merrily forth; the fisherman hums his simple tune to the music of the billows; life to the Venetian gondolier would be dreary indeed without his midnight serenade, and the Alpine Swiss puts blessedness into his drudgery by "yodeling" his clarion mountain lyric.

And so, too, our Saviour and his disciples sang together after the supper and upon other occasions, and the apostle enjoins upon believing Ephesians that they "speak to each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts unto

the Lord." Spiritual songs are peculiarly effective. Paul recommends and the Holy Ghost inspires the very best songs. In all time singing has been a vital part of the divine worship. The Holy Ghost is the best teacher of song and it is ever disastrous to have man assume his part. No amount of training can qualify him for that. Three times a year the Israelites went up to Jerusalem, singing as they went from place to place. When the Ark of the Covenant was brought back 888 priests headed the procession, followed by a host of musicians. After these came the first brass band on record, and then an orchestra of hundreds of the best songsters in the land with their very skilful leader, Chenaniah. Thus Israel's love for Zion was kept aglow. One of the most pathetic things connected with the captivity was that it silenced the sacred minstrelsy of God's people, for they hung their harps upon the willows along the waters of Babylon, and would not sing when they remembered Zion's desolation. But Israel did not know that Christ, "the spiritual rock, went with them," and that they could drink of that rock and sing in Babylon, as well as in Jerusalem, in banishment as well as at home. But the Lord's Israel of to-day knows this. Though the way lead through the wilderness, the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night make it "the way of the Lord;" and whether it lead into the desert of temptation, or the Gethsemane of soul-agony, up the mount of transfiguration or the Golgotha of crucifixion, so long as it is "the way of the Lord," there is music in it. Indeed the sweetest melodies mortal ear has heard have come, not from the stage nor from the organ loft, but out of lonely gardens of suffering, out of Philippian dungeons, martyr's stakes, battle fields, sick rooms and places of Christian worship. We speak of the music of the water brooks, raindrops, zephyrs and of

the planets, so also there is music in every word of kindness, in every act of love. Whether it proceeds in clear soprano, deep bass, high tenor, soft contralto or in none of these, if there is in it the sentiment of worship and contentment, and if it pertains to the ways of the Lord, it is sweet. To sing in the Lord's ways of dark, hard providence indicates a high state of Christian experience. "God is good to me and I have so much to be thankful for," said a sick lady as she sat in her chair, hands and feet fearfully distorted with disease. A more pitiful sight I never saw and a sweeter song I never heard than was that note of gratitude in suffering. We are told that the night after the battle of Shiloh a dying soldier, looking into the starry heavens began to sing: "There is a land of pure delight," and when he came to the next line scores of voices were singing with him, "Where saints immortal reign." Presently the song was caught up by many more, until thousands of wounded men, it is said, united in the triumphant closing verses of that hymn. God giveth songs in the night, but only to those who have learned to know and trust him, and this indicates Christian experience.

Then again, God's people shall sing in the ways of the Lord in nature, and this indicates Christian intelligence. All that many derive from nature is their physical existence, food and clothing, and the beasts of the field have as much. They see not the splendor of meaning that plays over the physical world. To take a figure from Emerson, they know not that a tree has another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth another than for tillage and roads; that these things bear a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts and conveying in all their natural history a certain mute commentary on human life. There is then a higher

strength in a tree, an oak than that which merely resists the storm, a higher beauty in the flower than its blending of colors, a richer charm in parental love than that suggested to the eye by a smile, and a diviner music in all nature than that expressed in harmonious sounds. It is only the soul enlightened by Christian culture that hears these higher strains and sings in the ways of the Lord in nature. Until man can do that he has not yet come into his full heritage. The highest spirituality is not that which merely prays and sings and hopes, but which thinks God's thoughts, then feels and feasts. The pagan trembles at the forces of nature and worships them; the intelligent Christian admires the results of divine power in creation, but also feels that power himself and is thrilled by the love that always accompanies it. The pagan is repelled, the other attracted. The unchristian artist sees a beautiful sunset and exclaims: "What a sublime original for a painting, how sad that it soon will fade away!" The intelligent Christian gazes upon it with less alarm and deeper delight and says: "Behold my Father's hand." And this is not an original, but a faint reflex of the perfect concepts within his mind. And as for its transitoriness, who cares, let it fade, there is a whole "world of pure delight, where saints immortal reign." These scenes are but types of eternal sun-rises, perfect landscapes, where everlasting hills, studded with glittering domes, loom up in the distance, while the river of life flows on forever between sweet fields of Eden. "Lord, thou makest me to sing with gladness of thy works," he says. The moral message of everything in nature is not revealed in the Bible as is the case with the rainbow, but everything in nature has a message and it is man's privilege to find it. The lily represents the idea of sinless purity and the idea, no matter whence it came, is

proof that the original is somewhere; and the thing typified, as well as the type, must be for man, *the purity as well as the lily*. "Ye are much more than these." The amaranth and the evergreen represent to him an immortality, verdant with blossoms of hope, and though they are not his best proof of immortal happiness, yet they give him reassurance, inasmuch as he, the intelligent Christian, believes that God will never typify in nature, much less inspire a hope for blessings not obtainable. All things good in nature such as life, light, growth, fruitage, beauty and harmony stand for eternal verities which shall never vanish. Sin and death only shall be annihilated and all else transformed. How can he but sing when he remembers that every phenomenon of nature is the product of his Father's thought, that love is the cause of creation, as well as of redemption, and that it is all for him. The evolution of the earth through geological periods was to prepare it, not for the production of a higher creature, but for the perfection of humanity. Creation joins hands with redemption to promote, not man's happiness merely, but his excellence first and then his happiness. As Kant says, all the endowments of his soul within, as well as the work of creation without, are prophetic of his immortal destiny. Thus meditating he sings in the ways of the Lord in nature.

Again, they shall sing in the Lord's way of salvation. Christ Jesus is this way. Jeremiah calls it the "good way," in which men shall "find rest for their souls." Isaiah says of it, "And an highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness, and wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." It is the "path of life," the "plain path" into which the Psalmist prays to be led. Surely, they that are in this way will sing. What select associations,

exalted privileges, glorious attainments, happy gatherings, conferences, conventions and anniversaries, and what vast opportunities for doing good are found in the way of salvation. It is good for old and young. Nothing monotonous about it. Of all ways it is the pleasantest and best. The singing in this way is the best because it is singing unto the Lord "with the heart." That is not the best music that falls from skilful finger tips, nor that the best singing which gives evidence of the finest voice, but always that is the best music, vocal or instrumental, which wells up from the soul and aspires to God. Playing and singing notes is an art, but music is an endowment of the soul. You have gone into a home and seeing an instrument, have inquired who of the family plays, and one after another answered, "I do not play, but I love music." Hereafter when such inquiry is made, if the love of God is in your heart, let your answer be: "We are all musicians here, but Mary or James," as the case may be, "plays the instrument." In the way of salvation all can make melody unto the Lord. Says Shakespeare:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

If that be true of people in general, surely, our words are true of the people of God. Say not then, you cannot sing. I know most of us feel like saying with the lamb: "Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune." Never mind the tune, but do worship God in song at home and in the congregation of the Lord's people. Be slow to let another do your singing. God has made your soul a harp, and if you can not play it yourself, you can be an

echo-instrument, which repeats the sounds coming into it from another instrument.

The artisan of whom Colonel Copeland tells a story in one of his lectures, was not an artist, but a ditch-digger, yet he could sing in the way of salvation, if they did not let him sing in the church choir. A rich baron halted his carriage and listened with much surprise to hear the son of toil singing: "I am the child of a King," while vigorously plying his shovel. "Hello, sir! What is the matter?" said the baron, "what makes you sing so?" Suddenly looking up, for he did not know that he was being observed, he quickly answered: "Why, can't you hear?" and went on shoveling and singing:

> "My Father is rich in houses and lands,
> He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands."

The baron's surprise increased and again interrupting him he said: "Well, I pity you, poor fellow, having to dig in the dirt all the day and live in poverty besides. Would you not rather be in my place and possess several hundred thousands?" "Oh, but I do not need your pity, and as for your thousands, I have more than that," said the songful laborer. "But you lead an obscure life, cast out, as it were, from the best society. I wonder that you can sing at all," remarked the proud baron. "An outcast, am I?" remarked the ditch-digger, and quickly taking to his shovel again, he cheerily sang:

> "I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
> A sinner by choice and an alien by birth,
> But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
> An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown."

"Where do you live, sir?" inquired the baron.

"In that little cottage yonder, and that's my wife standing in the door, and peering out from under her apron on one side is Mary, and on the other is Charlie, and that one just coming 'round the corner is Jacob, and in a few minutes there'll be four or five more the likes of 'em coming out to meet me, for supper is ready and they're all glad I'm coming home, and after tea, they'll be climbing on my lap and we'll all have a good time a singing to-night." The baron was overwhelmed. He had never heard so powerful a sermon, or music so sweet and appropriate to the occasion, nor had he ever seen, or himself felt such contentment; but unwilling to admit it, he sneered at the idea of living in "such a hut," referred to his own costly palace in London and drove on still listening to his humble teacher who threw his pick and shovel upon his shoulder and started for home loudly singing:

> "A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
> They're building a palace for me over there!
> Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing,
> All glory to God, I'm the child of a King!"

It is easy to say which was the happier and the richer of these two. In a social, financial, and perhaps intellectual aspect the baron exceeded the other, but their greatest difference was marked, not by these things, nor by their eternal prospects, but by the fact that just then and there the soul of the one was dull, discordant and material, while that of the other was spiritual, progressive, and had learned to sing in the Lord's way of salvation.

The ways of the Lord are the highest inspiration of poetry and song. Champions of unchristian enjoyment speak boastingly of what they do to enhance the happiness of the race. They even call their attacks upon

Christianity a "gospel of happiness." But why does not that "gospel" produce more poetry and song? It can not make poetry, and whatever of singing it produces is unsatisfactory to the soul. Sacred hymnology is superior in quantity, as well as quality to the secular. Sankey's Gospel Hymns alone have done more for the world in twenty-five years than all secular hymnology.

Thank God, if we can not all be poets and musicians, we can all learn to sing in the ways of the Lord. The young and the old can do it. Children sang their hosannas to Christ as he entered the temple, and they are singing for him yet. Simeon sang sweetest when, as an old man, he found the child Jesus in the temple. Annas,' the prophetess,' soul melted away in heavenly minstrelsy when eighty-four years of age, and Moses' ability to sing in the ways of the Lord reached its highest perfection at the age of 120, after tremendous battles. Outer conditions, such as rust, the temperature or a little dust easily put earthly instruments out of tune, but of the soul that has learned to sing in the ways of the Lord, Watts, who knew something about this kind of singing, said, "it is strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long. Its maker intended it to not only last forever, but, like a violin, to get better with age and use."

Sing on, then, ye minstrels of Zion, who have learned the glorious secret of redeemed existence! Hushed be those murmurings that Job would call a braying in grass and an ox lowing over his fodder. Down with those harps from the willows of exile and captivity. "If any be of an upright heart let him sing Psalms." Sing then, sing in your exile! Sing until the desert of banishment blooms, until your dark abode of suffering is glorious with light from above. Sing till the prison doors burst, for God's Word and a redeemed

soul can not be bound. Sing into the clouds of death through which you can not see, and keep on singing until an unseen hand divides them and swings ajar the gate of heaven, and from the distant heights comes back heaven's glad response to bid you "Welcome Home!" Safe home at last and walking in celestial paths of truth eternal unbidden then you will "sing in the ways of the Lord" forever.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

BY REV. WILLIAM B. POPE,

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"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." I John 5:4.

Faith holds a unique position in human thought and action. It is catalogued by common humanity as a theological term. It is shelved as the essence of some powerful drug, not as being dangerous to use, but as being employed only in extreme conditions. It is not, however, by anyone conceived to possess power of dynamite, for dynamite is thought of as working destruction and ruin. Faith is constructive. It plays with addition, it delights in multiplication. While it builds hopes on the firmest of foundations for the future, that is perhaps unrevealed to mortal eye, it is the most present, modern, up-to-date, practical entity with which the world conjures. The depth of its meaning, the quality of its action, the extent of the power of faith is verified by the name which is above every other name. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Faith is possessed of and commands great power. It is the lever of the belt that connects with the shaft moved by the engine of eternity. The Master promises greatest achievements to the

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people who exercise faith in him, and are obedient to the commands of Almighty God. Faith that is genuine takes the word of God as a truth. It laughs at impossibilities, it overcomes obstacles as difficult for the unbeliever as is the removal of mountains for the civil engineer. Faith, modern faith, needs to believe that the power of the Christ is not removed from the earth. At the close of Christ's earthly ministry, when he was commissioning his disciples, he said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations * * * teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." The man of Galilee for many months went about preaching the most wonderful things to which mortal ear has listened. His words were rich in meaning. Wonderfully attractive was his style. More surprising still was the authority with which he spake and the wonder-workings that he did. But he was not the first wonder-worker. Moses and Aaron, Elijah and Elisha, and others of the early Hebrew day of promise had long preceded him. John the Baptist had heralded his coming and proven his commission as one sent of God. John so thoroughly believed in him that his utterances were those of a fearless herald. It was given to Peter, and John, and Paul, to be his successors in marvelous doings. Shall we believe and shall we preach that the day of wonder-workings is past? The type of the early day is certainly not now present, but the power of Jesus is not past.

Jesus lived in a strange, sad world. None dreamed of the vast numbers of sick, of lame, of deaf, dumb, blind that he found. There were impotent people in multitudes. There was needed that one should be forthcoming who should have all power and whose power

should remain on the earth evermore. The opportunity of pessimism becomes the dawning day of optimism. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." John was a pupil of a greater teacher than was Plato. The teacher of the twelve disciples taught with the knowledge and with the skill of the infinite. "The words that I speak unto you they are life." John, the beloved, drank at faith's fountain. He was not a theorizer. He was not skilled in the art of hiding his meaning under the folds of rabbinical formalism. He was trained in the school of simplicity. As a child he absorbed the words of the Master. He knew naught other than to credit that the great Teacher taught. Christ was his daily companion during his earthly ministry. The seed sown in John's character took deep root. It grew and flowered in rich profusion, tho its flowers were hidden from view and were only discovered through the sweet aroma they sent forth. John was possessed of a sublime faith. He drank from the life giving fountain. His expression of faith which is so vivid, so strong, so energetic is not the impulse of a new sensation, an impetuous love won by some surprising exhibition of wonder-working done before his eyes. It is on the contrary the mature statement of a strong character, who speaks after many years' test of the world and of the power that commands the resources of the world.

"This is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith." Faith here lays claim to power. It is a reasonable claim.

Faith is the distinguishing mark of the supernatural life. The natural end, the destined end of all life is conquest. The history of earth's peoples is a procession of marches, of armies, of alliances of nations, seeking conquest. It has taken many generations for

the world to learn that a greater conquest than conquering a nation is for the nation to conquer evils within itself. That lesson is as yet learned only theoretically. The writer of Proverbs observed better than he lived. What we as individuals have achieved does not give us satisfaction. Present possessions are not satisfactory. An observing physician of much quality and some fame has written of infant life, "Even the ordinary three months old babe sighs for conquest and is not content until it rules the household." The man of commanding influence, of greatest business interests, would have his business and his influence greatly increased. From the cradle to the end of life's career all men strive to command their environment that it may yield them revenue, happiness, contentment, yes all the resources that make life. It is the law of man's nature that he must strive for mastery. There is an inner feeling with the human creature that he is not as much as he may be. That there are resources, qualities, powers that lie latent and unused within his breast. He can somehow grasp a better situation. There is more for man than he has achieved. This is a law divinely implanted. The Infinite develops a wonderful world. He utters a law of grace as though it were a law of nature. The world has been taught by the man of science that there is an infinity of separation between the law of nature and the law of grace. The faith which urges the mind on to delve into nature's secrets and after many months or many years of secret study catches a glimpse of the sought for secret and is able ever so hazily to picture it, is rewarded by the loud acclaims of the waiting generation. On the other hand the faith that takes hold of the eternal word and discovers latent power of grace that turns down old sins, changes men from evil doing to righteous living, re-

models the moral life of whole communities, that faith the world calls evanescent imaginings, religious hallucinations. But is the latter not the revelation of the working of a great force? Its secret is not seen. The secret of gravitation is as far from disclosure to our human ken as it was in Newton's early day. A fact may be very evident when the why it is so may be undisclosed for ages, and perhaps never revealed to the human mind. It is very easy to believe phenomena which no one can explain. And this is as reasonable whether these phenomena be of mind and spirit or of matter. Statements of the sacred books of Christianity have proven themselves to have permanent qualities so certain that though contradicted repeatedly by modern theories they have seen the theories evaporate and leave no indication of their once magnificent presence.

It is a matter of constant surprise to the most careful reader of the one Book, how very frequently faith is given as the means to the end that is shown to be accomplished. Noah was told of what had never happened, and his contemporaries said, in the very nature of things, could not occur. Indeed there was no reason other than his faith in God to believe in his convictions being correct. But he obeyed God and became heir of "the righteousness which is by faith." The fact of the deluge is in the traditions of all the early races of men. The records of faith as recalled while one speaks are more wondrous than modern scientific achievements. In this most familiar of ancient records of deeds of faith there stands out that of Abraham, the "father of the faithful." He lived in a time of intense darkness. What means he had of knowing God's presence and power it is impossible for us to tell. That Jehovah called him to go to a new and unknown country, and that he went out not knowing whither he went we are

certain. That he believed that certain promises were made him of God and that he acted on his belief is very clear. That these became realities is as evident as any historic truth. Faith was the progressive fact, the moving force, the divine inspirator of the patriarchal age. That same divine quality resident with the apostolic church gave it the wondrous power that can only be explained by the presence of the divine. The medium of pentecostal power was faith. The power of God was promised to be given. The lesson needed to be learned was to "tarry until ye be endued with power from on high." Waiting is ever a most trying ordeal. But waiting is testing, abiding, aye, proving the quality of the applicants for divine grace. Perhaps the most difficult of all the lessons of life is, "not now, but afterwards."

Unbelief says it finds none of this force. Why should the unbeliever expect anything? He will not seek for this faith-force. Harvests do not come without fulfilling the conditions of sowing. The mind is not cultured without seeking and following its laws. When a man refuses to follow the path to faith's dwelling he does not come into the presence of that master of forces.

God does not require his people to know how faith insures power. Christ did not require any knowledge on the part of the blind man in regard to how he could cure him. The centurion believed that Christ could heal his servant. Faith brings man into touch with the invisible but the eternal force. And tho the age is greatly varied from that of the Incarnate, tho the kind of force that Christ once exerted does not now seem to be possible, still it is true to-day as never before that faith in Jesus the Christ is the greatest force in the world. No man can explain it. All believe it. There

is a life above the life of the flesh. There is a life that is superior to mind. Somehow in order to receive that higher life we must believe in it. The self sufficient, the satisfied have reached their goal. "Good enough" will be let alone. God does not crowd righteousness upon the spiritually inert. The world's minds have overtaken disbelief, have passed ridicule, have turned a deaf ear to the utterances of fossilized science, who insist that its dictum is unalterable. The world's great minds are impelled to greater things in matter and mind, and spirit, than are yet revealed. Galileo's belief that the world moved was so strong that ridicule did not disturb him. The Roman hierarchy compels him to abjure his scientific creed, but he still uttered with bated breath: "It does move." Religion is intolerant when it compels, but mighty when it leads to faith.

The church of the incoming century will teach its belief to its children. It will lay deep in the character of the people the great essentials of faith. Little time will be spent on non-essentials. It makes great difference what men believe if they are to overcome the world. The great adversary of souls is not a disbeliever in God. He does not instruct his generals, and majors, and captains to teach men to disbelieve in God. His instructions are now to teach a mild belief, an easy going faith. To teach that there are certain evils that cannot be eradicated, certain sins that need to be condoned. Man at best is imperfect, and you can only look for a certain degree of victory over hereditary imperfections. One of the greatest obstacles to all forms of good is the prevalence of human belief in the permanency of many forms of evil, the "come to stay" argument. Fatalism seems to be having a new inning. It broods over modern fiction. The light summer reading of this last decade of the nineteenth century is filled

with the old time fatalism, tho milder if anything. A living writer has said, "It has come about that the novels and stories which fill our leisure hours and cheer us in this vale of tears have become what we call tragic. It is not easy to define what we call tragedy, but the term is applied in modern fiction to scenes and characters that come to ruin from no particular fault of their own, and even when the characters break most of the ten commandments, but by an unappeasable fate that dogs and thwarts them. This is the romance of fatality, and if it is tragedy, it is tragedy of fatalism." It has long been realized that the presence of such a theory results in sadness and distress to men. That theory is entirely devoid of faith in the final achievement of righteousness. It throws down hope at the very time when faith should throw down the gauntlet and bid defiance to false teaching and cheap liberalism. The old word, with the apostolic faith in its power to save, is being demanded by the times. There are signs of a return to the old time preaching that was marked by deep conviction and mighty conversion. People are turning back in memory and in perusal of accounts of the revivals of the closing days of the last century and the early days of the present, and are "asking for the old paths." In what did the old time power consist? What was the secret of the power of early Methodism? "The days of the fathers were great days." It is very evident from the sermons we have of that day that the plain statements of the old Book touching repentance, and faith, and the new birth, and the danger of men refusing to repent and believe in Christ and being eternally lost, were of every day utterance by all the evangelistic preachers, and so in a very marked degree by those who were known as especially blessed of God in soul winning. It is a matter of familiar questioning in

the most thoughtful circles, and not uncommon utterance in religious and secular press, whether the pulpit has its old time power? Have other influences modified the power of the public utterance of the word of God? Or has that power waned because of the comparative lack of the use of Scripture statements of Christian doctrine? The most highly cultured have preached in a way that has not fed faith in the early manner. The world has somehow gotten into the church. "The church is abundant in numbers and rich in temporal things. * * * The church is returning to the simple faith of salvation as spoken by Jesus."

This faith is the power that gives victory over the world. It rests on the promises of God. Christ is able to save unto the uttermost. Tho all else fail Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." His power is inexhaustible. Do any suppose for one moment that he has done on earth all that he will ever do? The evil of the world is to be overcome. It is mighty strongly allied, and its many strongholds seem all but impregnable. The reforms are as many. Perhaps the organizations of reforms are too many. All evils will go down before the army of our Christ if we use the means which God has given and endorsed to faith. Jericho gave no sign of destruction until the last end of the last day's march of the faithful band had been accomplished. Our Christ has given us heaven's record of his place in the world's affairs. It is, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Christ assures his disciples of the effectual power to do mighty things in his name if they believe in him. I am aware that this faith is called absurd for present day difficulties. The church needs to study anew the great things which Christ calls her to perform. The individual Christian is called of God to put on the whole armor of

God. Nothing is impossible for those who believe in righteousness. Weakness is ever lack of faith. Spirituality is power. If we believe that the church cannot overcome the world we are useless in God's work. Unbelief is the stagnation of business, whether that business be in secular or sacred interests. Unfaith never does anything. It disheartens everything it comes in contact with. It paralyzes all energy. But beloved, the whole kingdom of evil is a decaying castle. It will come down. It must come down. Faith will conquer all the evils which have been invented. The only permanent realities are the moral forces. The kingdom of righteousness preceded the kingdom of evil and will stand forever. Sin is not structural and inherent, but evanescent and transient. Wrongs are the accidents of the hour. Faith in Christ conquers selfishness. Faith overturns human self-sufficiency. God listens to the cry of the human soul seeking to conquer himself, seeking for grace to command his resources unto righteousness. Jesus overcame the world by self-denial. He gave himself up to die that he might conquer and make victor the world's humanity. He has conquered man. Man will be victor over the world through faith. Faith is victorious when, with uplifted eye, man is settled on bringing all he has, and is, and hopes for, and places all these resources to minister unto him who, praying, said: "Thy will, not mine be done."

It can only be said that "man is a creature of his surroundings" when his Heavenly Father is omitted. God is not visible, and is therefore too often left out of our plans. The grace of faith puts him first and foremost in all plans. We need to have Elisha come to our Samaria and pray as formerly, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see." Little faith is little character. Great faith associates with the divine and makes

his will thine. Through faith the common lot of life is transfigured. Faith makes every act the opportunity of Christ's spirit with some soul.

> "Faith is a giant serene and wise,
> With star-lit brow and an angel's eyes.
> Mansions arise where its feet hath trod
> On the mighty rock of the grace of God."

SIMPSON W. HORNER.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

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"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."—Matt. 16-26.

This text contains the most urgent and important inquiry that ever fell upon the ear of man. It is really a sympathetic and forceful appeal to lead him to consider the infinite value of the human soul; its transcendent worth, when compared with any, even the highest earthly good. What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul. Here is a gain on the one hand—the world, and a loss on the other the soul.

We propose to consider the question as a merchant does his gains and losses; to open a ledger, and to put down on the one column all that a man will gain if he gains the whole world, and what he will lose *in this life* in losing his soul.

Let us look first at the gain column. He will gain the *world*. The term "world" has a limited or extended meaning, just as it is used in a narrow or broad sense. We speak of the world of art, and we have reference simply to sculpture, painting, or some of those departments of labor which require skill or great ingenuity. We speak of the world of letters, and we mean the creation of men's brains in the shape of books,

the poem, the story, the history, the essay. We speak of the world of mankind, and we mean men as distinguished from the animal creation, or from the inanimate globe. In the text it is the whole world, the largest and broadest sense. It means something more than the material globe. Reduced to its elements it may be said to include the world in the sense of wealth, the world in the sense of honor, the world in the sense of pleasure. When a man has these he may in the very largest, broadest sense, be said to possess the whole world.

In gaining the whole world then, you may acquire wealth. You may gain wealth in the greatest abundance. Your possessions may be boundless. Your mines inexhaustible. Your treasures priceless. We will grant that you gain more wealth than was ever possessed by a single individual. You may lift up your eyes and behold your fertile acres stretching upon every side. The cattle that feed upon a thousand hills are yours. The gold of Ophir, the mines of Golconda, the pearls and diamonds of the Eastern Seas, may pour into your coffers, and add to your inexhaustible riches. You may have all the wealth of Montezuma, whose palace was lined with gold and ivory, and whose food was served him on plates and goblets of silver and gold. You may have the wealth of the Peruvian Inca who offered Pizarro for his liberty a room filled with bars of purest gold. You may have the wealth of Cleopatra, who could dissolve a pearl worth half a million and drink it at a quaff, who could sail the Nile in a golden barge with silver oars and silken sails. You may gain the wealth of a Rothschild, a Girard, an Astor or Vanderbilt. Your ships may sail in every sea. Your commerce extend to the very ends of the earth. You may own those grand combinations of financial strength

which will enable you to control the financial destiny of a whole nation. In admitting that you gain the world, we will place in the gain side of your account, wealth in its largest sense; the most fabulous riches ever possessed by a single individual known in the world's history.

However, before placing this to your account, there are some deductions to be made. When a man has all this he has only in reality what every poor man possesses, viz., a home, raiment, food. True the rich man's home may be a palace, but it only answers the same purpose as the poor man's cottage; it protects from the storms of winter or the heat of summer. His raiment may be costly, but it serves the same purpose as the poor man's coarser garment; it protects the body from the chilling blasts, or scorching heat. His food may be more delicate, but it answers the same purpose as the poor man's homely fare, it satisfies the cravings of hunger and supports life. So with all his wealth the rich man has in reality nothing more than his poorer neighbor. With this limitation, we put down as the first item in the gain column of this account,—*wealth.*

The next item is *honor.* You may be a warrior greater than any the page of history has recorded. The fame of your military exploits may far exceed that of Alexander or Caesar or Napoleon. Your conquering legions may sweep from city to city, overturning empires, subjecting kingdoms, until you shall hold in your hands the reins of government of a world,—look down upon every man as your vassal and every man may call you master. Or you may gain the renown of wise statesmanship. You may become a more acute diplomatist than Machiavelli or Cardinal Richelieu, or

William Pitt. A stroke of your pen may make or unmake cabinets, dissolve parliaments or congresses and mold the civil laws for a nation. As a sculptor you may be able to carve the rude marble with finer skill than Angelo or Thorwaldsen. As a painter the creations of your pencil may reveal a finer genius than ever glowed in the soul of Raphael, or Rembrandt, or Titian. As an orator, listening multitudes may hang upon your lips charmed by your almost inspired utterances. As a poet you may send a glad song careering across the world of mind, cheering, inspiring, consoling. In a word, you may gain all the honor of this world. Your praises may be sung in every land, your deeds celebrated in every language.

Before putting this down in the gain column we are to remember that earthly honor is very evanescent. Earthly fame is very short lived. Among the many mighty names of the past, how few of them have come down to us. Even when remembered, often a single page of history records their greatness, but the vast multitude have long since been consigned to silence and forgetfulness. Who to-day can tell the names of the mighty men of a few centuries ago? Who built the Pyramids; those mighty monuments that rise collossal from the Libian desert? Who were the founders of Tyre and Thebes, and Palmyra, those mighty cities of antiquity? History gives no record of them, and the learned traveler of to-day labors in vain to decipher on some mouldering monument the names of their proudest chiefs.

Men have builded mighty monuments, have reared noble cities, have performed herculean tasks to gain a name among their fellows, and then have gone down to their grave to be forgotten by the succeeding generation. The historic page has no more to say of them than that

they lived and died. Their acts and all that they did are compressed into the scantiest record. They are handed down to us, shrivelled and solitary, only in the letters which spelled out their names. "It is a serious thought and sobering enough to our aspirations after fame that multitudes of the men of old have their histories in their epitaphs, and that multitudes more slumber in nameless graves."

You have doubtless read of the king who employed an architect to rear a noble monument to perpetuate his fame. It was builded of the most enduring marble; no expense or labor was spared to make it both beautiful and lasting. When completed the architect was ordered to carve the monarch's name upon it that the monument and name might go down to posterity together. He wrought the king's name in plaster, but carved his own under it on the marble, so that when years had rolled by and the king and his servant were both in their tombs the plaster crumbled, effacing the name of the monarch and disclosing that of the architect. So men in all the ages have builded monuments of mighty endeavor, and have carved their names upon them to endure, as they have supposed, through all the ages; but time has crumbled the work and left not even a trace of their name or greatness.

But after all, of what value is posthumous fame? What good can accrue to the dead from the applause of the living? Suppose one should realize the fond dream of the Latin poet, and "erect a monument more enduring than brass," what can it profit him when he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking?

"Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath,
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Ah, but you say it is sweet to be honored while living, it is pleasant to receive the applause of men. So it is, and yet there is nothing more unstable in all God's universe than the applause of men. The multitude that cries "hosanna" to-day will cry "crucify him" to-morrow. You may be the idol of a nation to-day, and denounced and spurned to-morrow. Upon a very insecure pedestal stands the popular hero of the hour. A breath may blow down the fabric upon which he rests and bring him lower than the shouting crowd that echo his praises. Run your mind over the history of the world's heroes for confirmation of this. Yonder a mighty conqueror returning from victory, steps upon the soil of his own empire. His coming is heralded by the wildest acclaims of joy. The cannons roar their loudest sounds of welcome. Bells ring out their most joyous peals. The martial bands strike their highest notes and swell their most inspiring strains. Bonfires blaze from every hill, while "Long live the Emperor" swells as a mighty chorus from every voice. The whole march to the capital of his empire was a perfect ovation—perhaps the most demonstrative testimony of affection that a nation has ever shown to a hero. Now let us change the scene and look a few years beyond. Yonder upon a lonely island, carefully guarded, that same hero slowly dies of a broken heart. Let us look at another instance. Turn to England. There is a man who has served the nation faithfully. He is a man of great intellect, and he brings into the service of his country the most eminent talents, the most splendid scholarship and the most faithful devotion. He reaches a high position, receives for a time the plaudits of his countrymen, breathes that intoxicating atmosphere men call fame. But mark the sequel. It is Wolsey to whom I refer, (Wolsey, who trod the ways of glory

and sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,) weary and worn with age, thus unburdens his soul to Cromwell:

* * * * * "Oh how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on Princes' favors.
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * Oh Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

I need not rehearse more of these instances in detail. You readily recall them. The brief history of our own land is full of them, politicians, statesmen—the nation's idol to-day—forgotten or denounced to-morrow. O fame, thou mocker of the sanguine heart, how much of life, and love and peace are sacrificed upon thine altar in vain! How few of thy votaries win the meed for which they toil! With this limitation then, we put down honor as the second item in the gain column.

In gaining the world we grant that you may gain *pleasure*. You may drink from every fountain of earthly joy. Nothing of the delights this world affords shall be denied you. Your home shall be a palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls from out a bower of coolest foliage, near by a clear lake margined with fruits of rarest delicacy. You shall sit beneath the arching vines, while the very air is laden with sighs of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes, and murmurs from low fountains that gush forth in the midst of roses. The apartments of your home shall be furnished with every appliance of ease and luxury. Carpets of richest hue and most delicate texture shall yield to your tread. Pictures from the noblest artists shall look from every wall; books of every age shall open rich treasures to

the mind, while viands gathered from every clime shall minister to your palate. You shall satisfy your desire for change by travel all over the globe, and looking upon objects of interest in every land. The harp, the song, the dance, the festal board, the scenes of mirth, shall fill up the days of a long but gay and worldly life. In a word, you shall extract all the pleasure there is in this life.

However, before putting this down in the gain column there are some deductions to be made. It must be remembered that pleasure cloys upon the senses; that when a man has all the world affords there is a loathing, a disappointment. It is true, too, that the immortal longings of the soul are not satisfied with the husks of this world. There is always a feeling of unrest, of disquiet, known to the mere pleasure seeker. He is never able to really grasp the glittering treasure, and to feel—now I am perfectly satisfied—now I am happy. He is always lured on, anxious, restless and expecting. Scotland's truest poet has finely written:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You grasp the flower—its bloom is shed,
Or like the snow flake on the river,
A moment white— then melts forever.

Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

A naturalist once dreamed that there came into his room a most beautiful bird with golden plumage and silver song, and perched just at the foot of his couch. Charmed by its rare beauty he reached forth his hand to take it, but it eluded his grasp and escaped through the open window. In his dream he seemed to follow it

through the window, and when about to grasp it the bird flew far over the plains to a neighboring mountain. Eagerly he pursued it, followed over the long reaches of space, toiled up the steep cliff of the mountain, put forth his hand, when lo! it vanished to a higher peak. Wearily he followed along the toilsome way, animated with the thought that now it will surely be his, when again it eluded his grasp and perched upon the very top of a high marble shaft. This, too, the almost exhausted pursuer ascended and now, oh joy! he reached forth his hand, seized the beautiful treasure, when lo! it turned to carrion in his grasp. So it is with pleasure the world offers. It charms, it beckons, it allures, and when the eager seeker has pursued it through many a weary year and his hands seem to grasp the prize, it is loathsome to his touch. Well has Phillip Henry said, "The pleasures of this world surfeit, but never satisfy." With these deductions, therefore, we put down pleasure as the final item in the gain column. These embody all you can gain in acquiring the whole world,—*wealth*, *honor*, *pleasure*. Thus we close up the gain column and credit you with the *whole world*.

Let us look now at the other side and contemplate the losses you will sustain in losing the soul. These are so many and so great that the time allotted to finish this discourse will barely serve to mention a few of them in the briefest manner.

First, he loses the *joys of pardon*.

Every man who is unconverted carries with him to a greater or less extent the sense of guilt. He feels that he is a sinner. Sometimes conscience is almost stilled, and then again there are hours when it lashes him with all the fury of the storm tossed ocean. He cannot rest. He dreads to think of the past, and dare not look into the future. Memory calls up a long list of unforgiven

sins, and conscience tells him of a day of strict account. It is the same feeling Byron described when he wrote:

> "So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
> Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven.
> Darkness above, despair beneath,
> Around it fame, within it death."

But what a transition when God speaks peace to the soul. When a man who feels that he is a sinner first turns to God, and the truth gradually dawns on his conscience that his pardon is sealed, that his sins are blotted, that God loves him; oh, there is a strange rapture, a banquet of blessedness, which he never knew before. There is no joy in the universe like it; no joy so pure, so full, so satisfying. In the light of that joy all nature becomes invested with a richer hue. The music of the woods and the water-falls becomes more tuneful because of the new song of salvation. This, then, is the first item in the column of loss,—the *joys of pardon.*

A second loss is *communion with God.*

What a privilege we account it to be brought into relations of friendship with some mighty mind,—to hold fellowship with some of the great men on earth. If one could have Isaac Newton for a companion or friend; or Pascal or Milton, or the immortal bard of Avon, how highly he would prize such companionship. What would he receive in exchange for it? What rare blessedness to be a constant companion of some of the wise and noble of earth. In times of sorrow to pour your griefs into a sympathizing ear; in times of suffering to have your wants relieved by the kind hand of love; in times of doubt and uncertainty to be guided into the right path by a wisdom higher than your own. Ah, who has not often longed for some such companionship? And can this ideal be realized? Oh, yes! there

is a divine friend who accompanies the Christian all through life. He whispers words of love into his ear. His heart beats with an answering throb of sympathy for the disciple in sorrow. He imparts unto him a wisdom deeper than earthly love. He gives grace to sustain even in the darkest hour of life. His willing hand helps over the rough ways of life, and renders even the most rugged path but the glorious avenue to an immortal home. Oh, bless God for the divine companionship. How it makes the soul rejoice under every circumstance in life.

You remember the instance of Bunyan and his blind daughter in the Bedford prison. There was a time during his confinement when his enemies offered to release him on condition that he would promise to cease preaching; to simply hold his peace. His wife came to the cell to plead with him to accept the conditions. To make her plea more effectual she brought their little daughter, a girl about twelve years old, who was blind. The wife was pale and emaciated from want, and the blind girl plead with father to come home. It was a severe trial, the stoutest heart might have quailed under it. The dreamer's frame shook with emotion; he had almost resolved to yield to the condiditions and to quit preaching Jesus. He bade them retire for a time, and went into his cell. The jailor says he heard him talking earnestly with some one, and when he came out of the cell his face shone like an angel's. He had been communing with God, and gained strength for this the most trying ordeal of his life. So does communion with God support the soul under every exigency. Oh, this communion may be yours. Will you ruthlessly barter it for the world? So we place as the second item in the loss column,—the *divine companionship.*

In losing your soul you lose the consolations of religion in a dying hour. I have time to dwell upon this point but a moment. You know how the Christian dies. Jesus imparts grace which makes dying but the joyful entrance into a new and more glorious existence. We do not deny that the wicked have no bands in his death, that he may die calmly, but where is the rapture that marks the dying hours of the child of Jesus? How many instances come crowding to my memory of the glorious, the dying testimony of those who have fallen asleep in Jesus. I think of Baxter exclaiming in his last moments, "I have pain, there is no arguing against sense, but I have peace, I have peace." Of John Wesley, "The best of all, God is with us." Of Dr. Judson, "I go home with the gladness of a boy bounding away from a school." Of Dr. Payson, "I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity and bliss to all eternity." I think of the sainted Cookman, who went home "like a plumed warrior for whom the everlasting doors were lifted as he was stricken into victory in his prime, and who had nothing to do at last, as he triumphantly testified, but mount into the chariot of Israel, and go 'sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb.'" Oh, who would not barter the world for such consolations in the hour of death?

One word more and I have done. In losing the soul you lose heaven. What that is I cannot tell. It is a city with eternal foundations. It is a kingdom where the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, a kingdom of peace where no war can ever come, a kingdom of light where no cloud shall ever darken.

"O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day.
There God the Sun forever reigns
And scatters night away."

This is the last item in the loss account,—the loss of heaven. Now let us recapitulate. You may gain the world of *Wealth*, *Honor*, *Pleasure*. Lose *Joys of Pardon*, *Communion with God*, *Consolation in Death*, *Heaven*.

The probability is, too, that you will never gain the world in this enlarged sense, you will live poor, earn your bread by hard toil. Your name will not be known beyond the limit of your neighborhood. None of the world's honors will be yours. Your life be checkered with afflictions and disappointments. And so in losing your soul you shall not even gain the world. Oh, let me press home the question upon you, for what are you living? Why barter Christianity with all its boundless treasures for a gilded bauble? Let this earnest, forceful inquiry of Christ stir the very depths of your heart: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the *whole world* and lose his *own soul?*"

COMPENSATION, A LAW OF LIFE.

BY REV. B. L. MC ELROY, PH. D.,

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"Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel; like these good figs, so will I acknowledge them that are carried away captive of Judah, whom I have sent out of this place into the land of the Chaldeans for their good. For I will set mine eyes upon them for good, and I will bring them again to this land, and I will build them, and not pull them down; and I will plant them and not pluck them up."—Jer. 24:5-6.

Here in the prophecy of Jeremiah that so abounds in symbols, we may find the statement of a law that pervades every department of life. God's equations can never ultimately fail to balance, for human life runs on compensatory principles. Emerson states the case in these words: "For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you have gained, you lose something." Very many of our perplexities arise because of our failure to attend to this law, for here is a point at which the heart of man requires much assurance.

Life presents so many seeming inequalities that faith often staggers and the heart confesses to misgivings. At many junctures,

> "The drift of the Maker is dark,
> An Isis hid by the veil."

And it becomes difficult to believe that "The Judge

of all the earth does right." In all the darker passes of our experience when confounded by the enigmas of existence, the principle of compensation is capable of great serviceableness. By it we are the better enabled to get our bearings. Things are thus set forth in their true relations. According to this principle, all things are so controlled here in this world of our fathers that nothing is lost and no life utterly despoiled of its rights. Losses as we see them are often merely transformations, the seed dying for the sake of the harvest.

In the physical world we are taught to believe in the indestructibility of matter. In accordance with this doctrine the ages of travail, the volcanic burnings and earthquake rendings, have wrought countless changes in the form, without destroying a particle of matter. The burnt up forests of the Carboniferous Age left their equivalents in the vast coal-pockets and other forms. In nature the equation must always balance and consequently we find this law all-pervasive.

To the Jewish patriot that deportation of his nation bore on its face the frown of a grim disaster, whereas it really was the smile of a Divine Providence. "So will I acknowledge them that are carried away captive out of Judah, whom I have sent out of this place into the land of the Chaldeans for their good," is God's declaration of his method of restoring in some other way whatever he may remove from us. By replacement he provides against loss through displacement. There is certainly a comfort in the reflection that we are not living here in the anarchy of chance, but are hedged about by great and gentle laws, and among them all there is none of more beneficent influence than the law of compensation.

1. The value of such a law in a social era like our own must be apparent. Out of very small beginnings the social spirit has spread until now it is showing

great strength in the most thoughtful nations of the earth. Since the days of Ferdinand Lassalle almost incredible changes have taken place in Germany. He, as the prophet of the new movement, uttered his message to a sneering majority, who could well afford to despise so weak a cause. Until a few years ago the full strength of socialism there amounted to but a few hundred, whereas, at the present time they must number over two million and are compelling recognition from the Emperor and his counselors. The social spirit is also strong in France, in England, and in the United States. All of the old problems have been studied anew and received fresh statements. It is undeniable that a deep feeling prevails in many quarters, and a dangerous unrest.

When we consider the different fronts presented by socialism, when we hear their prophets crying aloud against the existing order of things, demanding the complete demolition and reconstruction of society, and when we mark their steady increase in numerical strength, it is clear that a mighty movement has been launched of which only the beginnings have been seen.

The doctrine of compensation is calculated to be of service to all who have not made themselves utterly "reason-proof."

(a) It offers some mediation between the rich and poor. All men would think more justly of their situation by remembering that "for everything they have missed they have gained something else." God certainly designed that each should have his share. Better results for the world in general come from an equitable distribution of earth's bounties. And there is far more equity in the parceling out of gifts than is commonly supposed or admitted. No man can secure universal possession. The world has had but one Solomon, and

he is a sufficient proof of the danger of such wide gifts. In him nearly every grace and endowment of life was present; physically sound, mentally great, rich in all resources; and yet the net results of his life so disappointing. David, while enjoying much more limited advantages than his son, left a far richer legacy. Perhaps God raised up Solomon as a convincing proof of the value of the distributing principle. Counting sin out of the problem, it may be confidently asserted that the original differences between men are much slighter than would naturally be inferred. In some respects the contrasts are marked between the powers of different men. But while one is especially strong in his own peculiar way, he is correspondingly weak in other particulars. Excelling his neighbor in some one way, he is himself excelled in another. Strong in a particular direction, he confesses to his weakness in that other wherein lies his brother's strength.

Because we cannot fail to observe the reign of this law, we find it impossible to sympathize with those who would exaggerate the differences between men. With a strong sense of the Divine justice Walt Whitman makes his plea for human rights:

> "Each of us inevitable,
> Each of us limitless, each of us with his or her rights upon the earth,
> Each of us allowed the eternal purports of the earth,
> Each of us here as divinely as any is here."

Undoubtedly true! God has called us into being here and made it a law which is found rough-written everywhere that one man cannot possess everything. Whatever he has he holds at the sacrifice of something else. Possession is only another name for relinquishment. Blind social guides induce the masses of poor

people to close their eyes to these facts or they would look with less envy at the holdings of the rich.

God has decreed a partition of his blessings, which has actually been made. By the very constitution of things every scale of right life has its own peculiar advantages. Despite all the inequalities which are evident the average human being receives his share.

To be sure no one believes in this as an ideally perfect society. Sin is present. All are not thrifty and prudent. In every human society there will be those who will hide the Lord's money instead of trading with it and securing an increase. He who has an equal opportunity with others, but fails from sloth or indifference to improve upon it, can never justly cry out against the larger possessions of his brother, which are due to hard application. It will never be right in any society that can be framed by man for one to bear the burdens of another who idly refuses to bear his own. Any fair understanding of this question will be impossible until each learns justly to estimate his own advantages when thinking of those of others. Wealth makes possible many desirable things, and yet levies its own tax on those who possess it. As a rule, rich men pay a good price for their riches, and the undoubted pleasures attendant on their possession should never be witnessed with a mean or grudging spirit. Few stop to reflect upon the burden of standing beneath a great fortune. Many a millionaire outworks his gardener, his hostler, his hardest worked inferior, but then this is a circumstance commonly overlooked.

(b) Another source of boundless envying is greatness; to many it seems "the highest good," the chief end of existence, consequently they work, and scheme, and fight, and lie, and steal for the sake of attaining so great a boon. Dazzled by the accomplishments of

another one exclaimed "O! what a fine thing it must be to be brilliant." True! and yet it is in no sense a cup of unmingled delight, for there is a perpetual penalty upon greatness. How often has it been priced to the majority and declined without thanks.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

In fact very few are found who are willing to pay the price for attaining and sustaining greatness. Could all be made great instantaneously by miracle, it is certain the majority would not sustain their greatness by labor. The lines of Tennyson, flowing with such perfect music that they seem to have bubbled out of his soul without effort, are the product of most unremitting toil. He was a merciless master, ever demanding the severest labor of himself. Of the two brothers, Charles and Alfred, Charles was the genius and wrote poetry with a free hand. All early prophecy pointed to him as easily the master-spirit. Alfred's endowments were far inferior to his. It always required labor to bring music into his verse, but he was the more conscientious worker, and now we know of Charles Tennyson merely as the brother of the great poet. How mean the spirit that could envy one who attained renown by profounder devotion to his art!

The reigning favorite of to-day, Paderewski, whose wizard-work at the piano has delighted the world, is doubtless a genius of very high order, but at the same time a marvel in his capacity for hard work. Very few would submit to the ordeal through which he passes for the sake of his greatness. No laboring man works himself so unmercifully as he, for Paderewski is a bril-

liant drudge. Such facts, when introduced, change the aspect of the case entirely, and they must always be kept within the problem. He who spends himself most unsparingly, with a lavish hand paying down his devotion to any art or career in life, has a right to expect large returns and in this he is not generally disappointed.

(c) Widening the circle from the individual to the nation we find the same law present and equally available. Our claim is that among men the balance is quite fairly preserved. The same is found to be true in regard to nations. In this way, God not only variegates the world, but at the same time renders us necessary to each other on a principle of inter-dependence. No two nations are precisely alike. Differences of soil and climate result in differences of product, so that each nation has its own commodities to offer in the markets of the world. By this ordering of things mutuality is decreed and selfishness limited. There is profound wisdom in the remark of St. Augustine in regard to the inequalities and differences in men. He says: "Inequality is essential to order. Equality of riches would make all men poor." Speaking in the same strain Livy says: "If all were equally rich, all would perish of hunger, for who would plow the field, sow the seed, or press the vine?" If each individual were complete in himself mutuality would disappear, for we should have no use for each other. And the same is true in regard to nations, for if their productions were identical, commerce would be impossible and they would be isolated in their selfishness. But each nation has something, no nation has everything. Orient and Occident are thus cemented together because each can be helpful to the other.

The Greeks undoubtedly reached the summit in in-

tellectual development, and yet how barren they were in all those practical arts that add so much to a nation's riches and comforts. The Jews, making the world their debtor by their marvelous spiritual faculty, were similarly helpless in the mechanical arts, so that a traveler recently declared "that the most complicated machinery seen in his tour through Palestine was a wheel-barrow, and this was very likely an importation." Both of these nations needed relationships with such people as the Phoenecians, who were both calculated to help and be helped by them. "All in each, each in all," is the only statement of right life, whether it be individual or national.

2. This principle is uppermost in religion. Even as the sea-waves attain their greatest height on certain shores, so this law of compensation reaches its truest proportions when touching on the shores of religion. There it may be seen in its most beneficent workings. It is impossible to read the Scriptures or canvass religious problems without encountering it. Here in a great variety of ways, God seeks to teach us that our captivities are, after all, to issue in emancipations. Many startling object lessons are given to enforce the truth, and of these our text is an instance.

(a) To the Jews, torn away from their land and carried off into Chaldea, nothing could seem darker and more utterly crushing. The star of their destiny ran into an impenetrable gloom; and yet the prophet shows how the merciful purposes of God were unfolding in ways that seemed most contradictory. At this particular crisis, to have stayed, meant erasure from the map of nations, with their message unspoken and their mission unfulfilled. Whereas, a temporary captivity meant a prolonged deliverance, with full freedom for the accomplishment of their work.

Lessing has said: "A straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points." And very often we utterly misconceive the objective point of providence. We rebel in heart, feeling that we are misled, whereas, "God is simply bringing us out that he may bring us in." Where in all literature can be found a more convincing illustration of God's compensatory dealings than in the charming story of Joseph? When in agony of soul he cried out to his pitiless auctioneering brethren, undoubtedly a horror of great darkness enveloped him; but "out of prison he came forth to reign," as men always do when God's purposes have worked themselves out. All of the higher demands of his nature were met in the career that starting from the pit in the field, ran by way of the Ishmaelite, foiled temptress, prison, visions, emancipation, the king's ring, the chariot, the noblest revenge of history and the world-historical part played in preparing Israel for its destiny. Surely the law is plainly evident in all such cases as this. Joseph's great sorrow became a nation's joy, and by his stripes healing came to unborn generations, for "he went before for the saving of life."

The very bondage, too, of Israel had its resultants that were priceless, for out of their ultimate serfdom came emancipation not only from the task-master, but from many crude and hurtful elements of national ignorance that must have greatly embarrassed their career. So it came about that the law-giver of the world was not Draco, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, but Moses, whose very culture and the emancipation he secured were fruits of Joseph's servitude.

And were it not for some such law the life of Jesus would be involved in far deeper mysteries than it is. His humiliation is explicable when we see it becoming the mounting-stone to his glory. And these two truths

should always be studied together. The apostle presses them closely together in his epistle to the Philippians when he uses these words: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God hath also highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Isaiah's words also are richly suggestive in that wondrous Messianic chapter, "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities." The exhortation recorded in Hebrews 1:2 was given by one whose mind was full of this doctrine, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Infinite compensations were his!

(b) Nowhere, however, is this doctrine more lumi-

nous than in the darker hours of our own spiritual lives. A source of endless worry and confusion to us is our tendency to isolate the facts of our lives and study them thus alone. With such a method it is quite impossible to reconcile many things with the idea of any supreme being, much less one who is kind and loving and regards us as a father. We are in constant need of a synthetic principle, by which the scattered and unrelated events of our lives may be brought together, and the tangle in life's web may be resolved. It is both arbitrary and irrational to break the articulation between the experiences of any life and attempt to read its meanings.

Each individual event must be studied in the light of all the rest. Very often we find ourselves face to face with providences that, viewed singly and alone, are inexplicable. When we question them earnestly and prayerfully they yield no satisfactory answer. Many of these things involve reasons that may later be disclosed, though now eluding us. Others are to be classed among those things "to be awaited." Even now there are many noble, suffering children of God, who stand quite stunned by some heavy blow that has fallen for no good reason discernible to them, and they are fain to question, at times, whether any purpose is to be wrought out by their suffering and loss. In all these perplexing hours we have need of reverence and patience, and should not be hasty in reaching a conclusion that any circumstance that befalls us is utterly destitute of good. For long years the existence of the vast Sahara seemed a useless waste that subserved no purpose in the economy of nature. In more recent years, however, scientific men have discovered that the burning Sahara is in reality the father of the Nile. By its intense heat, the clouds bearing moisture are drawn

in and carried over those highlands of Africa where they distill, forming the springs from which the great life-giver is perpetually fed. So, also, the most barren of our experiences may ultimately be shown to have fruitful purposes.

Compensation is a law that covers all life. "God fulfills himself in many ways." "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

LOVE'S SUPREME MANIFESTATION.

BY REV. LEWIS P. DAVIS, D. D.,

Presiding Elder Adrian District.

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him."—I John 4:9.

[The friends of the late Dr. L. P. Davis will be gratified with the following outline sketch, from which it was his purpose to prepare a fully written sermon for this volume, which purpose was cut off by his sudden promotion to a higher ministry.]

The inadequacy of natural religion to meet the demands of our being, is never so manifest as when we approach the subject of man's lost condition, and consequent need of pardon. Here we gain no light from nature. (1) We look about us and behold on every hand evidences of the Divine existence. The whole external world testifies to the fact that *God is.* Man—the microcosm—is a monument to the fact that his maker is God. (2) Many of the attributes of God are also evident in his works. "The heavens declare the glory of God." We behold evidences of the wisdom, power and majesty of God, turn our attention where we will—in earth, or sea, or air, or sky. (3) But as we think of our sins, and we are all conscious of having sinned—as we contemplate our relation to him who "cannot look upon sin with allowance," we find in nature no satis-

LEWIS P. DAVIS.

factory assurance that God will forgive sin, much less any directions as to what we must do to secure that great favor. We may have a conscious conviction that in some way it may be secured, but reason, unaided by revelation, fails to devise any plan for the sinner's pardon. The earth may evidence the power of its Founder, and the sky may signal forth his glory, but the Bible only is the source from which the sinful soul derives hope of God's mercy, love and grace. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us."

My topic is obvious from my text: The marvelous manifestation of God's love toward us in the gift of his Son for our rescue from eternal death.

There are certain difficulties connected with this subject which I have no disposition to pass by, believing, as I do, that when carefully considered they serve to heighten our conception of the greatness of the love of God for us.

1. How could God love those who were in open hostility to his government? How could he extend mercy to those who had disregarded his righteous authority? (Rebels against government of the U. S.) It was not an act of small moment that man disobeyed his Maker. (Little act—great consequences.)

The thoughtful father who has a just regard for the welfare of his children, is jealous of his own authority. He is grieved by the slightest act that indicates the spirit of insubordination.

The smallest act of rebellion in the state must be punished by the executive in order that treason may appear odious to every citizen.

So in the Divine administration, a righteous regard for good government demands that sin be made to appear "exceeding sinful." The Divine law is broken and the sinner must be punished. But the sinner is the

creature of God—his child. "Made but a little lower than the angels." God loves his creature. Hates sin, but loves the sinner. "Hail holy love! thou word that sums all bliss!" Well has T. C. Upham sung:

"Go, count the sands that form the earth,
The drops that make the mighty sea;
Go, count the stars of heavenly birth,
And tell me what their numbers be,
And thou shall know love's mystery.

"No measurement hath yet been found,
No lines or numbers that can keep
The sum of its eternal sound,
The plummet of its endless deep,
Or height to which its glories sweep.

"Yes, measure love, when thou canst tell
The lands where seraphs have not trod,
The heights of heaven, the depths of hell,
And lay thy finite measuring rod
On the infinitude of God."

"God is love." This answers our first question.

2. How could God send his only begotten Son into the world to suffer and die that guilty man might live? This question is asked by those who reject the doctrine of Christ's vicarious sacrifice for sin. Those who ask it claim that it is unjust to require the innocent to suffer for the guilty.

This point were well taken if Christ were not willing to suffer. But it pleased him to do the will of the Father. (Ps. 40: 7-8.) "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; * * * burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required. Then said I, lo I come; in the volume of the Book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O God." Thus the Son, one with the Father in the creation, is equally interested with him in redemption. Though the mighty load of the sins of

the whole race is to rest on him; though the sorrows of Gethsemane, and the pains of Calvary are fully foreknown, yet he gladly accepts the work and joyfully hastens to do the Father's will. (Quote hymn 304 of the Hymnal, by Isaac Watts: "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair," etc.)

3. I wish to notice one other consideration which serves to heighten our concept of the love of God toward us, viz., the dignity of the one sent and the mission he was sent upon. When one places himself in peril in order to rescue another from peril our hearts warm with regard for that person. (Illustrative examples.) But these are acts of self-sacrifice by men for their fellow men. The parties may be peers in every particular. Even then we highly appreciate the act. Our hearts warm toward them. But in the death of Christ we behold the Prince of Heaven suffering for the peasant of earth, the mighty God making atonement for the condemned culprit. It is the just suffering for the unjust, the virtuous for the vicious, the pure for the polluted, the innocent for the guilty.

The motive was not self-aggrandizement, but self-sacrifice for good of others. He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Beloved, what practical lessons are contained in this subject for us? (1) This manifestation of divine love. Divine love toward us demands, on our part, "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." Christ "gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." (2) "If God so loved us we ought also to love one another." If we do so "love one another," that love will assume Christly manifestations. Said the mob at his crucifixion: "He

saved others, himself he cannot save." How true! So if we love we will sacrifice for others—cannot save ourselves. (3) We shall share in Christ's reward. He "for the joy that was set before him"—the joy of rescuing and glorifying the lost—"endured the cross." If we share his sacrifice we shall share his joy.

ARTHUR W. STALKER.

THE SILENCES OF GOD.

BY REV. ARTHUR W. STALKER, B. A.,

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"O Lord, be not silent to me."—Psalms 28:1:

" And he gave him no answer, not even to one word."—Matt. 27:14.

It is David the singer, the king, the beloved of Jehovah, who pleads so earnestly against unresponsiveness on the part of God. "If thou be silent to me I become like them that go down into the pit." Thirty generations pass away. Then Pilate, the governor of Judea, questions the Christ, but the lips of earth's wisest and kindest are sealed. "He gave him no answer, not even to one word." The Psalmist's danger must have seemed to him more threatening than that of many to whom God had plainly spoken. And Jesus had, undoubtedly, often replied to requests of much less meaning and importance than that to which here he listened. But danger and entreaty met with silence. And of silence what could be said, what learned? What positive doctrine spoken plainly could be more perplexing, more distressing, than the indefiniteness of silence?

And this principle is more general in its action than we appreciate. The supreme difficulties of man's varied environment are not in the stress of mere might or motion. The storms and fierce cold compel him to lay well the foundations of his house, mine the earth and fell the forests, and he does all. Could he provide as well against an unbroken quiet in which the air would

grow foul, the waters stagnate and the earth become corrupt? Columbus and his crew were less in dread of the storm that whistled through the rigging than of the deathly quiet when the sails hung idly at the mast. That silence long continued was death.

So the most perplexing features of Revelation have not been its declarations of the divine presence with men, its miraculous elements, but its silences, its blank spaces. He who believes in God will be less troubled to accept as literal history the story of the ark or of the fire upon Carmel than to account for a voiceless throne when iniquity prevails and the children of God are down-trodden. We recall Elijah's venomed satire upon the idolatrous on Carmel when no answer is given to their prayers: "Thy God is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be wakened." But turning to God's own children we hear impatient generations cry: "How long, O Lord, How long?" And when they were led away captive their hearts yearned for native land, the holy city and its temple; yet was their anguish immeasurably deepened when they listened to the stinging taunt: "Where is thy God?" Nor is the agitation and distress that of the people alone. The prophet, who above all others seemed to understand the divine counsels, urges his appeal to Jehovah: "Thou that art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and that canst not look on perverseness, wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy peace when the wicked swalloweth up the man that is more righteous than he?" And the old mystery that veiled the sufferings of Job, a mystery unpenetrated by argument or prayer, broods anew over the life of every generation, and often there comes no whirlwind out of which God may at last speak.

The too long silence of a friend has often been interpreted to mean death, and the same awful suggestion has many times been turned toward the skies. Dark, cold, hopeless unbelief has frequently followed in the wake of unexplained loss. Wisely, in most respects, man insists that everything shall clearly express itself, give full proof of its existence. And he makes bold to demand that he who means infinitely more to him than all else, shall give frequent and unmistakable evidence of his presence. Have you ever prayed: "Be not silent to me," "and he gave you no answer, not even to one word?" If so I have first to suggest that the reason may lie in *the perfection of God.*

Our thoughts of personality and personal action we draw largely from our imperfect selves. We say a person can prevent the occurrence of things, can do what might otherwise never be done, may gain new insight into things and act under fresh impulses. Such is not the personality of God. True it is that the Bible teaches us that we understand God when we think of him in terms of ourselves. We are his children. We may say "Father," and from its earthly signification know that we may rest in the sense of his care. We love and may affirm that he loves, too. We think, and may declare that God thinks. We will, and have the right to assert that volition is also an attribute of God. But from these points of likeness, great as they are, who would venture to say that he must love, and think, and act as we do? Yet have you never heard, even expressed that thought? "If I were God I would never allow that," is a statement often made when the heart is touched with the woes of the Siberian exile, with the agonies of the famine sufferers, with the poverty of the miners, with the sorrow of the broken home. Yet, careful! While like ourselves, how vast the difference!

Our knowledge is the faint ray of the star, his wisdom the full blaze of the noonday sun. Our motives are mixed and of uncertain strength, his are unfailingly the same. And so, to judge that because we act in doubtful and disconnected ways resultant from imperfect apprehension, God will do likewise is to be guilty of misjudgment. We are not to think that God is altogether such an one as we are. He recognizes perfectly the eternal obligation of right. On that law did he create, and in harmony with it does he sustain. When he surveyed the work of creation's days he pronounced all "good." So to answer the myriad voices that plead for change and complain of silence would often involve the violation of a beneficent order and constancy. Better would it be to learn that "God also is wise."

Too often, brethren, do we glorify speech as a method of expression. Does not Paradise Lost reveal the existence and power of Milton more than can any mere statement of such a fact from lips of clay? And may not Haydn's sublime oratorios speak to us more convincingly than if transient vibrations of air bore to us the sound of his voice? Nations overturned and righted, multitudes brought to God and organized into Christian societies are splendid evidence that Luther and Wesley have been. Even so "the heavens declare the glory of God." Day uttered speech unto day and night sheweth knowledge unto night. The voice of the silent sky is heard everywhere.

I say we are in danger of exalting mere sound and of depreciating the magnificent language of nature, of history and even of that life which has so fully set forth the character of our God. Men traveling in England observe the old roads and walls and bridges, and then affirm: "The Roman has been here." They look with interest upon the mosaics and fountains, towers and

minarets of Southern Spain, and are certain that the Moor has been there. They examine the rude carving upon Sinai's crags and say: "The Edomite has been here." With equal confidence in the truth of their utterance the devout astronomer and Christian look into the nightly sky and declare: "Our God has been and is here." How his works speak! There is often the need that we leave our closets and even our places of worship and "consider the lilies" with our Saviour, hear the whirlwind with Job and watch the stars with Abraham and David. Again I say, what language! We too rarely hear it and our thought beats fretfully against narrow barriers, and our hearts grow unacquainted with that sense of God's immediate presence in natural processes about us. It was out in mid-ocean far from the sound of chapel bell and hearing only the ceaseless beating of the waves against his ship and the voice of God from the voiceless stars that Admiral Foote gave his life to his Lord.

Do you ask gravitation to shout: "I'm here," and so bring the cure for your mistrust of its constancy? Nay. It is enough that it keeps our bodies and houses straight and lays its mighty hand on moon and steadfast stars. Must the light be heard even as is the twitter of the lowliest songster in order to assure us that it will fulfill its divine errand? A poet convinces us of our short-sightedness when he puts our frequent query into the mouths of God's humbler creatures:

"Where is the sea, the fishes cried,
As they swarm its crystal clearness through;
We have heard of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on its waters blue;
The wise ones speak of an infinite sea,
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

And they were bathed in the waters which in complaining ignorance they sought.

> "The lark flew up in the morning bright,
> And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
> And this was his song,—I see the light;
> And look over the world of beautiful things;
> But, singing and flying everywhere,
> In vain have I searched to find the air."

And he was floating in the very air for which he thought he vainly searched. So do we often ask for his presence in whom we live and move and have our being.

"We will pull down your churches," said an infidel to a peasant in the time of the French Revolution. "You cannot touch the stars," was the wise reply of him who understood that the little structure in which he worshiped was by no means the only assurance he had of God. "I asked God for a sign," said the great Luther, "and he gave me one." Do you wonder what it was that God spoke so distinctly to his servant? Luther adds: "For I looked out of my window and saw the stars upheld in their places without being able to see the hand in which they rested." We are not satisfied with such magnificent answers, and lament his seeming indifference to us. Yet sweeter response than that is ours when our mind sweeps the range of the life of Jesus, hears his words with their tender accent, understands the touch of his hand, beholds him crucified, risen, and then reads again: "God hath spoken unto us in his Son." We turn again the inspired page and read once more: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Such words do not need repeating, but should echo and re-echo in the soul of every troubled, tempted, sorrowing heart.

"The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines."

It is enough. I will not ask him to repeat those great thoughts that he has already expressed so clearly and positively, but I will calm my soul and seek to live more wisely in that blessed light that is all about me.

But, again,—*his silence has reference to our good.*

Human schemes for man's betterment often fail, because while founded upon the true conviction of God's good will they are planned in such stubborn disregard of man's nature. With God the education of the soul is a far higher and nobler task than it is to grant the gratification of an hour. We plead and agonize for the clear and well defined. We reckon that to be most helpful that is best understood. Has he made a mistake, then, in not exposing everything to our view? For how little there is that is not "behind the veil that hides but hints." How the unknown attracts! How wonderfully it educates! The whole process of acquiring knowledge and experience follows from that feeling of wonder that arises only with the sense of the unknown. I say it is that sense alone that wakens and quickens our faculties and sends them forth upon their quest for truth. Truth spoken into our ears when we might have achieved it through patient struggle is not the best truth for men. The silence of the skies has challenged men to become great enough to wrest away her secrets. They have accepted the summons and Laplace, the Herschels and Newton have demonstrated a splendid human capability for research, computation and generalization that without the silence and its mystery had remained undeveloped and unknown. The unrevealed, unstated questions of government have called for the

highest order of soul life in the realm of statesmanship. Then have Bismarcks and Cavours, Gladstones and Lincolns risen from the low level of the life of easy knowledge to those heights of power gained only through struggle with mystery. It is here that the soul exercises its finest insight and passes out into magnificent discoveries. As a boy, Clerk Maxwell wondered what the sun was and when he became a man none knew better than did he. Columbus wondered about the western sea until he crossed it and opened up a new world. Africa had and has its unknown masses of humanity. God did not arrange and classify them and then notify the Christian world. He left it for man to cross the ocean, penetrate the jungles and fastnesses, fight the fever, seek out the men, do them Christly kindnesses and preach to them Jesus. And the untold hardships bravely faced have given the world the character of Livingstone and have made his name immortal. God cannot pour such knowledge and such character into his children, nor are they grown within the circle where are found only the distinct and well defined. There weaklings exist. There ignoble physical life thrives and battens. The narrow plot of grass enclosed by a high board fence may be field enough for the ox, but in that enclosure the eagle becomes little better than a barn-yard fowl. Down with these fences men are putting up around human life. Let it greet the unseen with a cheer.

And then, those uncertainties that come to us because he gives us no answer contribute very largely to the sacred interest we have in life. At the couch of sickness you pray to know, but cannot gain your wish. And it is well. For in your ignorance your ministrations will be more tender, patient, fuller of soul. You will live intensely while you carefully count the pulse

beats, wistfully scan the pale, thin, burning cheek, holily observe the tide of life as it ebbs and flows. The soul of the watcher will take on a beauty and mellowness impossible to gain where the heart deals with the known. Brethren, the chords of our being that give forth the richest sounds are not those that are touched by the "practical" and "known." The mysterious depths of the soul are reached only through mystery. So while the sky is open above us, it is its fathomless abyss that moves us most profoundly. We do more than take notice of the group of children at their play. We begin to wonder what is to be the future of that bright eyed boy, what the world has in store for that sweet faced girl, what the balance is to be of joy or sorrow for them all. Our mind passes into that future of which nothing has been said. We breathe a prayer. We love them better. We are better as we pass on to deal with the "worm's world" and the butterfly's home. Why those tears at the sacred and brightly adorned altar of marriage? Is not all well? Were not all a moment ago happy? The tears are not for the broken ties, for the separations that are involved, but for the unknown future. Another barque upon life's sea, with shoals, rocks, a distance that passes far beyond the horizon's edge before them. We feel a tenderness not unlike that of the Son of God; we pray for the twain made one, and have ourselves been made better. Such holy moments are worth their price in an ignorance we often deplore.

Again,—have we not found our supposed silences to be full of the instruction and inspiration most needed but unasked? We remember Wordsworth's boy, who, "at evening when the earliest stars began to move along the edges of the hills," blew mimic hootings to the owl and received its response from the neighboring woods;

who called again and heard birds answer as to their own kind. Again he gave a note to which nothing replied. He waited. And while so eagerly listening he caught, from far beyond the woods and meadows, sounds he had never heard before, and "in that silence" unlooked for impressions were made upon his soul. Thus has it often been with the Christian. While waiting for the specific answer to the earnest cry, you have often caught deeper meanings to truth and providence than you had ever known.

> "Such rebounds the inner ear
> Catches often from afar;
> Listen, prize them, hold them dear,
> For of God, of God they are."

Those that wait long in the courts of God in the spirit of prayer are more highly favored than those that receive and depart. Unbelief may be a child of our impatience, yet the quick divine reply would spoil us of that heart of trust which is the richest element in our relation to him. Who consults the medium or the fortune teller is guilty of a crime against his soul. The pretended gift of information has no relation, except a destructive one, to the soul's highest life. It creates the restlessness of distrust rather than the peace of confidence. God's way is to bless us to the very centre of our being, to help us to the possession of that lofty habit of faith that makes us rich indeed. A supreme blessing before which others are tinsel!

Many is the time in our own experience that God's silence has been to us the source of a life larger than that which has come through the answered prayer to which we with pride refer. For the best response, whether by voice or not, is that which throws us upon ourselves and God. And what single gift may ever vie in value with the entrance of the Giver? Your child

entreats you to do his problems. Do you do them? Do you even furnish the answer to them? Not at all. But by the slightest suggestion or by the refusal to help you may help him most. He applies his energies anew, finds the solution and, best of all, gains in mental strength. How the handful of saints has prayed that the divine arm would be again bared in overturning the thrones of modern Pharaohs, releasing contemporary captives and in bringing in the better day! The miracle has not happened. But during his silence the passion for righteousness has grown among men until by the use of a stronger and nobler humanity God has brought about the good. God's silence is not that of unconcern or of unwisdom. Had he answered Job that sufferer's life had been unknown. But before the whirlwind had made its slow progress to that troubled group the afflicted man had become the pattern hero for sufferers in all time. "Though he slay me yet will I trust him," could never have risen from a soul whose wishes were granted when mentioned.

The martyr is being fastened to the stake. He prays that in this crisis God will speak, scatter his enemies and so glorify his name. His friends pray: "Be not silent unto us, O God." The fagots are lighted. They are not miraculously quenched, nor are the nerves of the dying saint paralyzed so that he does not feel the pain. He burns in agony and dies. God was silent? Not so if that was the richest answer when divine grace came sweetly to the aid of human weakness and enabled that martyr to exalt his Christ by his moral heroism. God dealt with the soul more than with the fagots. His way is true to man's highest life. He will not always flash a light upon thy darkness, give a key to thy trouble or a vision that will dispel thy doubt; but he will without these "preserve thy soul."

GLORYING IN THE LORD.

BY BISHOP NINDE.

"He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."—I Cor. 1:31.

The Corinthian Christians were greatly given to self-adulation. As a natural result they fell to quarreling among themselves. They became split up into factions and indulged in those rancorous animosities which scandalized the Christian name and brought great grief to the heart of the apostle. And so, in his pastoral letters he points out the unreasonableness and wickedness of their unseemly disputes. He shows them that whatever endowments they might possess were purely gifts of grace, and in no sense a proper occasion for selfish boasting; that if any were entitled to boast, he himself was, yet so far from doing so he rather glorified in his infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon him.

The Epistles to the Corinthians are invaluable to us, partly for the insight they afford us into the individual and church life of the early Christians, and partly because their warnings and instructions are as applicable to us as they were to those immediately addressed. This is especially true of the passage I have chosen as a text, where the apostle summarizes and generalizes his teachings in a maxim of universal and perpetual application: "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

Some words in familiar use seem well-nigh indefin-

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able. We may trace their etymology through all its mazes; we may collect what seem their appropriate synonyms; we may hedge them about with grammatical rules; yet the soul of the words will defy our powers of analysis and definition. The significant word of the text is a case in point. The word "glory" is in every one's thoughts and on every one's lips. It is employed by persons of various grades of intelligence. It is used by the scholar and by the boor, yet probably not one in a thousand of those who use it has ever consulted a dictionary to ascertain its exact meaning. It is one of those passion-words whose subtle meaning suggests itself, or whose sense we gather from the common usage of the words. When General Sherman, on that eventful morning in our civil war, lifted his eyes from the valley in which his tents were pitched to the heights of Lookout Mountain, when the fogs had cleared away, and seeing our flag waving in triumph over the battlefield, cried, "Yonder, boys, is Old Glory," his words seemed an inspiration not only to the boys in blue, but to the heart of the nation. And now, whenever we behold the symbol of our country's honor and greatness floating from bastion or school house or masthead, our hearts instinctively greet it as Old Glory.

Whenever, in a love feast, some venerable saint, her face aglow with the light of the inner paradise, exclaims with suppressed voice, "glory," we all know what she means. Were we to ask her to explain her meaning, she would simply turn upon us a surprised look, and with greater fervency repeat the word "glory."

There is a certain sublimated mood of exalted and exultant feeling which every one is capable of who has a human heart within him. That mood may be awakened in many ways and by many things. It may

be excited by a flashing thought which enters the mind uninvited and unannounced, or by a flood of thoughts that throng the mind with a sudden rush. It may come from the memory of some rapturous experience of the long ago, or from any ecstatic hope on whose borderland we are pressing. It may spring from the contagion of another enkindled soul, or by the presence of a multitude who are roused and thrilled by a common impulse. Perhaps nothing is more fitted to excite our emotional nature than the magic of eloquent speech. I was conversing not long since with a friend, when he suddenly shifted the conversation by asking me what was the greatest flight of eloquence I had ever listened to. I had no time for reflection and gave him the unpremeditated answer that I thought the greatest continued flight of eloquence I had ever listened to was from that prince of natural orators, John B. Gough. It was soon after his reformation, and just as he had started out as a temperance advocate. He was wholly untrained; he seemed entirely indifferent to his personal appearance or to any niceties of phrase or manner; but he was surcharged with his theme, and he simply talked to us out of the fullness of his vivid experiences and intense convictions, and we were swept along on the torrent of his rude but impassioned speech. My friend said the greatest flight of eloquence he had ever listened to was from Henry Ward Beecher, in the three minutes, peroration to a lecture he once heard him deliver. He had been speaking in quite a composed way, when suddenly his face became illumined with an almost supernatural radiance. The whole place seemed quite darkened as my friend's gaze was riveted on the transfigured face of the speaker, while he uttered with marvelous intonation these words: "The God who through the ages has guided this storm-battered world from darkness to the

dawning, from dawning to the noon-tide, will surely keep it till the evening shadows gather."

A speaker or hearer in such a mood is in the true frame for glorying. I do not believe the author of our being intended that this mood should be long continued, yet I am convinced that this mood, to a modulated degree, should be the habitual and normal temper of the soul.

It is a deplorable fact that great numbers of men seem to have lost the capability of high enthusiasm, and to have settled into a passionless and prosaic existence. Life has lost its aroma and become stale and commonplace. They are devoid of sentiment and always look upon things from the severely practical side. Men are absorbed with the stern necessities of gaining a livelihood. Women are consumed with the irksome cares of house-keeping. Certainly, the most common tasks of life should be illumined with a heavenly radiance, and they might be if we were always dwelling upon the heights, with our souls attuned to celestial harmonies. But alas! our souls are too often sadly out of tune.

Often the insipidity of living results from a surfeit of worldly enjoyments. Men glory in the flesh and in nothing but the flesh, and at last the outraged spirit avenges itself and their most coveted delights pall on the glutted soul. Sometimes an ironical temper is cultivated which sneers at the possibility of genuine and generous feeling. Not infrequently all exhibitions of deep and especially tender feelings are thought to betoken a childish imbecility. A man whose feelings have overcome him seems to think that an explanation is necessary. It is something to be apologized for, and he is heard to say, "I was completely unmanned—I wept like a child," as if the giving way to powerful emotion evinced a childish weakness rather than a manly grace.

It is a remarkable fact that men who have lost the capacity for high and worthy glorying are often keenly sensitive to low and hellish excitants. It has been forcibly and truly said that unless the spirit shall elevate and refine the flesh, the flesh will surely stupefy and degrade the spirit. Multitudes are engaged in the sad task of carnifying their natural instincts and affections till the inverted soul, in place of aspiring upward and Godward, sinks to retrieveless depths of moral debasement and ruin. I had the privilege, many years ago, of hearing Horace Bushnell preach his famous sermon on "The Greatness of Man shown by the Magnificent Ruin he Makes." It was a wonderful sermon by a very remarkable man.

It is not the tame and phlegmatic sinner who makes havoc in the world. It is rather the highly-strung and passionate offender; the man who glories in his shame; who bows his whole being at the shrine of his towering lusts; who has the genius to plan and execute great schemes of evil. We speak of the "carnival of crime," where men sin hilariously, even exhibiting a strange levity in the face of the most solemn and portentous emergencies; like the Girondists of the French Revolution, who, doomed to die on the morrow, spent the night in banqueting and reveling, filling the air with shout and song and ghastly merry-making, in the very shadow of the guillotine.

It is well that in our day the martial spirit, the thirst for military glory, is rapidly abating. No doubt there have been just and even holy wars, whose heroes are worthy of their fame, yet the most tragic events in history are the cruel wars that have stained its pages from the beginning. There has certainly been a great advance in public sentiment since Abbott wrote his Life of Napoleon, and the recent attempt to revive interest

in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte was a signal failure. The man whose only claim to posthumous fame was in the fact that he incarnadined a continent with human blood, does not deserve historic immortality. Probably our earth never groaned under such excessive armaments as oppress it to-day, and yet people stand aghast at the thought that these great military forces may possibly meet in the shock of battle. God grant that these great armaments may prove harbingers of a nearing era of universal brotherhood and perpetual peace.

There is a vast deal of unprofitable vain-glorying in the world, where men lose sight of the true moral proportion, slighting the high and venerable and truly majestic things, and exalting and magnifying the inferior and paltry things. Men glory in themselves; exulting in their small notoriety, boasting of their business thrift, the houses they live in, their sumptuous fare, their vain ostentation and foolish display; that they are objects of envy and flattery to their inferiors and dependents. All such glorying is vain.

No doubt there are worthy objects of glorying which may not hold the highest eminence. It is sometimes well to glory in men —men whose self-denying services to the race have laid us under the tribute of grateful and lasting remembrance. It is well to glory in the march of civilization, the triumph of freedom, the growth of humane sentiment, the elevation of the masses; in high scholarship and true culture; in the wealth of learning and the spread of intelligence; in the progress of scientific discovery, and the growing mastery of mind over the material forces.

It is always ennobling to glory in nature. God made this physical world to be studied, and admired, and enjoyed. We may not have the poet's genius; we

might not be able to construct two sentences that would rhyme: yet we may have the poet's eye and his passionate love for nature. And God has made nature so vast and multiform that no rich man can place its treasures under lock and key; no syndicate of wealth can monopolize the grandeur and beauty of the outer world. The greatest thing in nature is the open sky over our heads—the cerulean sky by day and the starlit sky by night. And anyone can see the sky by simply looking upwards. The next greatest thing in inanimate nature is a full-blown rose; and the world is full of roses. I have seen great banks of roses in the mining towns of the upper peninsula of Michigan. The mistress of the humblest cottage, who keeps a row of flowering plants upon her window sill, or trains a rosebush in her narrow door-yard, may gain more enjoyment from nature than many a millionaire who owns a whole conservatory of costly plants and flowers.

But let us consider now, more directly, the words of the apostle: "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." However attractive these words may seem to the truly devout, they have no magnetism and little meaning to men of coarse tastes and worldly inclinations. It is said that the celebrated William Pitt was once persuaded to hear Whitefield preach. When he was afterwards asked for his impression of the sermon, he replied that the preacher was as unintelligible to him as if he had spoken in a foreign tongue. How this illustrates those other words of St. Paul, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The worldly-minded are quite willing to resign the heavenly glories to the saints and the angels, if they can be secure in the enjoyments of this life. But within the limits of the

worldly and the sensual their ambition knows no bounds. The insane greed with which they pursue the riches and honors and pleasures of this world is proverbial; but they have no heart for the riches that cannot be stolen or corrupted; for the crown that fadeth not away; for the pleasures which are at God's right hand.

The trumpeted scepticism of the times is not due to a stubborn, logical necessity which compels men to disbelieve; it rather comes from the heart that willingly disbelieves unto unrighteousness. On a slender ledge of speculative doubt men have raised a huge conspiracy of religious indifference. They profane the Sabbath, neglect the Bible, desert the churches, deny authority, ignore God, and reject every religious sanction of morality; and the painful conviction is forced upon us that if it should come to pass at length that intelligent people everywhere should concur in declaring that every scheme of religion is a vain delusion; that there are not even presumptive evidences for the existence of a personal and moral God; that conscience is a figment and futurity an idle dream; that virtue has no sanction and vice no penalty; the great mass of irreligious people would welcome such sweeping and deadening infidelity as a grateful relief.

But it is no easy thing to rid ourselves of our religious convictions. We possess a religious nature, and that nature is at times profoundly impressible and strongly assertive. There are three great facts which go far toward preventing men from lapsing into utter religious desuetude.

First, there is the solemn fact of the brevity and uncertainty of life. You will recall Ruskin's freak that "life is disgustingly short." Too short for pleasure, too short for art, too short for our far-reaching plans of

worldly profit. Amid all the perplexities of our thinking we are certain of this, that each one of us is rapidly nearing the end of life's journey and will soon disappear forever from the abodes of the living. The sword of Damocles o'erhangs every head. The arrow that sooner or later will pierce our heart has already left the string. Many of our industries are greatly depressed, but the breadmaker and the coffinmaker are never idle. And none can tell when the fatal blow shall fall. I lift my foot from the ground; I know not whether I shall replace it in this or the unseen world.

> "Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all—
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own,
> O Death!"

Again, there is the universal reign of sorrow. The inventive genius of man has done much to improve the conditions of living. It has increased our luxuries and multiplied our comforts, but it has never discovered an antidote for our throbbing griefs, and the gay look is often a thin disguise for the woes that rankle within.

Some years ago I was shown with a friend through a stately mansion in the interior of England—a courtesy often shown to traveling strangers. We passed through many fine apartments and were ushered at length into the picture gallery. We admired the fine paintings, and were about passing on, when the attendant suddenly shoved back a panel in the wall and revealed a picture whose very hideousness left a lasting impression on our memory. It was a full-size picture of a poor wretch kneeling on the stone floor of a dungeon, with manacled hands and disheveled hair, and with eyes raised imploringly, but hopelessly, heavenward. It

was the artist's conception of grim despair. And whenever I recall that visit to the nobleman's palace, the most conspicuous of my memories is of that frightful picture behind the panel.

And then, there is the universal consciousness of sin. Men have been trying for ages to rid themselves of this dark consciousness. They have declared that sin is a nonentity, that it is absolutely non-existent. Sometimes they have taken the optimistic view, that evil is good under another name. Of late it has been declared, in sounding phrase that "sin is the full spheral harmony and completeness of nature's law," but God's word declares that "sin is the transgression of the law," not its harmony and completeness; and the universal conscience vindicates the truth of God's Word. And this consciousness of sin, wherever found, gives a dark hint of coming retribution and eternal loss.

The fact has been urged upon our attention, that the doctrine of evolution, which it was confidently expected would dispose of the need of a Creator and politely bow God out of the universe, has been unexpectedly found to confirm several of the fundamental truths of revealed religion. Life, we are told, is the outcome of a gradual process of evolution from a lower to a higher order, and this is effected through a capacity, inherent in things, for choosing their proper food and environment, and vanquishing whatever should stand in the way of their doing so. And so life is an incessant struggle; yet not all forms of life prevail, but only the fittest shall survive.

I pass now into the moral sphere. I behold a bright procession of human lives, emerging from the darkness and depths of sin into the sunlight and helpfulness of God's favor; placing themselves within God's order, choosing their proper food and environment, resisting

all adverse influences, allying themselves with all goodness, and thus mounting upward from grace to grace and glory to glory in the pathway of an eternal progress. On the other hand I behold a scattered procession of misguided souls, placing themselves outside of God's order, rejecting their proper nourishment, following their evil impulses, allying themselves with all baneful powers, and sinking step by step into fathomless depths of infamy and despair.

Says a fervid preacher: "If you give an astronomer an arc of an ellipse he will tell you the whole form and period of it, and in how long a time that comet, revolving about the sun in a closed orbit, will return; but if you make the curve a slightly different one, he will tell you that the body is flying in a mighty hyperbola on which it will never return, an unclosed curve that will carry it forever away. And," he asks, "does sin move in a closed orbit? Is not its curve the awfully out-going sweep of the hyperbola?"

It is not surprising that many minds, impressed by thoughts like these, can no longer find satisfaction in unqualified worldliness. Some have drifted away upon the bleak moors of pessimism and fatalism. Others are in suspense. They hear the angel voices calling from the heights to a purer and truer faith, but they heed them not. It seems to them incredible that beings constituted like ourselves should find their ineffable repose and supreme bliss in a divine fellowship. The theologian explains this as the natural feeling of the unregenerate heart at enmity with God. And no doubt the theologian is correct. Yet may not this aversion be partially due to a false conception of God—the bugaboo of a distempered fancy?

Whenever I recall the glowing words of the apostle,

there are visioned to my thought three forms or phases of the Divine.

First, there is visioned a Divine Paragon.

There are some tendencies, even in this worldly and sensual age, which are bright pointers toward a better era. There is a manifest tendency and effort toward *perfection*. This is seen even in the commercial and industrial sphere. The purchaser of commodities demands the very best for his money's worth, the purest, the strongest, the most finished brand. The skilled artisan who can produce the perfect fabric gains the highest wage. The mill owner, no matter what the cost, displaces the old machinery with the newer invention, which promises improved results.

We observe the same drift within the intellectual sphere. What unsparing critics we are becoming! A discord in music; how it tortures the sensitive ear. Inferior work in art or literature; how it distresses the cultured taste. The standards of scholarship have advanced so rapidly that the graduate of the village high-school to-day has more knowledge, and in better form, than the university graduate of fifty years ago. Within the social sphere we find a kindred yearning for a more perfect state. Who of us is satisfied with the present social order? The doctrinaires are dreaming of a coming Utopia where poverty shall disappear and universal happiness prevail. If we reach now to the transcendent perfection, perfect character, the interest deepens. How we are ringing the changes on that word "character." It is the threadbare theme of pulpit discourse. It is the favorite topic of the newspaper and magazine writer. It is the handy subject of the schoolboy's oration. Flawless character! Where will we find it? You have a friend whom you fondly love. You are never weary of dwelling upon his virtues.

You tell me his character is perfect, without defect or stain. I ask, "Do you mean that your friend is absolutely perfect?" "Not quite that," you say. "Of course, my friend is human." No, we shall not find the absolutely perfect in the finite or the human. Would we seek that we must reach upward to the infinite and the divine. God's character is the only paragon. Shall we not then admire him? Shall we not adore him? When I remember that the God whom I adore is not a chill abstraction, but a great palpitating heart in the midst of the universe; that he is so great that he stoops to our human littleness and sets his love upon us; that he gathers us in his arms, and dandles us with parental fondness on his knees; that he inspires in us the longing and the hope to be perfect in our measure as he is perfect; then my exultant soul loathes all inferior glorying, and glories only in the Lord.

Again, there is visioned to my thought a Divine Man.

Nineteen centuries ago, in a stall of the humble caravansary at Bethlehem, was born the most wonderful Babe that ever opened its eyes upon this wondering world. We catch scant glimpses of his infancy, and afterward a brief glimpse of his precocious youth, and then the vision fades until, in the ripeness of his early manhood, he emerges from the seclusion of Nazareth to become the focused Brightness of the ages. Since then the preachers and the poets have been extolling him in sermon and in song; but if the hush of oblivion should fall upon all that the preachers and poets have said about him, there would be left enough, in the tributes of unbelievers, to stamp him as the singular character of all time, who had no fellow and can have no successor. What an impress Jesus Christ has left in history! How his "dead" hand has molded the ages!

Sometime ago I had a conversation with a young man who had spent several years in a German university, and had become sadly tinctured with German naturalism. In the course of our conversation he made the remark that it seemed to him unfortunate that the Christian religion was so closely identified with a *name*, "because," said he, "as a matter of course that name will grow dimmer and dimmer until at length it will entirely fade out of human thought." I assured the young man that his misgivings were groundless. The idea that Jesus Christ is to fade out of human thought! There never has been an hour since the advent when Jesus Christ was as much thought about and talked about and written about as he is to-day. Fade out of human thought! He is simply rising to the zenith of his full-orbed glory. He cannot fade out of human thought.

I divide our globe into two great hemispheres. The one is a hemisphere of increasing light; it includes the intelligence, the humanity, the enterprise, the eternal hopefulness of mankind. The other is in the dark shadow. Within it are the congested poverty and ignorance and cruelty and despair of the race. What name shall we give to the bright hemisphere? It has its name. It is not a Bible name; it is not a name used exclusively by Christians; it is the name applied by thinking men of all beliefs. The word that names the bright hemisphere is Christendom. Christs's example and teaching have given to the aggressive and progressive world its name.

I never shall forget my first Sabbath morning in Jerusalem many years ago. I ascended to the flat roof of the house in which I was lodged, to take in the view of the city and its surroundings. Before me in the distance was the Mount of Olives. The whole mountain

seemed to speak of redemption, for its sides were spotted with the brilliant red of the Rose of Sharon, as if on its verdant slopes had fallen showers of blood. At the foot of the mountain, and concealed by the city wall, was the traditional Garden of Gethsemane. Within the wall, and in the range of vision, was the modern citadel or barracks, which is supposed to occupy the site of Pilate's judgment hall. To my right I could see the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the reputed place of the crucifixion and the burial. Right beneath where I was standing was a broken column which it is supposed was one of the posts of the old gate of the "Via Dolorosa," through which our Saviour passed on his way from the judgment hall to Golgotha. And then I looked upward, and against the deep blue of that glorious Syrian sky floated the consular flags of the great Christian nations, unfurled in honor of the day. There were the eagles of Italy and Austria and Russia, and the tri-colors of France and Germany, and the Cross of Saint George, and our own starry flag, bearing glad witness that after the vicissitudes of nineteen centuries the wealth and learning and prowess of the world bowed in homage at the feet of the Crucified. But the Christ we adore is not a dead Christ. Ours is a living Christ, the triumphant leader of the living church.

And so there is visioned to my thought a divine movement. This movement is the prophesied kingdom of God. And, as in the distant past, so in our day, this kingdom cometh not with observation. Men do not cry "Lo! here," or "Lo! there." Multitudes indeed are unaware of its existence and its progress. You step on board a railway train; the rumbling of the wheels, the swaying of the car as it rounds a curve, the flitting past of the landscape, impress you that you are rapidly

moving. But what is the speed of the swiftest railway train compared with the velocity of our earth as it sweeps in its orbit around the sun? Yet, because there is no straining and creaking and jarring, because the same constellations will be visible to-night as were visible last night, the earth seems stationary. And so the kingdom of God seems motionless to many, yet through the ages it has been sweeping onward with a resistless and unmeasured progress. And the kingdom of God is gathering into itself every element of good which the world possesses. As on the smelting-hearth the quicksilver separates every atom of shining gold from the worthless slag, so out of all human elements the kingdom of God separates all that is worth preserving, everything that sparkles with the radiance of the Divine.

It is the glory of Christian discipleship to identify itself with this divine kingdom. Perish all worldly ambitions if you and I may be laborers together with God, if we may be components of the heavenly kingdom.

A friend was describing to me recently a sermon he once heard Bishop Simpson preach. That reverend man had been in the old world. He had visited some of the renowned cities of Italy, and had become greatly interested in the triumphs of immortal art. He was especially interested in the grand mosaics which adorn the domes of the old cathedrals, where saints and angels, and even God himself, are represented as looking down from their lofty galleries upon the worshipers beneath. And in his sermon he was describing a picture God was making, not for the dome of a great cathedral, but to adorn the boundless arch of the heavens; not made of little cubes of painted glass, but composed of redeemed and glorified human spirits. In the midst of his description he suddenly paused and lifting his hands

cried, in his own impassioned way, "O God, put me into the picture?" And I fancy a thousand hearts responded, "put me, also, into the picture."

I can sympathize with the warm attachment many feel for the life that now is. Time has dealt gently with many of us. Were it God's will we could wish to live for a thousand years. This earth, which is our present dwelling place, is in many of its aspects a delightful world. We never can forget that our earth has felt the impress of sacred feet. It has been sanctified by martyr blood. It has been beautified by the radiant life of many a saint. It is the wide field on which Divine Providence is executing his vast designs. We shall not remain here long. Some of us are nearing the harbor's mouth. Our pilgrimage will soon end. But I have sometimes felt the wish that my mansion in the Father's house might have two great windows: the front window I would have to open toward the throne, and the back window to furnish me a wide outlook upon this present world; and I would have this world moored close to my heaven.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

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